NIL CONSCIRE SIBI

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CONTAINING

The TWO NOBLE KINSMEN,
THIERRY *and* THEODORET,
The WOMAN-HATER,
The NICE VALOUR, *or* PASSIONATE MADMAN,
The HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE,
A MASQUE,
Four PLAYS *or* Moral Representations *in One*,
Printed under the Inspection of Mr. Seward.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand*.

MDCCL.

Acc 2014-293
PR2421
.T45
1750X
V.10

THE

Two Noble KINSMEN.

Preſented at the BLACKFRIERS, by the King's Majeſty's Servants, with great Applauſe.

Written by the memorable Worthies of their Time

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*, Gent.

AND

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR*, Gent.

PROLOGUE.

FLOURISH.

NEW Plays and Maidenheads are near a-kin,
Much follow'd both, for both much Mony gi'n,
If they ſtand ſound, and well: And a good Play
(Whoſe modeſt Scenes bluſh on his Marriage-Day,
And ſhake to loſe his Honour) is like her
That after holy Tie, and firſt Nights ſtir
Yet ſtill is Modeſty, and ſtill retains
More of the Maid to ſight, than Husband's Pains;
We pray our Play may be ſo; for I'm ſure
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
A Learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, *and ſilver* Trent.
Chaucer (*of all admir'd*) *the Story gives,*
There conſtant to Eternity it lives:
If we let fall the Nobleneſs of this,
And the firſt Sound this Child hear, be a Hiſs,
How will it ſhake the Bones of that good Man
And make him cry from under-ground, Oh fan
From me the witleſs Chaff of ſuch a Writer
That blaſts my Bays, and my fam'd Works make lighter
Than *Robin Hood—This is the Fear we bring,*
For to ſay Truth, it were an endleſs thing,
And too ambitious to Aſpire to him;
(1) *Weak as we are, and almoſt breathleſs ſwim,*
In this deep Water, Do but you hold out
Your helping Hands; and we ſhall tack about,
And ſomething do to ſave us: You ſhall hear
Scenes, though below his Art, may yet appear
Worth two Hours Travel. To his Bones ſweet Sleep:
Content to you. If this Play do not keep,
A little dull Time from us, we perceive
Our Loſſes fall ſo thick, we muſt needs leave.

[Flouriſh.]

(1) *Weak as we are,—*] From the modeſt manner in which the Poet or Poets ſpeak of themſelves in this Place, it ſeems highly probable that the Play was acted before the Death of *Shakeſpear*, and that it was wrote in Conjunction as much as thoſe which *Beaumont* joined in.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

HYMEN.
Theſeus, *Brother to* Hippolita *and* Emilia.
Palamon, } *The two Noble Kinſmen, in Love with fair*
Arcite, } Emilia.
Three valiant Knights.
Perithous.
Gerrold, *A Schoolmaſter.*
Jaylor.
A Taborer.
Countrymen.

WOMEN.

Hippolita, *Bride to* Theſeus.
Emilia, *Her Siſter.*
Three Queens.
Nymphs.
The Jaylor's Daughter, in love with Palamon.
Wenches.

THE

THE
TWO NOBLE KINSMEN [2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hymen *with a Torch burning*; *a Boy, in a white Robe before, ſinging, and ſtrewing Flowers*; *after* Hymen, *a Nymph, encompaſs'd in her Treſſes, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then* Theſeus *between two other Nymphs, with wheaten Chaplets on their Heads.* (3) *Then* Hippolita *the Bride led by* Perithous, *and another holding a Garland over her Head* (*her Treſſes likewiſe hanging.*) *After her* Emilia *holding up her Train.*

The SONG. Muſick.

ROSES their ſharp Spines being gone,
Not royal in their Smells alone,
But in their Hue;
Maiden-Pinks, of Odour faint,
Daiſies ſmell-leſs, yet moſt quaint,
And ſweet Time true.

(2) *The Two Noble Kinſmen.*] I have given the Title of this Play from the firſt Edition of it in *Quarto*, publiſh'd in 1634, nine Years after the Death of *Fletcher*, and ſixteen after *Shakeſpear*'s. It will be an Entertainment to the curious to diſtinguiſh the Hand of *Shakeſpear* from that of *Fletcher*. The only external Evidence that I ever heard of, is a Tradition of the Play-houſe, that the firſt Act only was wrote by *Shakeſpear*, and this Mr. *Warburton* ſays in his Preface to that Author. If it is true it does great Honour to *Fletcher*, for tho' there are many excellent things in that Act, it is in every Reſpect much inferior to the four others. Had it fall'n within Mr. *Warburton*'s Province to have examin'd the internal Evidence, I know no Man ſo capable of ſtriking Light out of Obſcurity. I ſhall lay before the Reader the Reaſons which make me doubt the Authenticity of this Tradition, and ſhall endeavour to prove that either *Shakeſpear* had a very great Hand in all the Acts of this Play, particularly in the whole charming Character of the *Jailor*'s *Daughter*, or elſe that *Fletcher* more cloſely imitated him in this than in any other part of his Works.

(3) *Then* Hippolita *the Bride led by* Theſeus,] Mr. *Theobald* very juſtly chang'd *Theſeus* here to *Perithous*. This being a favourite Play

Primroſe, firſt-born Child of Ver,
Merry Spring-time's Harbinger,
With her Bells dim.
Oxlips in their Cradles growing,
Marigolds on Death-beds blowing,
And Lark-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's Children ſweet,
Lye 'fore Bride and Bridegroom's Feet, [Strew Flowers.
Bleſſing their Senſe.
(4) *Not an Angel of the Air,*
Bird melodious, or Bird fair,
Be abſent hence.

The Crow, the ſlanderous Cuckooe, nor
(5) *The boding Raven nor Chough hoar*
Nor chatt'ring Pie,
May on our Bridehouſe pearch or ſing,
Or with them any Diſcord bring,
But from it fly. *Enter*

both of his and mine, we communicated our Emendations by Letter to each other; but he dy'd before he had gone farther in his Obſervations than the End of the firſt Act. After that I have only his marginal Corrections as uſual.

(4) *Not an Angel of the Air,*] Mr. *Theobald* was very fond of a Change here, which I can by no means admit; as he happened not to ſee the Author's Deſign in applying the Word *Angel* to Birds, he would read *Augel*, from the *Italian Augello*, a Bird. But beſide the Objection there is to admitting Words of foreign Extraction without Authority into the Text (a thing by no means juſtifiable) there would be a needleſs Tautology,

Not an Augel *or Bird of the Air,*
Bird melodious, or Bird fair,

Several Birds too are excluded in the next Stanza which renders *Augel* improper, whereas *Angel* very beautifully expreſſes the Birds of Melody and good Omen.

(5) *The boding Raven, nor* Clough he
Nor chatt'ring Pie,] *Clough he*, which is the Reading of all the Editions, is neither Senſe nor Rhime. My Dictionaries at leaſt have no ſuch Bird as *Clough*. *Chough* is *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*'s Name of a *Jack daw*, of which *Ray* ſays, *Poſtica Pars capitis cineraſcit*. But he (and from him the *Oxford* Editor) miſtakes in making the *Chough* the *Coracias* a frequenter of the *Corniſh-Cliffs* only, which has no ſuch gray Feathers. Beſides *Shakeſpear*'s *Chough* feeds on Corn, for *Autolycus*, in the *Winter's Tale*, ſays, *My* Coughs *are ſcar'd from the Chaff*. So that the *Chough* muſt be the Daw or the Rook, which has often

Enter three Queens in Black, with Veils ſtain'd, with Imperial Crowns. The firſt Queen falls down at the Foot of Theſeus; *the ſecond falls down at the Foot of* Hippolita. *The third before* Emilia.

1 *Queen.* For Pity's ſake, and true Gentility's,
Hear and reſpect me.
2 *Queen.* For your Mother's ſake,
And as you wiſh your Womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and reſpect me. [mark'd
3 *Queen.* Now for the Love of him whom *Jove* hath
The Honour of your Bed, and for the ſake
Of clear Virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our Diſtreſſes: This good Deed
Shall raze you out o'th' Book of Treſpaſſes
All you are ſet down there.
Theſ. Sad Lady, riſe.
Hip. Stand up.
Emil. No Knees to me.
What Woman I may ſted that is diſtreſt,
Does bind me to her.
Theſ. What's your Requeſt? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three Queens, whoſe Sovereigns fell before
The Wrath of cruel *Creon*; who endur'd
The Beaks of Ravens, Tallons of the Kite,
And Pecks of Crows in the foul Field of *Thebs.*
He will not ſuffer us to burn their Bones,
To urn their Aſhes, nor to take th' Offence

often gray Feathers on the Head and Back. *See* Ray *on Birds.* There can be no Reaſon to doubt therefore of our having got the true Subſtantive; for *He* we muſt have an adjective that ſuits the *Chough*, and alſo rhimes to *nor*; *hoar* will do both, the *Chough* having grayiſh Feathers on his Head, from whence *Shakeſpear* calls him the *ruſſet-pated Chough. Midſummer-Night's Dream.* The Crow and Raven being made two diſtinct Birds, ſufficiently proves the Genuineneſs of a Paſſage in *Julius Cæſar*;

And in their ſtead do Ravens, Crows, and Kites,
Hang over us.———

Mr. *Warburton*, thinking Ravens and Crows the ſame Bird, reads *ravenous Crows.* The Raven is the largeſt Species of Crows, and in the Speech of the 1*ſt Queen* we find,

The Beaks of Ravens, Tallons of the Kite,
And Pecks of Crows.

Of mortal Loathſomneſs from the bleſt Eye
Of holy *Phœbus*, but infects the Winds
With Stench of our ſlain Lords. Oh pity, Duke;
Thou purger of the Earth, draw thy fear'd Sword
That does good Turns to th' World; give us the Bones
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chapel them,
And of thy boundleſs Goodneſs take ſome Note
That for our crowned Heads we have no Roof,
Save this which is the Lions and the Bears,
And Vault to every thing.

Theſ. Pray you kneel not,
I was tranſported with your Speech, and ſuffer'd
Your Knees to wrong themſelves; I've heard the Fortunes
Of your dead Lords, which gives me ſuch Lamenting
As wakes my Vengeance, and Revenge for 'em:
King *Capanëus* was your Lord, the Day
That he ſhould marry you, at ſuch a Seaſon,
As now it is with me, I met your Groom,
By *Mars*'s *Altar*, you were that time fair;
(6) Not *Juno*'s Mantle fairer than your Treſſes,
Nor in more Bounty ſpread. Your wheaten Wreath
Was then not thraſh'd, nor blaſted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her Cheek with Smiles: *Hercules* our Kinſman
(Then weaker than your Eyes) laid by his Club,
He tumbled down on his (7) *Nemean* Hide
And ſwore his Sinews thaw'd: Oh Grief and Time,
Fearful Conſumers, you will all devour.

1 *Queen.* Oh I hope ſome God,
Some God hath put his Mercy in your Manhood
Whereto he'll infuſe Power, and preſs you forth.

(6) *Not* Juno's *Mantle fairer than your Treſſes,*
Nor in more Bounty ſpread her.——] The Reader will ſee that *her* is prejudicial to the Senſe and Meaſure, and to be diſcarded. The Mantle of *Juno* is beautifully deſcrib'd in the fourteenth Book of the *Iliad*. It was wrought by *Minerva*, and adorn'd with variety of Figures; allegorically it may ſignify the *Æther* adorn'd with the Sun and Stars form'd by *Minerva*, *i. e.* the Wiſdom of the Creator. As there is more Diſplay of Learning in this Speech than is uſually ſeen in *Shakeſpear*'s, may we not probably ſuppoſe this Scene to have been *Fletcher*'s, contrary to the receiv'd Opinion?

(7) Nenuan *Hide*] Former Editions. Corrected by all three.

Our

Our Undertaker.
Theſ. Oh no Knees, none Widow,
Unto the Helmeted *Bellona* uſe them,
And pray for me your Soldier.
Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*
2 *Queen.* Honoured *Hippolita*,
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that haſt ſlain
The Sith-tusk'd Bore; that with thy Arm as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt near to make the Male
To thy Sex Captive; but that this thy Lord
Born to uphold Creation, in that Honour
Firſt Nature ſtil'd it in, ſhrunk thee into
The Bound thou waſt o'er-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy Force, and thy Affection; Soldiereſs,
That equally canſt poiſe Sternneſs with Pity,
(8) Who now, I know, haſt much more Power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'ſt his Strength,
And his Love too, who is a Servant to
The Tenor of thy Speech. Dear Glaſs of Ladies,
Bid him that we whom flaming War doth ſcorch,
Under the Shadow of his Sword, may cool us:
Require him he advance it o'er our Heads;
Speak't in a Woman's Key, like ſuch a Woman
As any of us three; weep e'er you fail;
Lend us a Knee;
But touch the Ground for us no longer time
Than a Dove's Motion, when the Head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th' Blood-ſiz'd Field lay ſwoln,
Shewing the Sun his Teeth, grinning at the Moon,
What you would do.

(8) *Whom now I know haſt much more Power on him*
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his Strength
And his Love too, who is a Servant for
The Tenor of the Speech.—] The Change of Particles and Monoſyllables frequently deſtroy both the Grammar and Senſe of our Authors. *Whom* might have been corrected without a Note, but what is, *Who is a Servant* for *the Tenor of the Speech?* The Original probably was,

—— *who is a Servant* to
The Tenor of thy *Speech.*——

i. e. He who before conquer'd thee is now obedient to every Word thou uttereſt. *Ow'ſt*, is the ſame as *own'ſt*, in all the old Writers.

Hip.

Hip. Poor Lady, ſay no more:
I had as lief trace this good Action with you
As that whereto I'm going, (9) and never yet
Went I ſo willing way. My Lord is taken
Heart-deep with your Diſtreſs; Let him conſider;
I'll ſpeak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh my Petition was [*Kneels to* Emilia.
Set down in Ice, which by hot Grief uncandied
Melts into Drops, ſo Sorrow wanting Form
Is preſt with deeper Matter.

Emil. Pray ſtand up,
Your Grief is written in your Cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh woe!
(10) You cannot read it there; here through my Tears,
Like wrinkl'd Pebbles in a glaſſy Stream
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alack)
He that will all the Treaſure know o'th' Earth
Muſt know the Center too; he that will fiſh
For my leaſt Minnow, let him lead his Line
To catch one at my Heart. Oh pardon me;
Extremity that ſharpens ſundry Wits
Makes me a Fool.

Emil. Pray you ſay nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feel, nor ſee the Rain being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry; if that you were
The Ground-piece of ſome Painter, I would buy you,
T' inſtruct me 'gainſt a capital Grief indeed:

(9) ——— *and never yet*
Went I ſo willing, way.——] The Comma of the ſecond Line is viſibly wrong. But Mr. *Sympſon* ſays that the Expreſſion of *going a willing way*, is Nonſenſe if any Words ever were Nonſenſe. But ſurely he is miſtaken; in plain Proſe, ſhe would have ſaid, I never went any Journey ſo willingly. But Poetry expreſſes this ſhorter, I never went ſo willing a Journey. I therefore can by no means admit Mr. *Sympſon*'s Change;

——— *never yet*
Went I ſo willing. Ay! my Lord is taken, &c.

(10) *You cannot read it there*; there *through my Tears,*
Like wrinkl'd Pebbles in a Glaſs *Stream*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I change the ſecond *there* to *here*, as ſhe evidently points at her Heart, and ſo explains herſelf in the Sequel. *Glaſſy* for *Glaſs* Mr. *Theobald* agreed with us in.

Such

Such heart-pierc'd Demonſtration! but alas
Being a natural Siſter of our Sex,
Your Sorrow beats ſo ardently upon me,
That it ſhall make a Counter-reflect 'gainſt
My Brother's Heart, and warm it to ſome Pity
Though it were made of Stone; pray have good Comfort.

Theſ. Forward to th' Temple, leave not out a jot
O'th' ſacred Ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh this Celebration
Will longer laſt, (11) and be more coſtly than
Your Suppliants War: Remember that your Fame
Knowls in the Ear o' th' World; what you do quickly,
Is not done raſhly; your firſt Thought is more
Than others labour'd Meditance; your premeditating
More than their Actions: But oh *Jove*, your Actions,
Soon as they move, as *Oſpreys* do the Fiſh,
Subdue before they touch; think, dear Duke, think
What Beds our ſlain Kings have.

2 *Queen.* What Griefs our Beds,
That our dear Lords have none.

3 *Queen.* None fit for th' Dead:
Thoſe that with Cords, Knives, (12) Drams, Precipitance,
Weary of this World's Light, have to themſelves
Been Death's moſt horrid Agents, human Grace
Affords them Duſt and Shadow.

1 *Queen.* But our Lords
Lie bliſt'ring 'fore the viſitating Sun,
And were good Kings, when living.

Theſ. It is true,
And I will give you Comfort,
(13) To give your dead Lords Graves:

(11)——*Will long laſt,*] Former Editions. Corrected by all.

(12) ——— ——— *Drams Precipitance,*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I disjoin theſe two, the one expreſſing Poiſon, the other leaping down Precipices.

(13) *To give your dead Lords Graves*:] As both the Senſe and Meaſure are ſomewhat deficient, there is reaſon to ſuſpect a Part of the Sentence dropt, perhaps ſomewhat like the following might have been the Original.

But I will give you Comfort, and engage
Myſelf and Pow'rs to give your dead Lords Graves.

The

The which to do muſt make ſome Work with *Creon.*

1 *Queen.* (14) And that Work now preſents it ſelf to th' doing:
Now 'twill take Form, the Heats are gone to Morrow,
Then bootleſs Toil muſt recompence itſelf,
With its own Sweat; now he's ſecure,
Nor Dreams we ſtand before your Puiſſance,
(15) Rinſing our holy Begging in our Eye
To make Petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his Victory.

3 *Queen.* And his Army full
Of Bread and Sloth.
Theſ. Arteſius, that beſt know'ſt
How to draw out, fit to this Enterprize
The prim'ſt for this Proceeding, and the Number
To carry ſuch a Buſineſs, forth and levy
Our worthieſt Inſtruments, whilſt we diſpatch
This grand act of our Life, this daring Deed
Of Fate in Wedlock.

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take Hands,

(14) *And that Work preſents itſelf to th' doing:*] Former Editions.

(15) Wrinching *our holy Begging*—] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon*, both concurr'd with me in changing this to *Rinſing*, which is an Idea not only very proper and poetical, but perfectly in the Spirit of *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*. Thus the former in King *Lear*, ſpeaking of *Cordelia*'s Grief for her Father's Diſtreſs.

Kent! *Father! Siſter! What? i'th' Storm? i'th' Night?*
Let Pity ne'er believe it. ——— *there ſhe ſhook*
The holy Water from her heav'nly Eyes,
And Clamour moiſten'd, then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with Grief alone. Act 4. Scene 3.

The Idea is extremely beautiful: Her Grief became too ſtrong for utterance, and her Tears moiſten'd her Clamour; So Prince *Henry* in *Harry the Fourth*, being chid by his Father, calls his Tears

The moiſt Impediments unto his Speech.

As the beſt Judges cannot avoid ſometimes overlooking the true Intent of their Authors, Mr. *Warburton* took *Clamour* in the Paſſage quoted from *Lear* to be the Nominative Caſe, and conſequently to make no true Senſe, and therefore reads

And *Clamour motion'd*, ———

Which, were there any occaſion for a Change, is very beautifully explain'd in his Note on the Place.

Let

(16) Let us be Widows to our Woes, Delay
Commends us to a famiſhing Hope.

All. Farewel.

2 *Queen.* We come unſeaſonably: But when could Grief
Cull forth as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'ſt Time
For beſt Sollicitation.

Theſ. Why, good Ladies,
(17) This is a Service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any War; it more imports me
Than all the Actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our Suit ſhall be neglected; when her Arms,
Able to lock *Jove* from a Synod, ſhall
By warranting Moon-light corſlet thee, oh when
(18) Her twinning Cherries ſhall their Sweetneſs fall
Upon thy taſtful Lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten Kings, or blubber'd Queens, what care

(16) *Let us be Widows to our Woes*] i. e. Let us continue ſtill in the moſt diſtreſs'd Widowhood by the continuance of our Woes. The Expreſſion tho' not quite clear, will give this Senſe which is certainly a fine one; and in ſuch Writers as our Authors we muſt not always expect that Perſpicuity as we meet with in Poems of leſs Depth. For this Reaſon I cannot admit a Conjecture of Mr. *Sympſon*, tho' like that mentioned in the laſt Note it is undoubtedly an ingenious one.

Let us be wedded *to our Woes.*——

(17) *This is a Service, whereto I am going,*
Greater than any was.——] A very odd Circumſtance happened with regard to this Paſſage: Mr. *Theobald* ſent me a very juſt and excellent Emendation of it; and yet totally miſtook the Meaning of the whole. He reads,

Greater than any War,——

i. e. ſays he, the Revenging the Injuries of the ſuppliant Queens is of more Import than the Motives of any War. Whereas the Service he ſpeaks of is his *Marriage*, and ſpeaks of it as a Reaſon for deferring the War he has promiſed to undertake; and in this Senſe *War* inſtead of *was* is a great Improvement of the old Text, and I verily believe it the Author's Word. The Service I am now going to, (*i. e.* my Marriage) is of more Import to my Happineſs than any *War* can poſſibly be.

(18) *Her* twining *Cherries*——] Mr. *Theobald* corrected the Spelling here. This is only one of many Places where *twin'd* and *twining* occur in the Senſe of *twinn'd* and *twinning*, but here it might give the Reader a wrong Idea.

And

For what thou feel'ſt not? What thou feel'ſt being able
To make *Mars* ſpurn his Drum. Oh if thou couch
But one Night with her, every Hour in't will
Take Hoſtage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou ſhalt remember nothing more, than what
That Banquet bids thee to.

Hip. Though much unlike
You ſhould be ſo tranſported, as much ſorry
I ſhould be ſuch a Suitor; yet I think
Did I not by th' abſtaining of my Joy,
Which breeds a deeper Longing, cure their Surfeit
That craves a preſent Med'cine, I ſhould pluck
All Ladies Scandal on me. Therefore, Sir,
As I ſhall here make trial of my Prayers.
Either preſuming them to have ſome Force,
Or ſentencing for ay their Vigour dumb,
Prorogue this Buſineſs we are going about.
And hang your Shield afore your Heart, about
That Neck which is my Fee, and which I freely
Lend to theſe poor Queens Service.

All Queens. Oh help now,
Our Cauſe cries for your Knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My Siſter her Petition in that Force,
With that Celerity, and Nature which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any Thing, nor be ſo hardy
Ever to take a Husband.

Theſ. Pray ſtand up.
I am intreating of myſelf to do
That which you kneel to have me; *Perithous*
Lead on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods
For Succeſs and Return; omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration; Queens
Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
(19) And at the Banks of *Aulis* meet us with The

(19) *And at the Banks of* Anly——] Mr. *Theobald* ſent me a very probable Conjecture upon this Place, none of us being able to find in any Geographer ſuch a Name as *Anly* in *Greece*, he reads *Aulis* the celebrated Sea-Port between *Athens* and *Thebes*. It would indeed be more

The Forces you can raiſe, where we ſhall find
The moiety of a Number, for a Buſineſs
More bigger look'd; ſince that our Theme is haſte
I ſtamp this Kiſs upon thy currant Lip,
Sweet, keep it as my Token; ſet you forward
For I will ſee you gone, [*Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewel my beauteous Siſter; *Perithous*
Keep the Feaſt full, bate not an Hour on't.

Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at Heels; the Feaſt's Solemnity
(20) Shall wait till your Return.

Theſ. Couſin, I charge you
Budge not from *Athens*; we ſhall be returning
E'er you can end this Feaſt, of which I pray you
Make no Abatement; once more farewel all.

1 *Queen.* Thus doſt thou ſtill make good the Tongue o'th' World.

1 *Queen.* And earn'ſt a Deity equal with *Mars.*

3 *Queen.* If not above him, for
Thou being but mortal, mak'ſt Affections bend
To Godlike Honours; they themſelves ſome ſay
Groan under ſuch a Maſt'ry.

Theſ. As we are Men
Thus ſhould we do; being ſenſually ſubdu'd
We loſe our humane Title; good Cheer, Ladies, [*Flouriſh.*
Now turn we tow'rds your Comforts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Thebs.*

Enter Palamon, *and* Arcite.

Arch. Dear *Palamon*, dearer in Love than Blood,
And our prime Couſin, yet unhard'ned in
The Crimes of Nature; let us leave the City
Thebs, and the Temptings in't, before we further

more convincing were there a River of that Name, for I don't know whether it be proper in ſpeaking of *Calais* or *Dover* to ſay, Meet me at the Banks of *Dover*. But *Aulis* being a Situation ſo exceedingly proper to be mention'd here, I ſtill believe it the true Word, and perhaps *Banks* may be alſo a Corruption, it might have been *At the Gates*, or *at the Port*, or *at the Back of Aulis*.

(20) *Shall* want *till your Return.*] Corrected by all.

Sully

Sully our gloſs of Youth.
And here to keep in abſtinence we ſhame
As in Incontinence; for not to ſwim
(21) I'th' aid o'th' Current, were almoſt to ſink,
At leaſt to fruſtrate ſtriving, and to follow
The common Stream, 'twould bring us to an Eddy
Where we ſhould turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but Life, and Weakneſs.

Pal. Your Advice
Is cry'd up with example; what ſtrange Ruins,
Since firſt we went to School, may we perceive
Walking in *Thebs?* Scars, and bare Weeds
The gain o'th' Martialiſt, who did propound
To his bold Ends, Honour, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By Peace, for whom he fought; who then ſhall offer
To *Mars's* ſo ſcorn'd Altar? I do bleed
When ſuch I meet, and wiſh great *Juno* would
Reſume her ancient fit of Jealouſie
Te get the Soldier Work, that Peace might purge
For her Repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable Heart now hard, and harſher
Than Strife, or War could be.

Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no Ruin, but the Soldier in
The Cranks and Turns of *Thebs?* You did begin
As if you met Decays of many Kinds:
Perceive you none, that do arouſe your Pity,
But th' unconſider'd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pity
Decays where-e'er I find them, but ſuch moſt
That ſweating in an honourable Toil
Are paid with Ice to cool 'em.

Arc. 'Tis not this

(21) *I'th'* Aid *of the Current*——] Mr. *Theobald* would read, *I'th'* Head *of the Current*,——— and quotes from *Rollo*,

——— *Take the Current with you,*
Which once turn'd Head *will ſink you.*

But ſurely *Aid* is full as good Senſe here and more proper to the Context, *to ſwim in the* Head *of the Current of Faſhion*, is to be the firſt in it, *to ſwim in the* Aid *of it*, is to join and follow it.

I did

I did begin to ſpeak of, this is Virtue
Of no Reſpect in *Thebs*, I ſpake of *Thebs*
How dangerous if we will keep our Honours,
It is for our reſiding; where ev'ry evil
Hath a good Colour; where ev'ry ſeeming good's
A certain Evil, where not to be ev'n jump
As they are, here were to be Strangers, and
Such things to be meer Monſters.

Pal. 'Tis in our Power,
(Unleſs we fear that Apes can tutor's) to
Be Maſters of our Manners; what need I
Affect another's Gate, which is not catching
Where there is Faith; or to be fond upon
Another's way of Speech, when by mine own
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous Bond to follow him
Follows his Tailor, haply ſo long, until
The follow'd make purſuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own Barber is unbleſt, with him
My poor Chin too, for 'tis not ſciſſar'd juſt
To ſuch a Favourite's Glaſs: What Canon is there
That does command my Rapier from my Hip
To dangle't in my Hand, or to go Tip-toe
Before the Street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the Team, or I am none
That draw i'th' ſequent Trace; theſe poor ſlight Sores,
Need not a Plantain; that (22) which rips my Boſome
Almoſt to th' Heart, 's——

Arc. Our Uncle, *Creon.*

Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded Tyrant, whoſe Succeſſes
(23) Make Heav'n unfear'd, and Villany aſſur'd,
Beyond

(22)—————— *Which* tips *my Boſome*] Corrected by us all, and confirm'd by the old Quarto.

(23) *Makes Heav'n unfear'd, and Villany aſſur'd,*
Beyond its Power; there's nothing almoſt puts
Faith in a Fever, and deifies alone
Voluble Chance ——] This Sentence as hitherto printed has been

Beyond its Pow'r there's Nothing; almoſt puts
Faith in a Fever, and deifies alone
Voluble Chance: Who only attributes
The faculties of other Inſtruments
To his own Nerves and Act; commands Men's Service,
And what they win in't, (24) Boot and Glory too;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not; let
The Blood of mine (25) that's ſibbe to him, be ſuck'd
From me with Leeches, let them break and fall
Off me with that Corruption.

Arc. Clear-ſpirited Couſin
Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing ſhare
Of his loud Infamy; for our Milk
Will reliſh of the Paſture, and we muſt
Be Vile, or Diſobedient; not his Kinſmen
In Blood, unleſs in Quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

meer Chaos, for firſt what is making Villany aſſur'd beyond its Power? and how does nothing almoſt put Faith in a Fever? The true Adjuſtment of the Points reſtores Connection, Senſe, and Beauty, *The Succeſſes of the Tyrant makes Heav'n unfear'd, and Villany aſſur'd that nothing is beyond its Power; which almoſt ſtaggers the Faith of good Men, and makes them think that Chance and not a juſt Providence governs the World.* The Moral of this is extremely beautiful, for it is juſt utter'd before they hear that *Theſeus* the Inſtrument of divine Vengeance is at hand, and the Thunder burſting on the Head of *Creon*. Mr. *Theobald* inſtead of *Faith in a Fever*, would read *Faith in a Fear* which much ſurpris'd me: For *Fever* in *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpear* almoſt always ſignifies, the *Shaking Fit* or Ague. Thus *Clorin* at the Beginning of *The Faithful Shepherdeſs*,

> ——— *A Fever ſhakes me, and*
> *The ſelf-ſame Wind that makes the young Lambs ſhrink*
> *Makes me a cold.* ———

So in *Julius Cæſar*,

> *He had a Fever when he was in* Spain,
> *And when the Fit was on him, I did mark*
> *How he did ſhake, 'tis true, this God did ſhake.*

So that *Fever* in the Paſſage in queſtion is infinitely more nervous and beautiful than *Fear*. In the Emendation of the Points in this Paſſage, Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me.

(24) —— *Boot and Glory* on;] Former Editions; I read *too, i. e.* both the Advantage and Honour.

(25) ——*That*'s ſibbe *to him,*] *i. e. kin.* It is ſpelt *ſib* by *Spencer* and *ſybbe* by *Chaucer*.

I think

I think the Ecchoes of his Shames have deaf't
The Ears of Heav'nly Juſtice: Widows cries
Deſcend again into their Throats, and have not
Due audience of the Gods. *Valerius.*

Enter Valerius.

Val. The King calls for you, yet be Leaden-footed
Till his great Rage be off him. *Phebus* when
He broke his Whipſtock, and exclaim'd againſt
The Horſes of the Sun, but whiſper'd to
The loudneſs of his Fury.

Pal. Small Winds ſhake him,
But what's the matter?

Val. Theſeus (who where he threats Appals,) hath ſent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to *Thebs*, who is at hand to ſeal
The promiſe of his Wrath.

Arc. Let him approach.
But that we fear the Gods in him, he brings not
A jot of Terror to us; yet what Man
Thirds his own worth (the Caſe is each of ours)
When that his Action's dregg'd with Mind aſſur'd
'Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreaſon'd.
Our Services ſtand now for *Thebs*, not *Creon*,
Yet to be Neutral to him, were Diſhonour;
Rebellious to oppoſe; therefore we muſt
With him ſtand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who 'th bounded our laſt Minute.

Arc. So we muſt.
Is't ſaid this War's afoot? Or it ſhall be,
On fail of ſome Condition?

Val. 'Tis in motion,
The intelligence of State came in the Inſtant
With the Defier.

Pal. Let's to the King, who, were he
A quarter-Carrier of that Honour, which
His Enemy came in, the Blood we venture
Should be as for our Health, which were not ſpent,
Rather laid out for Purchaſe: But alas

Our Hands advanc'd before our Hearts, what will
The fall o' th' ſtroke do Damage?
Arch. Let th' Event,
That never-erring Arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourſelves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, *and* Emilia.

Per. No further.
Hip. Sir, farewel; repeat my Wiſhes
To our great Lord, of whoſe Succeſs I dare not
Make any timorous Queſtion; yet I wiſh him
Exceſs, and overflow of Power, and't might be
(25) To cure ill-dealing Fortune; ſpeed to him,
Store never hurts good Governors.
Per. Though I know
His Ocean needs not my poor Drops, yet they
Muſt yield their Tribute there. My precious Maid,
Thoſe beſt Affections that the Heav'ns infuſe
In their beſt temper'd Pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear Heart.
Emil. Thanks Sir, remember me
To our All-royal Brother, for whoſe ſpeed
The great *Bellona* I'll ſollicit; and
Since in our terrene State, Petitions are not
Without Gifts underſtood, I'll offer to her
What I ſhall be advis'd ſhe likes; our Hearts

(26) *To dure ill-dealing Fortune;*] This makes an odd Concluſion to the *Climax* of *Hippolita*'s good Wiſhes to her Husband. She wiſh'd him not only *Succeſs*, but ſuch *Exceſs* of it as to do what? why, to be able to bear ill Fortune. I read,

——*To cure ill-dealing Fortune,*

i. e. To take from *Fortune* her Malignity or the Power of ever dealing ill to him again. If the Reader does not aſſent to this, yet thinks with me ſome Change neceſſary, he will pleaſe to accept the three following.

T'out-dure or *T'out-dare* or *To dare.*

The two firſt are Expreſſions frequently us'd by our Authors, and *dare* may ſignify to *bid defiance to:* which will perfectly ſuit the Context. Mr. *Sympſon* has ſince ſent me *dare* as his Conjecture.

Are

Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hip. In's Boſome:
We have been Soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our Friends don their Helms, or put to Sea,
Or tell of Babes broach'd on the Launce, or Women
That 've ſod their Infants in (and after eat them)
The Brine, they wept at killing 'em; then if
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch Spinſters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Per. Peace be to you,
As I purſue this War; which ſhall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit* Per.

Emil. How his longing
Follows his Friends; ſince his depart, his Sports,
Though craving ſerioufneſs and skill, paſt ſlightly
His careleſs Execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loſs conſider, but
Playing o'er Buſineſs in his Hand, another
Directing in his Head, his Mind, nurſe equal
To theſe ſo diff'ring Twins. Have you obſerv'd him
Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much Labour,
And I did love him for't; they two have Cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a Corner,
Peril and want contending, (27) they have skift
Torrents, whoſe roaring Tyranny and Power
I' th' leaſt of theſe was dreadful; and they have
Fought out together, where Death's-ſelf was lodg'd,

(27) ——— *They have skift*
Torrents, whoſe roaring Tyranny and Power,
I' th' leaſt of theſe was dreadful;——] The Expreſſion here is obſcure; the Pronoun *theſe*, whether it relates to Tyranny and Pow'r or to *Torrents*, ſeems very forc'd. *Whoſe Tyranny and Power in the leaſt of theſe Torrents, or of their Tyranny and Power, was dreadful.* I ſhall not obtrude my Conjecture upon the Reader, as the Original; it departs rather too far from the Trace of the Letters, but it is offer'd as what I could have wiſh'd the Poets to have wrote.

——————— *They have skift*
Torrents, whoſe roaring Tyranny and Power
I' th' beſt of Ships were dreadful.

i. e. in a ſmall Skiff they have endur'd Storms which would have been terrible to the largeſt Ships.

Yet Fate hath brought them off; their knot of Love
Ty'd, weav'd, intangl'd, with ſo true, ſo long,
And with a Finger of ſo deep a cunning
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theſeus cannot be Umpire to himſelf
Cleaving his Conſcience into twain, and doing
Each ſide like Juſtice, which he loves beſt.

Emil. Doubtleſs
There is a beſt, and Reaſon has no Manners
To ſay it is not you; I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a Play-fellow;
You were at Wars, when ſhe the Grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the Bed, took leave 'o th' Moon
(Which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hip. 'T was *Flavina*.

(28) [*Two Hearſes ready with* Palamon *and* Arcite; *The three Queens.* Theſeus *and his Lords ready.*

Emil. Yes,
You talk of *Perithous* and *Theſeus* Love;
Theirs has more Ground, is more maturely ſeaſon'd,
More buckled with ſtrong Judgment, and their Needs
The one of th' other may be ſaid to water
Their intertangled Roots of Love, but I
And ſhe (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
(29) Lov'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect

Rare

(28) *Two Hearſes ready*——] I leave this Stage Direction ſtanding, as it is a full Proof of this Play having been printed from the *Prompter's Book.*

(29) *Lov'd for we did,*———] Mr. *Sympſon* happening to overlook the Meaning of the Particle *for* in this Place would read,

Lov'd more we did,———

i. e. We lov'd more than *Perithous* and *Theſeus*, But this would be very abſurd in her to aſſert, Children's Love could not be ſo ſtrong as theirs.

Which had more ground, was more maturely *ſeaſon'd,*
More buckled with ſtrong Judgment

whereas, in contraſt to this, *Emilia* and *Flavina* lov'd *for*, *i. e.* becauſe they

e

Rare iſſues by their Operance; our Souls
Did ſo to one another; what ſhe lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd,
No more Arraignment; the Flower that I would pluck
And put between my Breaſts, (oh then but beginning
To ſwell about the Bloſſom) ſhe would long
Till ſhe had ſuch another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phœnix*-like
They dy'd in Perfume; (30) on my Head no Toy
But was her Pattern, her Affection; her
Pretty, tho' haply careleſs Wear, I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking; had mine Ear
Stol'n ſome new Air, or at adventure humm'd on

they did by a meer ſympathy of Tempers, without the Bonds of mutual Obligations and mutual Gratitude. The Particle *for* in the Senſe of *becauſe* occurs again in *Palamon*'s Invocation to *Venus*,

——————————*and I*
Believ'd it was his, for *ſhe ſaid it was.*

And in two other Paſſages of this Play; but I never remember to have ſeen it uſed with ſuch exquiſite Beauty, and ſo pretty a Simplicity as in this lovely Deſcription of *Female Friendſhip.*

(30) ——*On my Head no Toy*
But was her Pattern, her Affections, pretty
Though happily, her careleſs were, I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking——] This Paſſage has a good deal puzzled us. Mr. *Sympſon* and I have different Conjectures. He propoſes,

——————*on my Head no Toy*
But was her Pattern; her Affections pretty
(Tho' happily they careleſs were) I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking.——————

This keeps very near the Trace of the Letters and is intelligible, but to term an accidental careleſs Ornament the Affections of the Wearer, is ſcarcely to be defended. I am oblig'd to depart rather more from the Trace of the Letters, which is, I believe, the chief Objection to my Conjecture.

——————*on my Head no Toy*
But was her Pattern, her Affection; her
Pretty tho' hap'ly careleſs Wear *I follow'd*
For my moſt ſerious decking.

Since the Note above was prepar'd for the Preſs, Mr. *Sympſon* has ſent me *Wear* for *were* as his more approv'd Conjecture, but he would read,

——————*her Pattern, her Affections; pretty*
Tho' happily her careleſs Wear I follow'd, &c.

but I had before rejected this Arraignment of the Words, as not thinking them Engliſh.

From muſical Coynage, why, it was a Note
Whereon her Spirits would ſojourn, (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her Slumbers; This Rehearſal
(31) (Which ſurely Innocence wots well) comes in
Like old Importments baſtard, has this end;
That the true Love 'tween Maid and Maid, may be
(32) More than in Sex dividual.

Hip. Y'are out of Breath
And this high ſpeeded-pace, is but to ſay
That you ſhall never, like the Maid *Flavina*,
Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I'm ſure I ſhall not.

Hip. Now alack weak Siſter,
I muſt no more believe thee in this Point
Though in't I know thou doſt believe thyſelf,
Than I will truſt a ſickly Appetite,

(31) *(Which fury innocent wots well)*——] This Parentheſis puzzled more than almoſt any Paſſage of our Authors, till Mr. *Sympſon* by a very ſmall Change has happily reſtored a tolerable good ſenſe to it. I have therefore inſerted his Conjecture in the Text; only he would read *notes* for *wots*, to which I can't aſſent, as *wots*, i. e. knows or underſtands is a true Word us'd in the Bible and in all the good Writers of former Ages.

(32) *More than in Sex individual.*] As the Word individual is very common, but *dividual* not ſo, the Tranſcriber or Printer put the one for the other here, tho' it abſolutely deſtroy'd both Senſe and Meaſure. Mr. *Sympſon* too ſaw and corrected the Error. *Sex dividual* for *different Sexes* is perhaps an uncommon but a perfectly poetical Expreſſion.

The Deſcription of theſe pretty Play-Fellows was probably *Shakeſpear*'s, and in his ſecond, if not in his very beſt manner, which will evidently appear by its Preference, which it may juſtly claim to the like Deſcription in *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act 3. Scene 8.

We, Hermia, *like two artificial Gods*
Created with our Needles both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, ſitting on one Cuſhion;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices and Minds
Had been incorporate; ſo we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an Union in Partition,
Two lovely Berry's molded on one Stem;
Or with two ſeeming Bodies, but one Heart,
Two of the firſt, like Coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one Creſt.

That

That loaths even as it longs; but ſure my Siſter,
If I were ripe for your Perſuaſion, you
Have ſaid enough to ſhake me from the Arm
Of the all-noble *Theſeus*, for whoſe Fortunes
I will now in, and kneel with great Aſſurance,
That we, more than his *Perithous*, poſſeſs
The high Throne in his Heart.
Emil. I am not
Againſt your Faith, yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Battel ſtruck within; then a Retreat: Flouriſh. Then Enter Theſeus, (*Victor,*) *the three Queens meet him, and fall on their Faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no Star be dark.
2 *Queen.* Both Heav'n and Earth
Friend thee for ever.
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wiſh'd upon thy Head, I cry *Amen* to't.
Theſ. Th' impartial Gods, who from the mounted Heav'ns
View us their mortal Herd, behold who err,
And in their time chaſtiſe: Go and find out
The Bones of your dead Lords, and honour them
With treble Ceremony; rather than a gap
Should be in their dear Rites, we would ſupply't.
But thoſe we will depute, which ſhall inveſt
You in your Dignities, and ev'n each thing
Our haſte does leave imperfect: So adieu,
And Heav'n's good Eyes look on you: What are thoſe?
[*Exeunt* Queens.
Herald. Men of great Quality, as may be judg'd
By their Appointment; ſome of *Thebs* have told's
They're Siſter's Children, Nephews to the King.
Theſ. By th' Helm of *Mars*, I ſaw them in the War,
Like to a pair of Lions, ſmear'd with Prey,
Make Lanes in Troops aghaſt. I fixt my Note
Conſtantly on them; for they were a Mark
Worth a God's view; what Priſoner was't that told me
When

When I inquir'd their Names?
Herald. With leave, they're called
Arcite and *Palamon.*
Theſ. 'Tis right, thoſe, thoſe,
They are not dead. (33) [*Three Hearſes ready.*
Herald. Nor in a State of Life; had they been taken
When their laſt Hurts were given, 'twas poſſible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the Name of Men.
Theſ. Then like Men uſe 'em,
The very Lees of ſuch, Millions of Rates,
Exceed the Wine of others; all our Surgeons
Convent in their Behoof, our richeſt Balms
Rather than niggard waſte; their Lives concern us,
Much more than *Thebs* is worth; rather than have 'em
Freed of this Plight, and in their Morning State,
Sound and at Liberty, I would 'em dead,
But Forty thouſand fold, we'd rather have 'em
Priſoners to us, than Death; bear 'em ſpeedily
From our kind Air, to them unkind, and miniſter
What Man to Man may do; for our ſake more,
(34) Since I have known Frights, Fury, Friends Beheſts,
Love's Provocations, Zeal, a Miſtreſs task,
Deſire of Liberty, a Fever, Madneſs,
Sickneſs in Will, or wreſtling Strength in Reaſon;
'Thath ſet a Mark which Nature could not reach to
Without ſome Impoſition. For our Love

And

(33) —— *Three Hearſes ready.*] Theſe Stage Directions, I imagine, will be rather pleaſing to the Reader, as they are uncommon in Print, but have run thro' all Editions of this Play.

(34) *Since I have known Frights, Fury, Friends, Beheſts,*
Loves, Provocations, Zeal, a Miſtreſs task,
Deſire of Liberty, a Fever, Madneſs,
Hath ſet a Mark which Nature could not reach to
Without ſome Impoſition, Sickneſs in Will
Or wreſtling Strength in Reaſon, for our Love
And great Apollo's *Mercy, all our beſt*
Their beſt skills tender. ——] 'Tis a great Pity that this fine Enumeration of the Ills of human Life, (which for Conciſeneſs and Beauty may almoſt vie with the celebrated one in the Soliloquy of *Hamlet*) ſhould at laſt by the Errors of the Tranſcriber or Printer vaniſh into Darkneſs and Obſcurity. There is Hopes that it is now reſtor'd by a very ſmall Change in the auxiliary Verb *hath*, and a Tranſpoſition

And great *Apollo*'s Mercy, all our beſt
Their beſt skills tender. Lead into the City,
Where having bound things ſcatter'd, we will poſt
(35) To *Athens* 'fore our Army. [*Exeunt.*
[*Muſick.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Queens with the Hearſes of their Knights, in a Funeral Solemnity, &c.

Urns and Odours bring away,
Vapors, Sighs, darken the Day;
Our dole more deadly looks than dying,

Balms, and Gums, and heavy Cheers,
Sacred Viol's fill'd with Tears,
And Clamours, through the wild Air flying:

Come all ſad and ſolemn Shows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleaſures foes;
We convent nought elſe but Woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral Path brings to your Houſhold Graves,

Tranſpoſition of the Lines into the Order which the Senſe ſeems to require. I read

——————*a Fever, Madneſs,*
Sickneſs in Will, or wreſtling Strength in Reaſon;
'Thath ſet a Mark which Nature could not reach to
Without ſome Impoſition. For our Love, &c.

The Sentiment is the common one

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco,

That our own Miſeries naturally awaken our Compaſſion for thoſe of others. When therefore he has enumerated the various Ills which he has gone thro' he ſays, That theſe Ills have ſet a Mark of Humanity on his Heart that Nature, *without ſome Impoſition, i. e.* without the Addition of ſuch Experience could not have arriv'd at. The Reader will find another Change, inſtead of making *Friends, Beheſts, Loves, Provocations,* four of the Ills of Life, as in the former Editions, I join them and make only two *Friends Beheſts,* and *Love's Provocations*; the former is particularly applicable to *Theſeus*; the latter gives much the ſame Idea as *Shakeſpear's Pangs of deſpis'd Love,* and the whole Speech looks extremely like the Hand of *Shakeſpear.*

(35) *To Athens for our Army.*] The Correction of *for* into *'fore* is ſelf-evident, and occurr'd to us all three.

Joy

Joy ſeize on you again; Peace ſleep with him.
2 *Queen.* And this to yours.
1 *Queen.* Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thouſand differing ways to one ſure end.
3 *Queen.* This World's a City full of ſtraying Streets,
And Death's the Market-place, where each one meets.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jail. I May depart with little, while I live,
Something I may caſt to you, not much; Alas
The Priſon I keep, though it be for great ones, yet
They ſeldom come; before one *Salmon*, you
Shall take a number o' Minnows; I'm given out
T' be better lin'd, than it can appear to me
Report is a true Speaker: I would I were
Really, that I am deliver'd to be:
Marry, what I have (be it what it will)
I will aſſure upon my Daughter at
The Day o' my Death. *Wooer.* Sir, I demand no more
Than your own Offer, and I will eſtate
Your Daughter, in what I have promiſed.
Jail. Well, we'll talk more of this, when the Solemnity
Is paſt; but have you a full Promiſe of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that ſhall b' ſeen, I tender my Conſent.
Wooer. I have, Sir; here ſhe comes.
Jail. Your Friend and I
Have chanc'd to name you here, on the old Buſineſs;
But no more o' that. Now, ſo ſoon as the Court-hurry
Is over, we will have an end of it;
I'th' mean time look tenderly to the two Priſoners.
I can tell you they're Princes.
Daugh. Theſe Strewings are for their Chamber; it is pity
They are in Priſon, and 'twere pity that

They

They ſhould be out: I do think they've Patience
To make Adverſity aſham'd; the Priſon
Itſelf is proud of 'em; and they have all
Th' World in their Chamber.
Jail. They are fam'd to be
A Pair of abſolute Men. *Daugh.* By my Troth, I
Think Fame but ſtammers 'em, (36) they ſtand a Grieſe
Above th' reach of Report. *Jail.* I have heard them
Reported, in the Battle
To be the only Doers. *Daugh.* Nay, moſt likely,
For they are noble Sufferers; I marvel
How they'd have look'd, had they been Victors, that
With ſuch a conſtant Nobility enforce
A Freedom out of Bondage, making Miſery
Their Mirth, and Affliction a Toy to jeſt at.
Jail. Do they ſo?
Daugh. It ſeems to me,
They've no more Senſe of their Captivity,
Than I of ruling *Athens*; they eat well,
Look merrily, diſcourſe of many things,
But nothing of their own Reſtraint, and Diſaſters;
Yet ſometime a divided Sigh, as 'twere
Martyr'd in the Deliverance, will break
From one of them, when th' other preſently
Gives it ſo ſweet a Rebuke, that I could wiſh
Myſelf a Sigh to be ſo chid, or at leaſt
A Sigher to be comforted. *Wooer.* I ne'er ſaw 'em.
Jail. (37) The Duke himſelf came privately in the Night,

(36) ——*they ſtand a* Grief] This is a ſtiff Expreſſion, and only the conjectural Reading of the late Editions: The old *Quarto* reads,
——— *they ſtand a* Grieſe. Mr. *Sympſon* and I both read and conjecture, *Gree*, the old Word for *Gradus* or *Degree*. See *Urry*'s *Gloſſary* to *Chaucer*. Indeed ſpelling of Words was formerly ſo very uncertain, that *Grieſe* for a Step, might have been in uſe as well as *Gree*, and therefore it is beſt to reſtore it.

(37) *The Duke himſelf came privately in the Night,*
Enter Palamon *and* Arcite.
And ſo did they——] There is a Deficiency in the Senſe here that ſeems to denote the loſs of at leaſt one whole Line, nor can I from the Context eaſily gueſs the Purport of it. By ſtriking out, *And ſo did they*, the whole would be Senſe, but the Meaſure would be loſt. So we muſt leave it to ſome more fortunate Conjecture.

Enter

Enter Palamon *and* Arcite *above.*

And ſo did they, what the Reaſon of it is, I
Know not; Look, yonder they are; that is
Arcite looks out. *Daugh.* No, Sir, no, that's *Palamon:*
Arcite's the lower of the twain; you may
Perceive a Part of him. *Jail.* Go to, leave your pointing;
They'd not make us their Object, out of their Sight.
Daugh. It is a Holiday to look on them:
Lord, Lord, the Diff'rence of Men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon *and* Arcite *in Priſon.*

Pal. How do you, noble Couſin?
Arc. How do you, Sir?
Pal. Why, ſtrong enough to laugh at Miſery,
And bear the Chance of War yet. We are Priſoners
I fear for ever, Couſin.
Arc. I believe it,
And to that Deſtiny have patiently
Laid up my Hour to come.
Pal. Oh Couſin *Arcite*,
Where is *Thebs* now? where is our noble Country?
Where are our Friends, and Kindreds? Never more
Muſt we behold thoſe Comforts, never ſee
The hardy Youths ſtrive for the Games of Honour,
Hung with the painted Favours of their Ladies,
Like tall Ships under Sail; then ſtart amongſt 'em
And as an Eaſt-wind leave 'em all behind us,
Like lazy Clouds, whilſt *Palamon* and *Arcite*,
Ev'n in the wagging of a wanton Leg
Out-ſtript the Peoples Praiſes, won the Garlands,
E'er they have time to wiſh 'em ours. Oh never
Shall we two exerciſe, like twins of Honour,
Our Arms again, and feel our fiery Horſes,
Like proud Seas under us; (38) our good Swords now
(Better

(38) ——— *our good Swords now*
(*Better the red-ey'd God of War new'r* were)
Braviſh'd *our ſides*,——] The two Miſtakes of *were* for *wore*, and *Braviſh'd* for *Raviſh'd*, are very eaſily amended, and the Reader will

(Better the red-ey'd God of War nev'r wore)
Raviſh'd our ſides, like Age, muſt run to ruſt,
And deck the Temples of thoſe Gods that hate us,
Theſe Hands ſhall never draw 'em out like Light'ning
To blaſt whole Armies more.

Arc. No, *Palamon*,
Thoſe hopes are Priſoners with us, here we are,
And here the Graces of our Youths muſt wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here Age muſt find us,
And which is heavieſt, *Palamon*, unmarried,
The ſweet Embraces of a loving Wife
Loaden with Kiſſes, arm'd with thouſand *Cupids*,
Shall never claſp our Neck; no Iſſue know us,
No Figures of ourſelves ſhall we ev'r ſee,
To glad our Age, and like young Eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright Arms, and ſay
Remember what your Fathers were, and Conquer.
The fair-ey'd Maids ſhall weep our Baniſhments,
And in their Songs curſe ever-blinded Fortune,
Till ſhe for ſhame ſee what a wrong ſh' has done
To Youth and Nature; This is all our World;
We ſhall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the Clock that tells our Woes,
The Vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Summer ſhall come, and with her all Delights;
But dead-cold Winter muſt inhabit here ſtill.

Pal. 'Tis too true, *Arcite*. To our *Theban* Hounds,
That ſhook the aged Foreſt with their Ecchoes,
No more now muſt we hollow, no more ſhake
Our pointed Javelins, whilſt the angry Swine
Flies like a *Parthian* Quiver from our Rages,
Struck with our well-ſteel'd Darts: All valiant Uſes,
(The Food and Nouriſhment of noble Minds,)
In us two here ſhall periſh; we ſhall die,
(39) Which is the Curſe of Honour, lazily,

will obſerve that the ſecond aroſe from the initial Letter of the former Line being repeated. I had the Concurrence here of both my Aſſiſtents.

(39) (*Which is the Curſe of Honour*) laſtly,
Children of Grief, and Ignorance.] When a Word is flat and unpoetical, and at the ſame time detrimental to the Meaſure, there is almoſt

Children of Grief, and Ignorance.
Arc. Yet Couſin.
Even from the bottom of theſe Miſeries
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two Comforts riſing, two meer Bleſſings,
If the Gods pleaſe to hold here, a brave Patience,
And the enjoying of our Griefs together.

almoſt a certainty of its being corrupt. *Laſtly* has both theſe bad Qualities; it is a mere degrading Expletive as to the Senſe, and wants a Syllable to complete the Meaſure. I cannot doubt therefore of the true Word being *lazily*; Lazineſs to a Man of Spirit being the true Curſe of Honour. Hence the Sentence becomes a fine Climax to that noble Spirit of Poetry that animates the whole Speech. This Scene is more worthy of *Shakeſpear* than any long one in the firſt Act. It is in *Shakeſpear*'s *ſecond beſt* Manner, or in *Fletcher*'s *beſt*, and theſe are not eaſily diſtinguiſhable. If the Reader will conſult the firſt Scene of the two Brothers with their ſuppoſed Father coming out of the Cave in *Cymbeline*, and the Deſcription of the *Spartan Hounds* by *Theſeus* in *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, he will find a great Similitude of Sentiment, Stile and Spirit: Add to theſe the following Lines in *Richard* II. *Mowbray* being baniſh'd thus complains of his want of foreign Languages;

Within my Mouth you have engoal'd my Tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my Teeth and Lips,
And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance
Muſt be the Joaler to attend on me.

All but the ſecond of theſe are noble Lines, tho' ſo great a Man as Mr. *Pope* diſcarded them from the Text. The End of *Arcite*'s former Speech (which *Milton* very cloſely follows, bewailing his Blindneſs, in his *Hymn to Light*) and the Lines referr'd to in the Emendation above, have the Sublimity of theſe Lines of *Mowbray* without the Quaintneſs of Thought that diſgraces one of them, notwithſtanding its Similitude to the Ἕρκος ὀδόντων of *Homer*. Theſe Reaſons may induce one to place this Scene to *Shakeſpear*. On the other hand, the Simile of a wild Boar in Chaſe to the *Parthian* Archer (who by a bold poetic Liberty is called the *Parthian* Quiver,) the Briſtles and Darts ſticking on his Back to the Arrows on the *Archer*'s Shoulder, and the frequent and furious Turnings of the Boar to the *Parthian*'s turning to ſhoot as he flies. This noble Simile is a Favourite of *Fletcher*'s, and he uſes it in another Play that ſeems to have been wrote before this. And I believe it no where occurs in *Shakeſpear*. As to the Anachroniſm of making *Parthian Archers* talk'd of in *Theſeus*'s Time, it is an Impropriety that both *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* are equally guilty of.

P. S. Since the writing of this having occaſion in the next Note to turn to *Fletcher*'s *Lover's Progreſs*, I found an Expreſſion extremely reſembling the Paſſage referr'd to in this Note. Act 2. Scene 1.

We ſhall grow old Men and feeble,
Which is the Scorn of Love and Ruſt of Honour.

Whilſt

Whilſt *Palamon* is with me, let me periſh
If I think this our Priſon.

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main Goodneſs, Couſin, that our Fortunes
Were twinn'd together; 'tis moſt true, two Souls
Put in two noble Bodies, let 'em ſuffer
The gaul of hazard, ſo they grow together,
Will never ſink; they muſt not; ſay they could,
A willing Man dies ſleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy Uſes of this Place
That all Men hate ſo much?

Pal. How, gentle Couſin?

Arc. Let's think this Priſon, a Holy Sanctuary
To keep us from Corruption of worſe Men;
We're Young, and yet deſire the ways of Honour,
That Liberty and common Converſation,
The Poiſon of pure Spirits, might, like Women,
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy Bleſſing
Can be, but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endleſs Mine to one another;
We're one another's Wife, ever begetting
New Births of Love; we're Father, Friends, Acquaintance,
We are, in one another, Families,
I am your Heir, and you are mine: This Place
Is our Inheritance; no hard Oppreſſor
Dare take this from us; here with a little Patience
We ſhall live long, and loving: No Surfeits ſeek us:
The Hand of War hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their Youth; were we at Liberty,
A Wife might part us lawfully, or Buſineſs,
Quarrels conſume us; (40) Envy of ill Men
Reave our Acquaintance: I might ſicken, Couſin,

Where

(40)——— *Envy of ill Men*
Crave *our Acquaintance:*—] We have each a different Conjecture here, Mr. *Theobald* reads *Craze*, Mr. *Sympſon*, *Carve*, and I, *Reave:* I know not whether Self-partiality makes me prefer the latter. It is a common Word in old Authors, tho' now we ſeldom uſe it except in the perfect Tenſe *Reft*, as in Mr. *Mallet*'s charming Song, the firſt Stanza of which is taken from *Fletcher:*

Where you ſhould never know it, and ſo periſh
Without your noble Hand to cloſe mine Eyes,
Or Prayers to the Gods; a thouſand Chances,
Were we from hence, would ſever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, Couſin *Arcite*) almoſt wanton
With my Captivity; what a Miſery
Is it to live abroad, and every where?
'Tis like a Beaſt methinks: I find the Court here,
I'm ſure a more content, and all thoſe Pleaſures
That wooe the Wills of Men to Vanity,
I ſee through now; and am ſufficient
To tell the World, 'tis but a gaudy Shadow,
That old Time, as he paſſes by, takes with him.
What had we been old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where Sin is Juſtice, Luſt and Ignorance,
The Virtues of the great ones: Couſin *Arcite*
Had not the loving Gods found this Place for us
W' had died as they do, ill old Men unwept,
And had their Epitaphs, the People's Curſes.
Shall I ſay more?

Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear
When Death has reft *their Crown,*

See *Skinner* on the Word *Reave: Spoliare*, to *ſpoil or take away.* The two former Words, *Craze* and *Carve*, ſeem ſtiffer than this. If the Reader will pleaſe to conſult the Soliloquy of *Richard* II. in Priſon, he will find ſeveral ſtrokes much reſembling ſome in this Scene, and whilſt he compares them may be apt to aſcribe them both to the ſame Hand; but the following Lines out of *Fletcher's Lover's Progreſs* may again ſtagger our Opinion and make us as apt to aſcribe the whole Scene to *Fletcher*. *Lidian*, a young Lover in a Fit of Deſpair, turns Hermit, and thus deſcribes the Happineſs of Solitude;

——— *Theſe wild Fields are my Gardens;*
The cryſtal Rivers they afford their Waters,
And grudge not their ſweet Streams to quench Afflictions,
The hollow Rocks their Beds, which tho' they're hard
(The Emblems of a doting Lover's Fortune)
Yet they are quiet, and the weary Slumbers
The Eyes catch there, ſofter than Beds of Down;
The Birds my Bell to call me to Devotions;
My Book the Story of my wand'ring Life,
In which I find more Hours due to Repentance
Than Time hath told me yet.

See the whole Dialogue, Act 4. Scene 3.

Arc.

Arc. I would hear you ſtill.
Pal. Ye ſhall.
Is there Record of any two that lov'd
Better than we two, *Arcite?*
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it poſſible our Friendſhip
Should ever leave us.
Arc. Till our Deaths it cannot.

Enter Emilia *and her Women.*

And after Death our Spirits ſhall be led
To thoſe that love eternally. Speak on, Sir.
Emil. (41) This Garden has a world of Pleaſures in't.
What Flower is this?
Wom. 'Tis call'd *Narciſſus*, Madam.
Emil. That was a fair Boy certain, but a Fool
To love himſelf, were there not Maids enough?
Arc. Pray forward.
Pal. Yes.
Emil. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Wom. They could not be to one ſo fair.
Emil. Thou would'ſt not.
Wom. I think I ſhould not, Madam.
Emil. That's a good Wench:
But take heed to your Kindneſs though.
Wom. Why, Madam?
Emil. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will ye go forward, Couſin?
Emil. Canſt not thou work ſuch Flowers in Silk, Wench?
Wom. Yes.
Emil. I'll have a Gown full of 'em, and of theſe.
This is a pretty Colour, will't not do
Rarely upon a Skirt, Wench?
Wom. Dainty, Madam.

(41) *This Garden has a world of Pleaſures in't.*] This in all the former Editions was made the end of *Arcite*'s Speech; the Abſurdity was evident to us all, and muſt have been ſo to every Reader of the leaſt Attention.

Arc. Couſin, Couſin, how do you, Sir? Why, *Palamon?*
Pal. Never till now I was in Priſon, *Arcite.*
Arc. Why, what's the matter, Man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder.
By Heav'n ſhe is a Goddeſs.
Arc. Ha.
Pal. Do Reverence.
She is a Goddeſs, *Arcite.*
Emil. Of all Flowers,
Methinks a Roſe is beſt.
Wom. Why, gentle Madam?
Emil. It is the very Emblem of a Maid.
(42) For when the Weſt-wind courts her gently
How modeſtly ſhe blows, and paints the Sun
With her chaſte Bluſhes? When the North comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like Chaſtity
She locks her Beauties in her Bud again,
And leaves him to baſe Briers.
Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her Modeſty will blow ſo far
She falls for it; a Maid,
If ſhe have any Honour, would be loath
To take Example by her.
Emil. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair.
Pal. She's all the Beauty extant.
Emil. The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep theſe Flowers,
We'll ſee how near Art can come near their Colours;
I'm wondrous merry-hearted, I could laugh now.
Wom. I could lie down I am ſure.
Emil. And take one with you?
Wom. That's as we bargain, Madam.
Emil. Well, agree then. [*Exeunt* Emilia *and Woman.*

(42) *For when the Weſt-wind courts her* gently] As there is a Deficiency in Meaſure Mr. *Theobald* reads,

——— *courts her* Beauties *gently,*

But the Neceſſity of ſuch an Inſertion does not appear, as making *gently* three Syllables, a thing very common in our Authors, ſufficiently fills up the Meaſure.

Pal.

Pal. What think you of this Beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one?
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchleſs Beauty.
Pal. Might not a Man well loſe himſelf, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beſhrew mine Eyes for't, now I feel my Shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And deſire her?
Arc. Before my Liberty.
Pal. I ſaw her firſt.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it ſhall be.
Arc. I ſaw her too.
Pal. Yes, but you muſt not love her.
Arc. I will not as you do; to worſhip her,
As ſhe is heav'nly, and a bleſſed Goddeſs;
I love her as a Woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You ſhall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all?
Who ſhall deny me?
Pal. I that firſt ſaw her; I that took Poſſeſſion
Firſt with mine Eye of all thoſe Beauties in her
Revealed to Mankind: If thou loveſt her,
Or entertain'ſt a Hope to blaſt my Wiſhes,
Thou art a Traitor, *Arcite*, and a Fellow
Falſe as thy Title to her; Friendſhip, Blood,
And all the Ties between us I diſclaim,
If thou once think upon her.
Arc. Yes, I love her,
And if the Lives of all my Name lay on it,
I muſt do ſo, I love her wi' all my Soul;
If that will loſe ye, farewel *Palamon*.
I ſay again, I love, and loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a Lover,
And have as juſt a Title to her Beauty,
As any *Palamon*, or any living,

That is a Man's Son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee Friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me ſo; why are you mov'd thus?

Let me deal coldly with you, am not I
Part of your Blood, part of your Soul? You've told me
That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to thoſe Affections,
Thoſe Joys, Griefs, Angers, Fears, my Friend ſhall ſuffer?

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal ſo cunningly,
So ſtrangely, ſo unlike a Noble Kinſman,
To love alone? Speak truly, do you think me
Unworthy of her Sight?

Pal. No, but unjuſt
If thou purſue that Sight.

Arc. Becauſe another
Firſt ſees the Enemy, ſhall I ſtand ſtill
And let mine Honour down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But ſay that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one ſay ſo,
And uſe thy Freedom; elſe if thou purſueſt her,
Be as that curſed Man that hates his Country,
A branded Villain.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I muſt be,
Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concerns me,
And in this Madneſs, if I hazard thee
And take thy Life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fie, Sir.
You play the Child extremely; I will love her,
I muſt, I ought to do ſo, and I dare,
And all this juſtly.

Pal. Oh that now, that now
Thy falſe-ſelf, and thy Friend, had but this Fortune
To be one Hour at Liberty, and graſp

Our

Our good Swords in our Hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to ſilch Affection from another:
Thou'rt baſer in it than a Cut-purſe; put
But thy Head once out of this Window more,
And as I have a Soul, I'll nail thy Life to't.

Arc. Thou dar'ſt not, Fool, thou canſt not, thou art feeble.

Put my Head out? I'll throw my Body out,
And leap the Garden, when I ſee her next,

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her Arms, to anger thee.

Pal. No more, the Keeper's coming; I ſhall live
To knock thy Brains out with my Shackles.

Arc. Do.

Keep. By your leave, Gentlemen.

Pal. Now honeſt Keeper?

Keep. Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to th' Duke;
The Cauſe I know not yet.

Arc. I'm ready, Keeper.

Keep. Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you
Of your fair Couſin's Company.

[*Exeunt* Arcite, *and Keeper.*

Pal. And me too,
Ev'n when you pleaſe, of Life. Why is he ſent for?
It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his Blood and Body; but his Falſhood,
Why ſhould a Friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a Wife ſo noble, and ſo fair;
Let honeſt Men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but ſee this fair one: Bleſſed Garden,
And Fruit, and Flowers more bleſſed, that ſtill bloſſom
As her bright Eyes ſhine on ye. Would I were
For all the Fortune of my Life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricock;
How I would ſpread, and fling my wanton Arms
In at her Window? I would bring her Fruit
Fit for the Gods to feed on: Youth and Pleaſure
Still as ſhe taſted ſhould be doubled on her,

(43) And if ſhe be not heav'nly, I would make her
So near the Gods in Nature, they ſhould fear her,

Enter Keeper.

And then I'm ſure ſhe'd love me. How now, Keeper,
Where's *Arcite?*

Keep. Baniſh'd. Prince *Perithous*
Obtain'd his Liberty, but never more
Upon his Oath and Life muſt he ſet Foot
Upon this Kingdom.

Pal. He's a bleſſed Man,
He ſhall ſee *Thebs* again, and call to Arms
The bold young Men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like Fire: *Arcite* ſhall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himſelf a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Field to ſtrike a Battle for her;
And if he loſe her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he bear himſelf to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*; thouſand ways.
Were I at Liberty, I would do things
Of ſuch a virtuous Greatneſs, that this Lady,
This bluſhing Virgin ſhould take Manhood to her,
And ſeek to raviſh me.

Keep. My Lord, for you
I have this Charge too.

Pal. To diſcharge my Life?

Keep. No, but from this Place to remove your Lordſhip,
The Windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
That are ſo envious to me; prithee kill me.

(43) *And if ſhe be not heav'nly,*—] This and the End of the next Speech which may at firſt Sight appear a Rant, are inimitably beautiful in a Character of ſuch warm Paſſions under a Phrenſy of Love. Our Authors have improv'd upon *Chaucer* in making *Palamon* and *Arcite* ſuch very diſtinct Characters; but *Arcite*, who is not crown'd with Succeſs, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the Reader's Wiſhes in his Favour. This is a Fault that *Chaucer* particularly guards againſt, for he makes the two Kinſmen under an Engagement upon Oath, to aſſiſt each other when either happened to be in Love. Had our Authors inſerted this, they had obviated all Prejudice againſt *Palamon*, and given ſufficient Matter to kindle his Rage and Violence.

Keep.

Keep. And hang for't afterward.
Pal. By this good Light
Had I a Sword I'd kill thee.
Keep. Why, my Lord?
Pal. Thou bring'ſt ſuch pelting ſcurvy News continually
Thou art not worthy Life; I will not go.
Keep. Indeed you muſt, my Lord.
Pal. May' I ſee the Garden?
Keep. No.
Pal. Then I am reſolv'd, I will not go. [gerous,
Keep. I muſt conſtrain you then, and, for you're dan-
I'll clap more Irons on you.
Pal. Do, good Keeper.
I'll ſhake 'em ſo, ye ſhall not ſleep,
I'll make ye a new Morriſſe, muſt I go?
Keep. There is no Remedy.
Pal. Farewel kind Window,
May rude Wind never hurt thee. Oh my Lady,
If ever thou haſt felt what Sorrow was,
Dream how I ſuffer. Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt* Palamon *and Keeper.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Baniſh'd the Kingdom? 'Tis a Benefit,
A Mercy I muſt thank 'em for; but Baniſh'd
The free enjoying of that Face I die for,
Oh 'twas a ſtudied Puniſhment, a Death
Beyond Imagination: Such a Vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my Sins
Could never pluck upon me. *Palamon,*
Thou haſt the ſtart now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright Eyes break each Morning 'gainſt thy Window,
And let in Life into thee; thou ſhalt feed
Upon the Sweetneſs of a noble Beauty,
That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er ſhall:
Good Gods? What Happineſs has *Palamon?*
Twenty to one, he'll come to ſpeak to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's fair,

I know ſhe's his, he has a Tongue will tame
Tempeſts, and make the wild Rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worſt is Death; I will not leave the Kingdom,
I know my own is but a heap of Ruins,
And no Redreſs there; if I go, he has her;
I am reſolv'd another Shape ſhall make me,
Or end my Fortunes. Either way, I'm happy:
I'll ſee her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People, and one with a Garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My Maſters, I'll be there that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why then have with ye Boys; 'tis but a Chiding,
Let the Plough play to Day, I'll tickl't out
Of the Jades Tails to Morrow.
1 *Coun.* I am ſure
To have my Wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one, I'll go through, let her mumble.
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to morrow Night, and ſtoa her,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A Fesku in her Fiſt, and you ſhall ſee her
Take a new Leſſon out, and be a good Wench.
Do we all hold, againſt the Maying?
4 *Coun.* Hold? What ſhould ail us?
3 *Coun.* *Arcas* will be there.
2 *Coun.* And *Sennois*,
And *Rycas*, and three better Lads ne'er danc'd
Under Green Tree, and ye know what Wenches: Ha?
But will the dainty *Domine*, the Schoolmaſter
Keep touch do you think? For he do's all, ye know.
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a Hornbook e'er he fail; go to,
The Matter now is too far driven between
Him and the Tanner's Daughter, to let ſlip;
And ſhe muſt ſee the Duke, and ſhe muſt dance too.

4 *Coun.*

4 *Coun.* Shall we be luſty?
2 *Coun.* All the Boys in *Athens*
Blow Wind i' th' Breech on's, and here I'll be, and there
I'll be, for our Town, and here again,
And there again: Ha, Boys, heigh for the Weavers.
1 *Coun.* This muſt be done i' th' Woods.
4 *Coun.* O pardon me.
2 *Coun.* By any means our thing of Learning ſays ſo:
Where he himſelf will edify the Duke
Moſt parlouſly in our behalfs: He's excellent i' th' Woods,
Bring him to th' Plains, his Learning makes no cry.
3 *Coun.* We'll ſee the Sports, then every Man to's Tackle:
And ſweet Companions let's rehearſe by any means,
Before the Ladies ſee us, and do ſweetly,
And God knows what may come on't.
4 *Coun.* Content:
The Sports once ended, we'll perform. Away Boys,
And hold.
Arc. By your leaves honeſt Friends: Pray you
Whither go you?
4 *Coun.* Whither?
Why, what a Queſtion's that? *Arc.* Yes, 'tis a Queſtion,
To me that know not.
3 *Coun.* To the Games, my Friend.
2 *Coun.* Where were you bred you know it not?
Arc. Not far, Sir:
Are there ſuch Games to Day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And ſuch as you ne'er ſaw; the Duke himſelf
Will be in Perſon there.
Arc. What Paſtimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wreſtling and Running; 'Tis a pretty Fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, Sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, Sir,
Take your own time, come Boys.
1 *Coun.* My Mind miſgives me
This Fellow has a Veng'ance trick o'th' Hip,
Mark how his Body's made for't.

2 *Coun.*

2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though
If he dare venture, hang him Plumb-porridge, He,
He wreſtle? He roſt Eggs. Come let's be gone, Lads.
[*Exeunt the four Countrymen.*

Arc. This is an offer'd Opportunity
I durſt not wiſh for. Well I could have wreſtled,
The beſt men call'd it excellent; and run
(44) Swifter the Wind upon a Field of Corn,
Curling the wealthy Ears, ne'er flew; I'll venture,
And in ſome poor diſguiſe be there; who knows
Whether my Brows may not be girt with Garlands?
And Happineſs prefer me to a Place,
Where I may ever dwell in ſight of her. [*Exit* Arcite.

SCENE II.

Enter Jailor's Daughter alone.

Daugh. Why ſhould I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am baſe,
My Father the mean Keeper of this Priſon,
And he a Prince: To marry him is hopeleſs;
To be his whore, is witleſs. Out upon't,
What puſhes are we Wenches driven to
When fifteen once has found us? Firſt I ſaw him,
I, ſeeing, thought he was a goodly Man,
He has as much to pleaſe a Woman in him,
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo) as ever
Theſe Eyes yet lookt on: Next I pitied him,
And ſo would any young Wench o'my Conſcience
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maidenhead
To a young handſome Man; then I lov'd him,

(44) *Swifter* than *Wind*——] The Tranſcriber or Printer not attending to the latter Part of the Sentence put *than* for *the*. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in the Emendation. Mr. *Theobald* miſs'd it, and endeavours to give Senſe to the Sentence by reading,

——— ——— ——— *and run,*
Swifter than Wind upon a Field of Corn,
Curling the wealthy Ears; near *flew*;

i. e. I run ſwifter than the Wind; I almoſt flew. Our Conjecture is certainly more natural.

Extremely

Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a Couſin, fair as he too.
But in my Heart was *Palamon*, and there,
(45) Lord, what a coil he keeps? To ſit and hear him
Sing in an Evening, what a Heav'n it is?
And yet his Songs are ſad ones.——Fairer ſpoken
Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him Water in a Morning, firſt
He bows his noble Body, then ſalutes me, thus:
Fair, gentle Maid, good Morrow, may thy Goodneſs
Get thee a happy Husband.—Once he kiſt me,
I lov'd my Lips the better ten Days after,
Would he would do ſo ev'ry Day: He grieves much,
And me as much to ſee his Miſery:
What ſhould I do, to make him know I love him,
For I would fain enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To ſet him free? What ſays the Law then? Thus much
(46) For Law, or Kindred: I will do it, ay
And this Night; and to Morrow he ſhall love me. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort Flouriſh of Cornets and Shouts within.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, Emilia, *and* Arcite *with a Garland*, &c.

Theſ. You have done worthily, I have not ſeen
Since *Hercules*, a Man of tougher Sinews;
What e'er you are, you run the beſt, and wreſtle,
That theſe times can allow.

(45) *Lord, what a coil he keeps? To hear him*
Sing in an Evening,——] The firſt Line wants two Syllables of its due Meaſure, and the Words that I have inſerted ſeem to improve the Senſe as well as compleat the Meaſure, as they imply a continuance of his Singing and her Attention to it.

(46) *For Law, or Kindred: I will do it,*
And this Night, or to Morrow he ſhall love me.] The firſt Verſe wants a Syllable, and 'tis odd in her to ſay that he ſhould love her either this Night or to Morrow, what ſhe would naturally ſay, is, that ſhe would free him this Night, and that would ſo oblige him, that to Morrow he would love her. I have added one Particle and chang'd another, in which I hope I have only reſtor'd the Original.

Arc.

Arc. I'm proud to pleaſe you.
Theſ. What Country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, Prince.
Theſ. Are you a Gentleman?
Arc. My Father ſaid ſo;
(47) And to thoſe gentle Uſes gave me Life.
Theſ. Are you his Heir?
Arc. His youngeſt, Sir.
Theſ. Your Father
Sure is a happy Sire then: What prove you?
Arc. A little of all noble Qualities;
I could have kept a Hawk, and well have hollow'd
To a deep cry of Dogs: I dare not praiſe
(48) My Feat in Horſemanſhip; yet they that knew me
Would ſay it was my beſt Piece: laſt, and greateſt,
I would be thought a Soldier.
Theſ. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my Soul, a proper Man.
Emil. He is ſo.
Per. How do you like him, Lady?
Hip. I admire him.
I have not ſeen ſo young a Man, ſo noble
(If he ſay true,) of his ſort.
Emil. Believe,
His Mother was a wondrous handſome Woman,
His Face methinks goes that way.
Hip. But his Body

(47) *And to thoſe gentle Uſes gave* me *Life*] *i. e.* Gave me Life on purpoſe to educate me gentilely: The Reading may be defended, but it would certainly be more natural if we read *gave* my *Life. i. e.* brought me up, and dedicated my Life to all gentile Habits and Exerciſes.

(48) *My* Feet *in Horſemanſhip*;——] *Feet* here is undoubtedly corrupt, and *Feat* as undoubtedly the true Word. *Palamon* in the firſt Scene of the next Act ſays,

——*give me Words, ſuch*
As thou haſt ſhew'd me Feat.

i. e. *Deed, Action.* The Word is very common in all old Engliſh Authors, but I ſcarce know one ſo often miſtaken by the Tranſcribers: We ſhall find another Inſtance of it in this Play. Mr. *Sympſon* ſent me two Conjectures inſtead of *Feet*, firſt *Seat*, and afterwards, as I read, *Feat*. Mr. *Theobald* too ſaw and corrected the Miſtake.

And

And fiery Mind, illuſtrate a brave Father.
Per. Mark how his Virtue, like a hidden Sun,
Breaks through his baſer Garments.
Hip. He's well got ſure.
Theſ. What made you ſeek this Place, Sir?
Arc. Noble *Theſeus*,
To purchaſe Name, and do my ableſt Service
To ſuch a well-found Wonder, as thy Worth;
For only in thy Court, of all the World,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.
Per. All his Words are worthy.
Theſ. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor ſhall you loſe your Wiſh: *Perithous*,
Diſpoſe of this fair Gentleman.
Per. Thanks *Theſeus*.
What e'er you are, y're mine, and I ſhall give you
To a moſt noble Service, to this Lady,
This bright young Virgin: Pray obſerve her Goodneſs;
You've honour'd her fair Birth-Day with your Virtues,
And as your due, y're hers; kiſs her fair Hand, Sir.
Arc. Sir, y're a noble Giver: Deareſt Beauty,
Thus let me ſeal my vow'd Faith; when your Servant
(Your moſt unworthy Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he ſhall.
Emil. That were too cruel.
If you deſerve well, Sir, I ſhall ſoon ſee't:
Y'are mine, and ſomewhat better than your Rank
I'll uſe you.
Per. I'll ſee you furniſh'd, and becauſe you ſay
You are a Horſeman, I muſt needs intreat you
This afternoon to ride, but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better (Prince) I ſhall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.
Theſ. Sweet, you muſt be ready,
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to do Obſervance
To flowry *May*, in *Dian*'s Wood: Wait well, Sir,
Upon your Miſtreſs: *Emely*, I hope
He ſhall not go afoot.
Emil. That were a ſhame, Sir,

While

While I have Horſes: take your Choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you ſerve faithfully, I dare aſſure you
You'll find a loving Miſtreſs.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my Father ever hated
Diſgrace and Blows.
Theſ. Go lead the way; You've won it:
It ſhall be ſo; you ſhall receive all Dues
Fit for the Honour you have won; 'Twere wrong elſe.
Siſter, beſhrew my Heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a Woman, would be Maſter,
But you are wiſe. [*Flouriſh.*
Emil. I hope too wiſe for that, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jailor's Daughter alone.

Daugh. Let all the Dukes, and all the Devils roar,
He is at Liberty; I've ventur'd for him:
And out I've brought him to a little Wood
A Mile hence; I have ſent him, where a Cedar,
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a Plane
Faſt by a Brook, and there he ſhall keep cloſe,
Till I provide him Files and Food; for yet
His Iron Bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a ſtout-hearted Child thou art! My Father
Durſt better have endur'd cold Iron, than done it,
I love him beyond Love, and beyond Reaſon,
Or Wit, or Safety; I have made him know it,
I care not, I am deſperate: If the Law
Find me, and then condemn me for't; ſome Wenches,
Some honeſt-hearted Maids, will ſing my Dirge,
And tell to Memory my Death was noble,
Dying almoſt a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpoſe is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be ſo unmanly, as to leave me here;
If he do, Maids will not ſo eaſily
Truſt Men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I've done; no not ſo much as kiſt me,

And

And that (methinks) is not ſo well; nor ſcarcely
Could I perſuade him to become a Freeman,
He made ſuch Scruples of the wrong he did
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope,
When he conſiders more, this Love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him do
What he will with me, ſo he uſe me kindly,
For uſe me ſo he ſhall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his Face, no Man: I'll preſently
Provide him Neceſſaries, and pack my Cloaths up,
And where there is a Path of Ground I'll venture
So he be with me; by him, like a ſhadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this Hour the Whoobub
Will be all o'er the Priſon: I am then
Kiſſing the Man they look for: Farewel Father,
Get many more ſuch Priſoners, and ſuch Daughters,
And ſhortly you may keep yourſelf. Now to him.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(49) *Cornets in ſundry Places. Noiſe and Hallowing as People a Maying.*

Enter Arcite *alone.*

Arc. THE Duke has loſt *Hypolita*; each took
A ſeveral Land. This is a ſolemn Right
They owe bloom'd *May*, and the *Athenians* pay it
To th' Heart of Ceremony: O Queen *Emilia*
Freſher than *May*, ſweeter
Than her gold Buttons on the Boughs, or all
Th'enamell'd Knacks o'th' Mead, or Garden, yea
We challenge too the Bank of any Nymph
That makes the Stream ſeem Flowers; (50) thou O Jewel
O'th'

(49) *Cornets in ſundry Places.*——] This Stage Direction was plac'd as the Cloſe of the laſt Act, inſtead of the Introduction to the preſent.

(50) ——————*Thou a Jewel*
O'th' Wood, o'th' World, haſt likewiſe bleſt a pace
With thy ſole Preſence, in thy Rumination
That I poor Man might eftſoons come between
And chop on ſome cold Thought, thrice bleſſed Chance, &c.] This

O'th' Wood, o'th' World, haſt likewiſe bleſt a Place
With thy ſole Preſence.—In thy Rumination
That I poor Man might eftſoons come between
And chop on ſome cold Thought!—thrice bleſſed Chance,
To drop on ſuch a Miſtreſs! Expectation
Moſt guiltleſs of't!—Tell me, O Lady Fortune,
(Next after *Emily* my Sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me near her; and this beauteous Morn
(The prim'ſt of all the Year) preſents me with
A brace of Horſes, two ſuch Steeds might well
Be by a pair of Kings backt, in a Field
That their Crowns Titles tried: Alas, alas
Poor Couſin *Palamon*, poor Priſoner, thou
So little dream'ſt upon my Fortune, that
Thou think'ſt thyſelf the happier thing, to be
So near *Emilia*; me thou deem'ſt at *Thebs*,
And therein wretched, although free: But if
Thou knew'ſt my Miſtreſs breath'd on me, and that

Paſſage has puzzled me for Years; I propos'd it to Mr. *Theobald*, but it was equally dark to him, altho' both Mr. *Sympſon*, he and I all agreed in imagining *Place* ſhould be inſerted inſtead of *pace*. I make no doubt too of reading *O Jewel* for *a Jewel*, as the Addreſs is to *Emilia*. Each has taken a ſeparate way, and thou O Jewel o'th' Wood, o'th' World art ſomewhere alone and mak'ſt the Place where thou art an Elyſium. But then what is

——*in thy Rumination*
That I poor Man might eftſoons come between
And chop on ſome cold Thought,——

I at firſt conjectur'd

——*haſt likewiſe bleſt a Place*
With thy ſole Preſence, and me i'th' Rumination
That I poor Man may eftſoons come between
And chop on ſome cold Thought. Thrice bleſſed Chance, &c.

i. e. you have bleſs'd me in conſidering that I may ſometimes be the Subject of your Thoughts. This did not quite ſatisfy, and at laſt, I believe, I have found the Difficulty to ariſe only from the falſe Points. The Sentences ſhould be disjoin'd, the latter by a Note of Exclamation be turned into a Wiſh:

——*haſt likewiſe bleſt a Place*
With thy ſole Preſence. In thy Rumination
That I poor Man might eftſoons come between
And chop on ſome cold Thought!

i. e. now thou art alone, and ruminating, or conſidering of various Objects, O that I might be the Subject only of one cold Thought!

I ear'd

I ear'd her Language, liv'd in her Eyes; O Couſin,
What Paſſion would incloſe thee.

Enter Palamon *as out of a Buſh, with his Shackles; bends his Fiſt at* Arcite.

Pal. Traytor Kinſman,
Thou ſhouldſt perceive my Paſſion, if theſe ſigns
Of Priſonment were off me, and this Hand
But Owner of a Sword: By all Oaths in one
I, and the Juſtice of my Love, would make thee
A confeſt Traytor; (51) O thou moſt perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'ſt of Honour
That e'er bore gentle Token! falſeſt Couſin
That ever Blood made kin! call'ſt thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my Shackles, with theſe Hands,
Void of Appointment, that thou ly'ſt, and art
A very Thief in Love, a Chaffy Lord,
Nor worth the Name of Villain.—had I a Sword
And theſe Houſe-clogs away——

Arc. Dear Couſin *Palamon.*

Pal. Cozener *Arcite*, give me Language, ſuch
As thou haſt ſhew'd me feat.

Arc. Not finding in
The Circuit of my Breaſt, any groſs ſtuff
To form me like your Blazon, holds me to
This Gentleneſs of Anſwer; 'tis your Paſſion
That thus miſtakes, the which to you being Enemy,
Cannot to me be kind; Honour, and Honeſty
I cheriſh, and depend on, howſoev'r
You skip them in me, and with them fair Couſin
I'll maintain my Proceedings; pray be pleas'd
To ſhew in generous Terms your Griefs, ſince that
Your Queſtion's with your Equal, who profeſſes

(51) ——— *O thou moſt perfidious*
That ever gently look'd the voids of Honour,
That ever bore gentle Token——] The Reader will, I believe, find this difficult Paſſage (which had long puzzled us all three) at laſt clear'd up by Mr. *Sympſon* to entire Satisfaction, he reads,
——— *O thou moſt perfidious*
That ever gently look'd! the void'ſt *of Honour*
That e'er bore gentle Token.

To clear his own way, with the Mind and Sword
Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durſt, *Arcite!*

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare; Y've ſeen me uſe my Sword
Againſt th' Advice of Fear; ſure of another,
You would not hear me doubted, but your ſilence
Should break out, though i'th' Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I have ſeen you move in ſuch a Place, which well
Might juſtify your Manhood, you were call'd
A good Knight and a bold; but the whole Week's not fair,
If any Day it rain: Their valiant Temper
Men loſe, when they incline to Treachery,
And then they fight like compell'd Bears, would fly
Were they not ty'd.

Arc. Kinſman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your Glaſs, as to
His Ear, which now diſdains you.

Pal. Come up to me,
Quit me of theſe cold Gives, give me a Sword
Though it be ruſty, and the Charity
Of one Meal lend me; Come before me then,
A good Sword in thy Hand, and do but ſay
That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
The Treſpaſs thou haſt done me, yea my Life
If then thou carry't, and brave Souls in Shades
That have dy'd manly, which will ſeek of me
Some News from Earth, they ſhall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content,
Again betake you to your Hawthorn-houſe;
With Counſel of the Night, I will be here
With wholeſome Viands; theſe Impediments
Will I file off, you ſhall have Garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſmell o' th' Priſon, after
When you ſhall ſtretch yourſelf, and ſay but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there ſhall be at your Choice
Both Sword and Armour.

Pal. Oh you Heav'ns, dare any

So

So noble bear a guilty buſineſs! None
But only *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kind is ſo bold.
Arc. Sweet *Palamon.*
Pal. I do embrace you, and your Offer, for
Your Offer do't I only; Sir, your Perſon
Without Hypocriſy I may not wiſh [*Wind Horns of Cornets.*
More than my Sword's edge on't.
Arc. (52) You hear the Horns;
Enter your Muſe quick leſt this Match between's
Be croſt e'er met, give me your Hand, farewel.
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be ſtrong.
Pal. Pray hold your Promiſe,
And do the Deed with a bent Brow; moſt certain
You love me not, be rough with me, and pour
(53) This Oil out of your Language; by this Air,
I could for each Word give a Cuff; my Stomach
Not reconcil'd be Reaſon.
Arc. Plainly ſpoken.
Yet pardon me hard Language, when I ſpur [*Wind Horns.*
My Horſe, I chide him not; Content and Anger
In me have but one Face. Hark Sir, they call
The ſcatter'd to the Banket, you muſt gueſs

(52) *You hear the Horns;*
Enter your Muſick *leſt this Match between's*
Be croſt e'er met,——] *Muſick* is evidently corrupt, a ſmall Attention to the Context will ſhew the Intent of the Paſſage. Upon hearing the Horns, *Arcite* deſires *Palamon* immediately to hide himſelf again in the Thicket or Hawthorn-Houſe (as he before calls it) and therefore Mr. *Sympſon* ſent me two Conjectures, inſtead of *Muſick*, viz. *Thicket* or *Houſe-quick.* The firſt departs farther than we could wiſh from the Trace of the Letters, and the ſecond is ſcarcely good Engliſh, for tho' a Buſh in Poetry is a *Hawthorn-Houſe*, it is not ſimply a *Houſe.* I doubt not but I had many Years ſince diſcover'd the Original; I read, *Muſe quick*, the Muſe of a Hare (for ſo it is call'd in moſt Counties, and *Smuſe* only in a few) is exactly the Idea the Context requires, extremely near the Trace of the Letters, and in Metaphor ſo different from *Hawthorn-houſe*, as to be clear of the leaſt approach to Tautology. I find this Emendation in Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin, but as I ſent it him I know not whether he had it from me, or hit upon it before.

(53) *This Oil* on't *of your Language*;——] Former Editions. We all three concur'd in the Emendation.

I have an Office there.

Pal. Sir, your Attendance
Cannot pleaſe Heav'n, and I know your Office
Unjuſtly is atchiev'd.

Arc. (54) I've a good Title,
I am perſuaded; this Queſtion ſick between's,
By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I am a Suitor,
That to your Sword you will bequeath this Plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my Miſtreſs,
For note you, mine ſhe is,

Arc. Nay, then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talk of feeding me to breed me Strength,
You're going now to look upon a Sun
That ſtrengthens what it looks on, there
You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my Remedy. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II.

Enter Jaylor's Daughter alone.

Daugh. (55) He has miſtook the Beck I meant, is gone
After his Fancy; 'tis now well nigh Morning,

No

(54) If *a good Title,*
I'm perſuaded this Queſtion, &c.] The Reading and Pointing of former Editions.

(55) I have often had Occaſion to mention the Abſurdity of verbal Criticiſm, pretending to build Aſſurance upon a thing ſo fallible as Conjecture. In the following Note the Reader will find a ſtrong Inſtance of the Neceſſity of an abſolute Impartiality to our own Conjectures, and a Readineſs to make them give place to thoſe that are better.

He has miſtook the Beak *I meant, is gone*
After his Fancy;———] The Word *Beak* ſtarted an Idea of Falconry, and I was no ſooner ſent a birding for an Emendation, than one occur'd that ſeem'd ſatisfactory,

He has miſtook; the Hawk I ſent is gone
After his Fancy; ———

This was Poetical, and much in the Stile of *Shakeſpear,* who probably wrote the whole of this pretty Maiden's Character. In *Romeo* and *Juliet,* the latter ſays of her Lover,

——— O

No matter, would it were perpetual Night,
And Darkneſs Lord o'th' World. Hark, 'tis a Wolf:
In me hath Grief ſlain Fear, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon.*
I reck not if the Wolves would jaw me, ſo
He had this File; what if I hollow'd for him?
I cannot hollow; if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not anſwer'd, I ſhould call a Wolf,
And do him but that Service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long Night, why may't not be
They've made Prey of him? He has no Weapons,
He cannot run, the Jengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to liſten, who have in them
A ſenſe to know a Man unarm'd, and can
Smell where Reſiſtance is. I'll ſet it down
He's torn to pieces, they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: So much for that,
Be bold to ring the Bell; how ſtand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone: No, no, I lie,
My Father's to be hang'd for his Eſcape,
Myſelf to beg, if I priz'd Life ſo much
As to deny my Act, but that I would not,
Should I try Death by dozens: I am mop'd,
(56) Food took I none theſe two Days, only ſipt

Some

——*O for a Faulkner's Voice*
To lure this gentle Tarſel back again.

When I receiv'd Mr. *Theobald*'s Notes, I found him pretty confident of his Emendation here. He reads,

He has miſtook the Brake *I meant*;——

with an *L. T.* the uſual Mark of his favourite Corrections. This I own a little ſtagger'd my Conjecture, which was ſoon quite overturn'd by Mr. *Sympſon*, who reads

He has miſtook the Brook *I meant*;

He refers to what ſhe ſaid in her former ſpeech.

I've ſent him where a Cedar,
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a Plane,
Faſt by a Brook.

This ſeem'd almoſt abſolute Certainty, but a meer Accident has ſince ſhew'd it not ſo; for I now find *Beck*, which is much nearer the old Text, is an old Engliſh Word, and now in Uſe in all the Northren Counties; it ſignifies a Brook or River, and ſome Towns, as *Welbeck*, *Holbeck*, &c. take their Names from it. See *Ray*'s Northern Dialects, and *Skinner* on the Word.

(56) *Food took I none theſe two Days,* ——

Some Water, two Nights I've not clos'd mine Eyes
Save when my Lids ſcowr'd off their Brine; alas
Diſſolve my Life, let not my Senſe unſettle
Leſt I ſhould drown, or ſtab or hang myſelf.
O ſtate of Nature, fail together in me,
Since thy beſt Props are warp'd: So, which way now?
The beſt way is, the next way to a Grave:
Each errant ſtep beſides is Torment. Lo
The Moon is down, the Crickets chirp, the Screich-owl
Calls in the dawn; all Offices are done
Save what I fail in: But the Point is this
An end, and that is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite, *with Meat, Wine, and Files.*

Arc. I ſhould be near the Place; hoa, Couſin *Palamon.*

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The ſame: I've brought you Food and Files,
Come forth and fear not, here's no *Theſeus.*

Pal. Nor none ſo honeſt, *Arcite.*

Arc. That's no matter,
We'll argue that hereafter: Come take Courage,
You ſhall not die thus Beaſtly, here Sir, drink:
I know you're faint, then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou might'ſt now poiſon me.

Arc. I might,
But I muſt fear you firſt: Sit down, and good now
No more of theſe vain Parlies; let us not,
Having our ancient Reputation with us,

Sipt ſome Water, I've not clos'd mine Eyes
Save when my Lids ſcowr'd off their Brine;] Here both Senſe and Meaſure are very deficient; Mr. *Sympſon* reads,

Food took I none theſe two Days, 'cept ſome Water,

But then the ſecond Line becomes an Hemiſtich, and ſeems to be deficient too in Senſe, as ſhe does not ſpecify how long ſhe had continued ſleepleſs; I fill up both Verſes with what ſeems perfectly natural for her to ſay:

Food took I none theſe two Days, only ſipt
Some Water, two Nights I've not clos'd mine Eyes, &c.

Make

Make talk for Fools and Cowards. To your Health.
Pal. Do.
Arc. Pray ſit down then, and let me entreat you,
By all the Honeſty and Honour in you,
No mention of this Woman, 'twill diſturb us,
We ſhall have time enough.
Pal. Well Sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty Draught, it breeds good Blood, Man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay, I'll tell you
After a draught or two more. *Arc.* Spare it not,
The Duke has more, Cuz: Eat now. *Pal.* Yes. *Arc.* I'm glad
You have ſo good a Stomach. *Pal.* I am gladder
I have ſo good Meat to't. *Arc.* Is't not mad Lodging
Here in the wild Woods, Couſin? *Pal.* Yes, for them
That have wild Conſciences. *Arc.* How taſtes your Victuals?
Your hunger needs no Sawce, I ſee.
Pal. Not much.
But if it did, yours is too tart, ſweet Couſin;
What is this?
Arc. Veniſon.
Pal. 'Tis a luſty Meat:
Give me more Wine; here, *Arcite*, to the Wenches
We have known in our Days. The Lord Steward's Daughter.
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, Cuz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd Man.
Arc. She did ſo: well Sir.
Pal. And I have heard ſome call him *Arcite*; and—
Arc. Out with't faith.
Pal. She met him in an Arbour:
What did ſhe there, Cuz? Play o'the Virginals?
Arc. Something ſhe did, Sir.
Pal. Made her groan a Month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The Marſhal's Siſter
Had her ſhare too, as I remember, Couſin,

Elſe there be Tales abroad, you'll pledge her?

Pal. Yes,

Arc. A pretty brown Wench 'tis: There was a Time
When young Men went a Hunting, and a Wood,
And a broad Beech, and thereby hangs a Tale:
Heigh ho! *Pal.* For *Emily*, upon my Life; Fool,
Away with this ſtrain'd Mirth; I ſay again
That Sigh was breath'd for *Emily*; baſe Couſin,
Dar'ſt thou break firſt?

Arc. You're wide.

Pal. By Heav'n and Earth,
There's nothing in thee honeſt. *Arc.* Then I'll leave you.
You are a Beaſt now. *Pal.* As thou mak'ſt me, Traitor.

Arc. There's all things needful, Files and Shirts, and Perfumes.
I'll come again ſome two Hours hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all.

Pal. A Sword and Armour.

Arc. Fear me not; you are now too foul; farewel.
Get off your Trinkets, you ſhall want nought.

Pal. Sir, ha.

Arc. I'll hear no more. [*Exit.*

Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all that look like Aglets:
The Sun has ſeen my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no, he's in Heav'n; where am I now?
Yonder's the Sea, and there's a Ship; how't tumbles?
And there's a Rock lies watching under Water;
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
There's a Leak ſprung, a ſound one, how they cry?
(57) Up with her 'fore the Wind, you'll loſe all elſe:

(57) Upon her *before the Wind*,—] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this not true Sea-Language, and puts what I believe is,

Up with her 'fore the Wind———

Mr. *Theobald* reads,

Spoon *her before the Wind*,——

Either of them will do.

Up

Up with a Courſe or two, and tack about, Boys.
Good Night, good Night, you're gone. I'm very hungry,
Would I could find a fine Frog; he would tell me
News from all Parts o' th' World, then would I make
A Carack of a Cockle-ſhell, and ſail
By Eaſt and North-Eaſt to the King of Pygmies,
For he tells Fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is truſt up in a trice
To morrow Morning, I'll ſay never a Word.

SONG.

For I'll cut my green Coat, a Foot above my Knee;
And I'll clip my yellow Locks, an Inch below mine Eye.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a whit Cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go ſeek him, through the World that is ſo wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Oh for a prick now like a Nightingale,
To put my Breaſt againſt. I ſhall ſleep like a Top elſe.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter a Schoolmaſter, four Countrymen, and the Bavian. Two or three Wenches, with a Taborer.

School. Fie, Fie,
What Tedioſity and Diſenſanity
Is here among ye? Have my Rudiments
Been labour'd ſo long with ye? Milk'd unto ye,
And, by a Figure, ev'n the very Plumb-broth
And Marrow of my Underſtanding laid upon ye?
And do you ſtill cry where, and how, and wherefore?
You moſt coarſe-freeze Capacities, (58) ye ſleave Judgments,
Have

(58) —*ye* jave *Judgments*,] Whether *jave* be ſome ſort of coarſe Cloth as well as *freeze*, or a Miſtake of the Preſs, muſt be uncertain to all who are unacquainted with the Word. Suppoſing it the latter, I have two Conjectures to offer, firſt, *ye* bays *Judgments*, or *ye* ſleave *Judgments*. *Sleave* is the Term the Silk-weavers uſe for the ravell'd knotty gouty

Parts

Have I ſaid thus let be, and there let be,
And then let be, an no Man underſtand me,
Proh deum, medius fidius, ye are all Dunces:
For why here ſtand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you
Cloſe in the Thicket; the Duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned Things,
And many Figures, he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries rare, and I go forward, at length
I fling my Cap up, mark there; then do you
As once did *Meleager* and the Boar,
Break comely out before him, like true Lovers,
Caſt yourſelves in a Body decently,
And ſweetly, by a Figure trace, and turn Boys.

1. And ſweetly we will do it, Maſter *Gerrold.*
2. Draw up the Company, where's the Taborer?
3. Why *Timothy?*

Tab. Here my mad Boys, have at ye.

School. But I ſay where's their Woman?

4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline.*
2. And little *Luce*, with the white Legs, and bouncing *Barbary.*

Parts of the Silk, from whence *Shakeſpear*, has taken an extremely beautiful Metaphor that has been hitherto generally miſunderſtood, and therefore diſlik'd and ev'n diſcarded from the Text as ſpurious by Mr. *Pope* and the *Oxford* Edition. It is in *Macbeth*, in the fine Scene after the Murder of the King;

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd Sleeve *of Care.*

It ſhould have been *Sleave*. The trouble that this *ravell'd knotty Silk* gives the Knitter or Weaver: And the Confuſion and Embarraſſment of the *Sleave* itſelf, makes it an exceeding proper Emblem of the Perplexities and Uneaſineſs of Care and Trouble. *See* Skinner *on the Word*. I owe the Emendation in *Shakeſpear* to an ingenious Friend. This Schoolmaſter and his Fellow-Comedians ſeem very like the Farſical Clowns in *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, and other Plays of *Shakeſpear*; yet it ſeems probable that *Fletcher* had the greateſt Share of this, as the Quotation from *Tully*'s Oration againſt *Catiline*, and all the Latiniſms of the *Schoolmaſter* ſeem wrote by one who was more ready in *Latin* Quotations than *Shakeſpear*; who, notwithſtanding all the Pains which learned Men have taken to prove the contrary, ſeems to have had no more *Latin* than falls to the Share of a very young Schoolboy, the *Grammar* and a little of *Ovid*. At the ſame time, I allow him an excellent Scholar in *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Italian*, which comprehend a vaſt Extent of Literature.

1. And

1. And freckled *Nell*; that never fail'd her Maſter.
School. Where be your Ribbands, Maids? Swim with your Bodies
And carry it ſweetly, and deliverly,
And now and then a Favour, and a Friſk.
Nell. Let us alone, Sir.
School. Where's the reſt o' th' Muſick.
3. Diſpers'd as you commanded.
School. Couple then
And ſee what's wanting, where's the *Bavian?*
My Friend, carry your Tail without offence
Or ſcandal to the Ladies; and be ſure
You tumble with Audacity, and Manhood.
And when you bark do it with Judgment.
Bav. Yes, Sir.
School. Quo uſque tandem? Here's a Woman wanting.
4. We may go whiſtle, all the Fat's i' th' Fire.
School. We have,
As learned Authors utter, waſh'd a Tile,
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2. This is that ſcornful Piece, that ſcurvy Hilding
That gave her Promiſe faithfully ſhe would be here,
Cicely the Sempſter's Daughter:
The next Gloves that I give her ſhall be Dogs-skin;
Nay, and ſhe fail me once, you can tell *Arcas*,
She ſwore by Wine and Bread, ſhe would not break.
School. An Eel and Woman,
A learned Poet ſays, unleſs by th' Tail
And with thy Teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In Manners this was falſe Poſition.
1. (59) A Feril take her, does ſhe flinch now?
3. What
Shall we determine, Sir?
School. Nothing,

(51) *A* fire ill *take her.*——] This may be defended, but as the Expreſſion is not a very common or eligible one, and the Dialogue is with a Schoolmaſter who ſays of himſelf that,

He humbles with a Ferula *the tall ones,*

I hope I only reſtore the Original in reading,

A Feril *take her.*——

Our

Our Buſineſs is become a Nullity.
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous Nullity.
4. Now when the Credit of our Town lay on it,
Now to be frampal, now to piſs o' th' Nettle,
Go thy ways, I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. *The* George *alow came from the South,*
From the Coaſt of Barbary *a.*
And there he met with brave Gallants of War
By one, by two, by three a.
Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly Gallants, (60)
And whither now are you bound a?
O let me have your Company till I come to the Sound a.
There was three Fools, fell out about an Howlet:
The one ſaid 'twas an Owl,
The other he ſaid nay,
The third he ſaid it was a Hawk,
And her Bells were cut away.

3. (61) There is a dainty mad Woman, *Magiſter,*
Comes i'th' Nick, as mad as a March Hare;
If we can get her dance, we're made again:
I warrant her, ſhe'll do the rareſt Gambols.
1. A mad Woman? We are made, Boys.
School. And are you mad, good Woman?
Daugh. I would be ſorry elſe,
Give me your Hand.
School. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your Fortune.
You are a Fool; — tell Ten, — I've poz'd him: Buz.
Friend you muſt eat no white Bread, if you do

(60) *Chair and Stools out.*] Marginal Direction of the Prompter's Book.

(61) *There's a dainty mad Woman,* Mr.] As moſt, and I believe all the Countrymens Speeches are in Verſe, I fancy *Mr.* ſtood for *Magiſter* here. The Schoolmaſter's firſt Speech and the greateſt Part of this Scene was printed as Proſe. But I have found it running eaſily into Meaſure, which *Fletcher*'s Drollery more frequently does than *Shakeſpear*'s.

Your

Your Teeth will bleed extremely: Shall we dance ho?
I know you, you're a Tinker: Sir, ha, Tinker,
Stop no more Holes, but what you ſhould.
School. Dii boni.
A Tinker, Damſel? *Daugh.* Or a Conjurer,
Raiſe me a Devil now, and let him play
Quipaſſa, o'th' Bells and Bones.
School. Go take her,
And fluently perſuade her to a Peace:
Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis.
Strike up, and lead her in.
2. Come, Laſs, let's trip it.
Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind Horns.*
3. Do, do.
School. Perſuaſively, and cunningly, away, Boys.
[*Exeunt all but Schoolmaſter.*
I hear the Horns, give me ſome Meditation,
And mark your Cue; *Pallas* inſpire me.

Enter Theſeus, Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, *and Train.*

Theſ. This way the Stag took.
School. Stay, and Edifie.
Theſ. What have we here?
Per. Some Country-Sport, upon my Life, Sir.
Theſ. Well, Sir, go forward, we will Edifie,
Ladies ſit down, we'll ſtay it.
School. Thou doughty Duke all hail, all hail ſweet Ladies.
Theſ. This is a cold beginning.
School. If you but favour, our Country Paſtime made is,
We are a few of thoſe collected here,
That rude Tongues diſtinguiſh Villager,
And to ſay Verity, and not to fable;
We are a merry Rout, or elſe a Rabble,
Or Company, or by a Figure, *Chorus*,
That for thy Dignity will dance a Morris.
And I that am the Rectifier of all
By Title *Pedagogus*, that let fall

The Birch upon the Breeches of the ſmall ones,
And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
Do here preſent this Machine, or this Frame,
And dainty Duke, whoſe doughty diſmal Fame
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from Poſt to Pillar
Is blown abroad; help me thy poor Well-willer,
And with thy twinkling Eyes, look right and ſtraight
Upon this mighty Morr——of mickle weight,
Is—— now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes Morris, and the Cauſe that we came hither
The Body of our Sport of no ſmall Study
I firſt appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To ſpeak before thy noble Grace, this Tenner:
At whoſe great Feet I offer up my Penner.
The next the Lord of *May*, and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid, and Servingman by Night,
That ſeek out ſilent hanging: Then mine Hoſt
And his fat Spouſe, that welcomes to their coſt
The gauled Traveller, and with a Beck'ning
Informs the Tapſter to inflame the Reck'ning;
Then the Beaſt-eating Clown, and next the Fool,
The *Bavian*, with long Tail, and eke long Tool,
Cum multis aliis, that make a Dance,
Say ay, and all ſhall preſently advance.

Theſ. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *Domine.*

Per. Produce.

Intrate filii, Come forth, and Foot it. [*Knock for Schoolm.*

Enter Countrymen, &c. *They dance.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the Schoolmaſter's no Clown:
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good Boys ſhould do,
Give us but a Tree or 'twain
For a Maypole, and again
E'er another Year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this Rout.

Theſ.

Theſ. Take Twenty, *Domine*; how does my Sweetheart?
Hip. Never ſo pleas'd, Sir.
Emil. 'Twas an excellent Dance,
And for a Preface never heard a better.
Theſ. Schoolmaſter, I thank you; one ſee 'em all rewarded.
Per. Here's ſomething to paint your Pole withal.
Theſ. Now to our Sports again.
School. May the Stag thou hunt'ſt ſtand long,
And thy Dogs be ſwift and ſtrong:
May they kill him without Letts,
May the Ladies eat his Dowſets.
Come, we are all made. [*Wind Horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes, ye have danc'd rarely, Wenches.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Palamon *from the Buſh.*

Pal. About this Hour my Couſin gave his Faith
To viſit me again, and with him bring
Two Swords, and two good Armours; if he fail
He's neither Man, nor Soldier. When he left me
I did not think a Week could have reſtor'd
My loſt Strength to me, I was grown ſo low,
And Creſt-fall'n with my Wants: I thank thee, *Arcite*,
Thou'rt yet a fair Foe; and I feel myſelf,
With this refreſhing, able once again
To out-dure Danger: To delay it longer
Would make the World think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a Swine, to fight,
And not a Soldier: Therefore this bleſt Morning
Shall be the laſt; and that Sword he refuſes,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis Juſtice:
So Love and Fortune for me. O good morrow.

Enter Arcite *with Armours and Swords.*

Arc. Good morrow, noble Kinſman.
Pal. I have put you
To too much Pains, Sir.

Arc. That too much, fair Couſin,
Is but a Debt to Honour, and my Duty.
Pal. Would you were ſo in all, Sir; I could wiſh ye
As kind a Kinſman, as you force me find
A beneficial Foe, that my Embraces
Might thank ye, not my Blows.
Arc. I ſhall think either
Well done, a noble Recompence.
Pal. Then I ſhall quit you.
Arc. Defie me in theſe fair Terms, and you ſhow
More than a Miſtreſs to me, no more Anger
As you love any thing that's honourable:
We were not bred to talk, Man, when we're arm'd
And both upon our Guards, then let our Fury,
Like meeting of two Tides, fly ſtrongly from us,
And then to whom the Birth-right of this Beauty
Truly pertains (without Upbraidings, Scorns,
Deſpiſings of our Perſons, and ſuch Powtings
Fitter for Girls and School-boys) will be ſeen
And quickly, yours, or mine: Wilt pleaſe you Arm, Sir?
Or if you feel yourſelf not fitting yet
And furniſh'd with your old Strength, I'll ſtay, Couſin,
And every Day diſcourſe you into Health,
As I am ſpar'd; your Perſon I am Friends with,
And I could wiſh I had not ſaid I lov'd her,
Though I had dy'd; but loving ſuch a Lady,
And juſtifying my Love, I muſt not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art ſo brave an Enemy
That no Man but thy Couſin's fit to kill thee,
I'm well, and luſty, chuſe your Arms.
Arc. Chuſe you, Sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or do'ſt thou do it
To make me ſpare thee?
Arc. If you think ſo, Couſin,
You are deceiv'd, for as I am a Soldier
I will not ſpare you.
Pal. That's well ſaid.
Arc. You'll find it.
Pal. Then as I'm an honeſt Man, and love
With all the Juſtice of Affection,

I'll

I'll pay thee ſoundly: This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then,
I'll Arm you firſt.
Pal. Do: Pray tell me, Couſin,
Where got'ſt thou this good Armour?
Arc. 'Tis the Duke's,
And to ſay true, I ſtole it; do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter,
But I ſhall make it ſerve.
Arc. I'll buckl't cloſe.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a Grand-guard?
Pal. No, we will uſe no Horſes, I perceive
You would fain be at that Fight.
Arc. I'm indifferent.
Pal. Faith ſo am I: Good Couſin, thruſt the Buckle
Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My Caſk now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We ſhall be the nimbler.
Arc. But uſe your Gauntlets though; thoſe are o'th' leaſt,
Prithee take mine, good Couſin.
Pal. Thank you, *Arcite*.
How do I look, am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll ſtrike home.
Arc. Do, and ſpare not;
I'll give you Cauſe, ſweet Couſin.
Pal. Now to you, Sir,
Methinks this Armour's very like that, *Arcite*,
Thou wor'ſt that Day the three Kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one, and that Day
I well remember, you out-did me, Couſin,
I never ſaw ſuch Valour: When you charg'd
Upon the left Wing of the Enemy,

I ſpurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good Horſe.
Pal. You had indeed,
A bright Bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes, but all
Was vainly labour'd in me, you out-went me,
Nor could my Wiſhes reach you: Yet a little
I did by Imitation.
Pal. More by Virtue;
You're modeſt, Couſin.
Arc. When I ſaw you charge firſt,
Methought I heard a dreadful Clap of Thunder
Break from the Troop.
Pal. But ſtill before that flew
The lightning of your Valour.—Stay a little,
Is not this Piece too ſtreight?
Arc. No, no, 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
A Bruiſe would be Diſhonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then.
Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.
Pal. I thank ye, No; keep it, your Life lies on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more,
For all my hopes; my Cauſe and Honour guard me.
[*They Bow ſeveral ways; then advance and ſtand.*
Arc. And me my Love: Is there ought elſe to ſay?
Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine Aunt's Son,
And that Blood we deſire to ſhed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my Hand, and if thou killeſt me
The Gods and I forgive thee; if there be
A Place prepar'd for thoſe that ſleep in Honour,
I wiſh his weary Soul that falls may win it:
Fight bravely, Couſin, give me thy noble Hand.
Arc. Here *Palamon:* This Hand ſhall never more
Come near thee with ſuch Friendſhip.
Pal. I commend thee.

Arc.

Arc. (62) If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a Coward,
For none but ſuch dare die in theſe juſt Trials.
Once more farewel, my Couſin.

Pal. Farewel, *Arcite.* [*Fight.*

[*Horns within*; *they ſtand.*

Arc. Lo, Couſin, lo, our Folly has undone us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we're wretched: (63) O retire
For Honour's ſake, and Safety, preſently
Into your Buſh again, Sir; we ſhall find
Too many Hours to die in——Gentle Couſin,

(62) *If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a Coward,*
For none but ſuch dare die in theſe juſt Trials.] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this a ſtrange Sentiment, and indeed it muſt appear ſo, till we recollect that our Scene lies in the Land of *Knight-errantry* rather than in *Athens:* That our Authors follow *Chaucer*, and dreſs their Heroes after the Manners of his Age, when Trials by the Sword were thought juſt, and the Conquer'd always ſuppos'd guilty and held infamous. In this Light the Sentiment is proper, tho' it would certainly be more in Character in *Palamon*'s Mouth, whoſe enthuſiaſtic Zeal for the Juſtice of his Cauſe, would be the proper Father of ſuch a Sentiment. Perhaps therefore the Original might have run thus,

Pal. *I commend thee.*
If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a Coward,
For none but ſuch dare die in theſe juſt Trials.

Inſtead of returning this with the like Violence, *Arcite* (with a Look where *Diſdain* and *Tenderneſs* ſtruggle awhile and then ſettle to a firm Reſolution) anſwers,

Once more farewel, my Couſin.

But if this Change of the Speakers takes place, it might be neceſſary to give the former Speech of *Palamon* to *Arcite*, and make *Palamon* only ſpeak the laſt Line of it. It is very common to have whole Scenes confus'd thus in their Speakers.

(63) ——————— *O retire*
For Honour's ſake, and ſafely *preſently*
Into your Buſh again:——] The two Adverbs, *ſafely preſently* in Conjunction, are very unlike our Authors; by putting a Comma between them they may ſuit the hurry of the Speaker. But it ſeems much more probable that the firſt is a Miſtake, and that the true Reading is,

——————— *O retire*
For Honour's ſake, and Safety, *preſently*
Into the Buſh again,——

Mr. *Theobald* concurred with me in this Emendation.

If you be ſeen you periſh inſtantly
For breaking Priſon, and I, if you reveal me,
For my Contempt; Then all the World will ſcorn us,
And ſay we had a noble Difference,
But baſe Diſpoſers of it.

Pal. No, no, Couſin,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great Adventure to a ſecond Trial;
I know your Cunning, and I know your Cauſe,
He that faints now Shame take him, put thyſelf
Upon thy preſent Guard.

Arc. You're not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th' Advantage of this Hour
Mine own, and what to come ſhall threaten me,
I fear leſs than my Fortune: Know, weak Couſin,
I love *Emilia*, and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all Croſſes elſe.

Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou ſhalt know, *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as diſcourſe, or ſleep: Only this fears me,
The Law will have the Honour of our ends.
Have at thy Life.

Pal. Look to thine own well, *Arcite*.

[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous *and Train.*

Theſ. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors
Are you? That 'gainſt the Tenor of my Laws
Are making Battel, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Arms?
By *Caſtor* both ſhall die.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theſeus*,
We're certainly both Traitors, both Deſpiſers
Of thee, and of thy Goodneſs: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Priſon,
Think well, what that deſerves; and this is *Arcite*,
A bolder Traitor never trod thy Ground,
A falſer ne'er ſeem'd Friend: This is the Man
Was begg'd and baniſh'd, this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'ſt do; and in this Diſguiſe

Againſt

Againſt this known Edict follows thy Siſter,
That fortunate bright Star, the fair *Emilia*,
(Whoſe Servant, if there be a right in ſeeing,
And firſt bequeathing of the Soul to, juſtly
I am) and which is more, dares think her his.
This Treachery, like a moſt truſty Lover,
I call'd him now to anſwer; if thou be'ſt,
As thou art ſpoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all Injuries,
Say, Fight again, and thou ſhalt ſee me, *Theſeus*,
Do ſuch a Juſtice, thou thyſelf wilt envy;
Then take my Life, I'll wooe thee to't.

Per. O Heav'n,
What more than Man is this!

Theſ. I've ſworn.

Arc. We ſeek not
Thy Breath of Mercy, *Theſeus:* 'Tis to me
A thing as ſoon to die, as thee to ſay it,
And no more mov'd: Where this Man calls me Traitor,
Let me ſay thus much; If in love be Treaſon,
In ſervice of ſo excellent a Beauty,
As I love moſt, and in that Faith will periſh,
As I have brought my Life here to confirm it,
As I have ſerv'd her trueſt, worthieſt,
As I dare kill this Couſin, that denies it,
So let me be moſt Traitor, and ye pleaſe me:
For ſcorning thy Edict Duke, ask that Lady
Why ſhe is fair, and why her Eyes command me
Stay here to love her. And if ſhe ſay Traitor,
I am a Villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou ſhalt have Pity of us both, O *Theſeus*,
If unto neither thou ſhew Mercy, ſtop,
(As thou art juſt) thy noble Ear againſt us,
As thou art Valiant: For thy Couſin's Soul,
Whoſe twelve ſtrong Labours crown his Memory,
Let's die together, at one inſtant, Duke,
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soul he ſhall not have her.

Theſ. I grant your Wiſh, for to ſay true, your Couſin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him

More Mercy than you found, Sir, your Offences
Being no more than his: None here ſpeak for 'em,
For e'er the Sun ſet both ſhall ſleep for ever.
Hip. Alas the Pity, now or never, Siſter,
Speak not to be deny'd; That face of yours
Will bear the Curſes elſe of After-Ages,
For theſe loſt Couſins.
Emil. In my Face, dear Siſter,
I find no Anger to 'em, nor no Ruin;
The miſadventure of their own Eyes kills 'em;
Yet that I will be Woman, and have Pity,
My Knees ſhall grow to th' Ground but I'll get Mercy.
Help me dear Siſter, in a Deed ſo virtuous,
The Powers of all Women will be with us.
Moſt Royal Brother.
Hip. Sir, by our tie of Marriage.
Emil. By your own ſpotleſs Honour.
Hip. By that Faith,
That fair Hand, and that honeſt Heart you gave me.
Emil. By that you would have Pity in another,
By your own Virtues infinite.
Hip. By Valour,
By all the chaſt Nights I have ever pleas'd you.
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings.
Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our Friendſhip, Sir, by all our Dangers,
By all you love moſt, Wars, and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny,
A bluſhing Maid.
Hip. By your own Eyes: By Strength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all Women,
Almoſt all Men, and yet I yielded *Theſeus.*
Per. To crown all this; by your moſt noble Soul,
Which cannot want due Mercy, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next hear my Prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreat, Sir.
Per. For Mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my Faith reel: Say I felt

Compaſſion

Compaſſion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Upon their Lives: But with their Baniſhments.
Theſ. You're a right Woman, Siſter; you have Pity,
But want the Underſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their Lives, invent a way
Safer than Baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the Agony of Love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every Day
They'll fight about you; hourly bring your Honour
In publick Queſtion with their Swords; be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concerns your Credit,
And my Oath equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by th' Law, than one another.
Bow not my Honour.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That Oath was raſhly made, and in your Anger,
Your Reaſon will not hold it; if ſuch Vows
Stand for expreſs Will, all the World muſt periſh.
Beſide, I have another Oath, 'gainſt yours,
Of more Authority, I'm ſure more Love,
Not made in Paſſion neither, but good heed.
Theſ. What is it, Siſter?
Per. Urge it home, brave Lady.
Emil. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modeſt Suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your Word now, if ye fail in't,
Think how you maim your Honour;
(For now I'm ſet a begging, Sir, I'm deaf
To all but your Compaſſion.) (64) How their Lives
Might breed the Ruin of my Name —— Opinion;
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for me?

That

(64) —— —— *how their Lives*
Might breed the Ruin of my Name; Opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for me?] *Lives* here muſt ſurely ſignify *their Lives taken away*, but then what is *Opinion?* If we read *O Pity!* or *O piteous!* or *O Juno!* or make any pathetic Exclamation, it will give Senſe to the Paſſage. But there is a Senſe by a ſmall change of Points to be affix'd to the preſent Reading, and *Lives* will then have its own proper Signification. *Theſeus* had ſaid that if they liv'd they would hourly bring her Honour in queſtion with their Swords. In anſwer to this ſhe may ſay,

How

That were a cruel Wiſdom, do Men prune
The ſtraight young Boughs that bluſh with thouſand Bloſſoms,
Becauſe they may be rotten? O Duke *Theſeus*,
The goodly Mothers that have gron'd for theſe,
And all the longing Maids that ever lov'd,
If your Vow ſtand, ſhall curſe me and my Beauty,
And in their funeral Songs for theſe two Couſins,
Deſpiſe my Cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the Scorn of Women;
For Heav'n's ſake ſave their Lives, and baniſh 'em.

Theſ. On what Conditions?

Emil. Swear 'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to know me,
To tread upon the Dukedom, and to be,
Where-ever they ſhall travel, ever Strangers
To one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a Pieces
Before I take this Oath: Forget I love her?
O all ye Gods deſpiſe me then: Thy Baniſhment
I not miſlike, ſo we may fairly carry
Our Swords, and cauſe along: Elſe never trifle,
But take our Lives, Duke; I muſt love and will,
And for that Love, muſt and dare kill this Couſin,
On any Piece the Earth has.

Theſ. Will you, *Arcite*,
Take theſe Conditions?

Pal. He's a Villain then.

Per. Theſe are Men.

Arc. No, never Duke: 'Tis worſe to me than begging,
To take my Life ſo baſely, though I think
I never ſhall enjoy her, yet I'll preſerve

——————— *How their Lives*
Might breed the Ruin of my Name——Opinion;

i. e. What Scandal might ariſe to me from their Lives is a mere Opinion, and of no Regard. The Speaker may eaſily give this Senſe by pronouncing the Word *Opinion* contemptuouſly, and therefore 'tis moſt probably the true Reading. Mr. *Sympſon* propoſes to read *Opine* for *Opinion*, but he owns it very ſtiff, and does not inſiſt upon it. Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin has *Name*'s *Opinion*, but this ſeems full as exceptionable.

The

The Honour of Affection, and die for her,
Make Death a Devil.
Theſ. What may be done? For now I feel Compaſſion.
Per. Let it not fall again, Sir.
Theſ. Say *Emilia*,
If one of them were dead, as one muſt, are you
Content to take the other to your Husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are Princes
As goodly as your own Eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet ſpoke of: Look upon 'em,
And if you can Love, end this Difference,
I give conſent; are you content too, Princes?
Both. With all our Souls.
Theſ. He that ſhe refuſes
Muſt die then.
Both. Any Death thou canſt invent, Duke.
Pal. If I fall from that Mouth, I fall with Favour,
And Lovers yet unborn ſhall bleſs my Aſhes.
Arc. If ſhe refuſe me, yet my Grave will wed me,
And Soldiers ſing my Epitaph.
Theſ. Make choice then.
Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent;
For me, a Hair ſhall never fall of theſe Men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Theſ. Thus I ordain it,
And by mine Honour, once again it ſtands,
Or both ſhall die. You ſhall both to your Country,
And each within this Month, accompanied
With three fair Knights, appear again in this Place,
In which I'll plant a Pyramid; and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his Couſin
By fair and knightly Strength to touch the Pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her: (65) The other loſe his Head,
And all his Friends: Nor ſhall he grudge to fall,

Not

(65) ——*The other loſe his Head,*
And all his Friends:——] *Chaucer*'s Doom on this Occaſion is only Baniſhment, and our Authors alter'd it to render the Cataſtrophe more intereſting. As to the Probability of their procuring each three Seconds upon ſuch odd Terms, it may ſhock us to ſuppoſe any ſuch gallant Idiots; but ev'n ſo low as our Authors Age it was reckon'd

Nor think he dies with Intereſt in this Lady:
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes: Here Couſin *Arcite*,
I'm Friends again till that hour.
Arc. I embrace ye.
Theſ. Are you content, Siſter?
Emil. Yes, I muſt Sir,
Elſe both miſcarry.
Theſ. Come, ſhake Hands again then,
And take heed, as you're Gentlemen, this Quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefixt, and hold your Courſe.
Pal. We dare not fail thee, *Theſeus*.
Theſ. Come, I'll give ye
Now uſage like to Princes, and to Friends:
When ye return, who wins, I'll ſettle here,
Who loſes, yet I'll weep upon his Bier, [*Exeunt.*

reckon'd Cowardiſe to refuſe any Man, even a Stranger, to be a Second in almoſt any Duel whatever, of which there is a moſt inimitable Burleſque in *The Little French Lawyer*. Mankind were mad after Knight-Errantry; and the Reader muſt catch a little of the Spirit himſelf, or he'll loſe a great Part of the Beauties of this Play; he muſt kindle with the Flames of military Glory, think Life a ſmall Stake to hazard in ſuch a Combat, and Death deſirable to the conquer'd as a Refuge from Shame. While the *Judicial Trials* by the *Duello* were Part of our Laws, this was really the Spirit of our Authors. I have a Treatiſe now before me of Mr. *Selden*'s, wrote in 1610, probably about the very time of our Authors publiſhing this Play, where theſe *Duello-Trials* are very learnedly traced, with all their Forms and Ceremonies from the *Norman* Conqueſt to *James the Firſt*, in whoſe Reign they ſtill continued Part of the Laws of our Land; and ſeem to have been not out of Faſhion, for we find by all the Writers of that Age, how common the private Extrajudicial Duel then was, and this Author, after reciting the Decrees of two Popes againſt ſuch *Trials*, and the Thunder, as he calls it, of the Council of *Trent*, with a very ſerious Face ſubjoins. *To thoſe which were the obſervant Sonnes of the* Roman *Church, this and the other Decrees extend their Inhibitions; but the* Engliſh *Cuſtoms never permitted themſelves to be ſubjected to ſuch* Clergy-Cannons; *alwaies (under Parliament Correction) retaining, as what-ſoever they have by long Uſe or Allowance approv'd, ſo this of the Duel.*——I am told by Lawyers, that this ſuperſtitious and barbarous Law has never to this Day met with *Parliament Correction*, but has by Cuſtom only ſunk into Obſoleteneſs. Our Anceſtors in this Inſtance as well as that of our Calendar, moſt reſolutely avoided the Example of Papiſts, ev'n where the latter were evidently right.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and his Friend.

Jail. HEar you no more? Was nothing ſaid of me
Concerning the Eſcape of *Palamon*?
Good Sir, remember.

1 *Fri.* Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the Buſineſs
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,
E'er I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their Pardons: For *Hippolita*,
And fair-ey'd *Emily*, upon their Knees
Begg'd with ſuch handſom Pity, that the Duke
Methought ſtood ſtaggering whether he ſhould follow
His raſh Oath, or the ſweet Compaſſion
Of thoſe two Ladies; and to ſecond them,
That truly noble Prince *Perithous*,
Half his own Heart, ſet in too, that I hope
All ſhall be well: Neither heard I one queſtion
Of your Name, or his 'Scape.

Enter another Friend.

Jail. Pray Heav'n it hold ſo.

2 *Fri.* Be of good Comfort Man; I bring you News,
Good News.

Jail. You are welcome.

2 *Fri.* *Palamon* has clear'd you,
And got your Pardon, and diſcover'd
How, and by whoſe means he 'ſcap'd, which was your Daughter's,
Whoſe Pardon is procured too; and the Priſoner,
Not to be held ungrateful to her Goodneſs,
Has given a ſum of Money to her Marriage,
A large one I'll aſſure you.

Jail. Ye are a good Man,
And ever bring good News.

1 *Fri.* How was it ended?

2 *Fri.* Why, as it ſhould be; they that never begg'd

But

But they prevail'd, had their Suits fairly granted.
The Priſoners have their Lives.

1 *Fri.* I knew 'twould be ſo.

2 *Fri.* But there be new Conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.

Jail. I hope they're good.

2 *Fri.* They're honourable,
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 *Fri.* 'Twill be known.

Wooer. Alas, Sir, where's your Daughter?

Jail. Why do you ask?

Wooer. Oh, Sir, when did you ſee her?

2 *Fri.* How he looks?

Jail. This Morning.

Wooer. Was ſhe well? was ſhe in Health, Sir? When did ſhe ſleep?

1 *Fri.* Theſe are ſtrange Queſtions.

Jail. I do not think ſhe was very well, for now
You make me mind her, but this very Day
I ask'd her Queſtions, and ſhe anſwer'd me
So far from what ſhe was, ſo childiſhly,
So fillily, as if ſhe were a Fool,
(66)An Innocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her, Sir?

Wooer. Nothing but my Pity,
But you muſt know it, and as good by me
As by another that leſs loves her.

Jail. Well, Sir.

1 *Fri.* Not right?

2 *Fri.* Not well?———

Wooer. No Sir, not well.
'Tis too true, ſhe is mad.

1 *Fri.* It can't be.

Wooer. Believe, you'll find it ſo.

Jail. I half ſuſpected
What you have told me, the Gods comfort her:

(66) And *Innocent,*———] Former Editions.

Either

Either this was her Love to *Palamon*,
Or fear of my miſcarrying on his ſcape,
Or both.

Wooer. 'Tis likely.

Jail. But why all this haſte, Sir?

Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was Angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Palace,
From the far Shore, thick ſet with Reeds and Sedges,
As patiently I was attending Sport,
I heard a Voice, a ſhrill one; and attentive
I gave my Ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſs of it
A Boy or Woman. I then left my Angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the Sound; the Ruſhes, and the Reeds
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laid me down
And liſtened to the Words ſhe ſung, for then,
Through a ſmall Glade cut by the Fiſher-men,
I ſaw it was your Daughter.

Jail. Pray go on, Sir.

Wooer. She ſung much, but no Senſe; only I heard her
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' Wood to gather Mulberries,
I'll find him out to Morrow.

1 *Fri.* Pretty Soul.

Wooer. His Shackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what ſhall I do then? I'll bring a Beavy,
A hundred black-ey'd Maids that love as I do
With Chaplets on their Heads, with Daffadillies,
With cherry Lips, and Cheeks of Damask Roſes,
And all we'll dance an Antick 'fore the Duke,
And beg his Pardon; then ſhe talk'd of you, Sir;
That you muſt loſe your Head to Morrow Morning,
And ſhe muſt gather Flowers to bury you,
And ſee the Houſe made handſome; then ſhe ſung
Nothing but Willow, Willow, Willow, and between
Ever was, *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon* was a tall young Man. The Place

Was

Was Knee deep where ſhe ſate; (67) her careleſs Treſſes,
A wreath of Bull-ruſh rounded; about her ſtuck
Thouſand freſh Water Flowers of ſeveral Colours.
That methought ſhe appear'd like the fair Nymph
That feeds the Lake with Waters, or as *Iris*
Newly dropt down from Heav'n; Rings ſhe made
Of Ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt Poſies; *thus our true Love's ty'd;*
This you may looſe, not me; and many a one:
And then ſhe wept, and ſung again, and ſigh'd,
And with the ſame Breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her Hand.

Fri. Alas what pity 'tis?

Wooer. I made into her,
She ſaw me, and ſtraight fought the Flood; I ſav'd her,
And ſet her ſafe to Land; when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the City made,
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftneſs, that believe me
She left me far behind her; three, or four,
I ſaw from far off croſs her, one of 'em
I knew to be your Brother, where ſhe ſtaid,
And fell, ſcarce to be got away: I left them with her,

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the Light, &c.
Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. Oh, a very fine one.

Daugh. I can ſing twenty more.

Bro. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes truly can I, I can ſing the *Broom*,

(67) ——*her careleſs Treſſes,*
A wreak *of Bull-ruſh rounded*;——] As we can find no Traces of ſuch a Word as *Wreak* for *Wreath* we are forc'd to treat it as a Corruption. The *Aurora of Guido* has not more Strokes of the ſame Hand which drew his *Bacchus and Ariadne*, than the ſweet Deſcription of this pretty Maiden's Love Diſtraction has to the like Diſtraction of *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*: That of *Ophelia* ending in her Death, is like the *Ariadne* more moving, but the Images here, like thoſe in *Aurora*, are more numerous, and equally exquiſite in Grace and Beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is *Shakeſpear's*, or that *Fletcher* has here equall'd him in his very *beſt Manner?*

And

And *Bonny Robbin.* Are you not a Tailor?

Bro. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my Wedding-Gown?

Bro. I'll bring it to Morrow.

Daugh. (68) Do, very early, I muſt be abroad elſe
To call the Maids, and pay the Minſterels,
For I muſt loſe my Maidenhead by Cock-light
'Twill never thrive elſe.

Oh fair, oh ſweet, &c. [*Sings.*

Bro. You muſt ev'n take it patiently.

Jail. 'Tis true.

Daugh. Good e'en, good Men, pray did you ever hear
Of one young *Palamon?*

Jail. Yes Wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young Gentleman?

Jail. 'Tis Love.

Bro. By no mean croſs her, ſhe is then diſtemper'd
Far worſe than now ſhe ſhows.

1 *Fri.* Yes, he's a fine Man.

Daugh. Oh, is he ſo? you have a Siſter.

1 *Fri.* Yes.

Daugh. But ſhe ſhall never have him, tell her ſo,
For a Trick that I know, y'had beſt look to her,
For if ſhe ſee him once, ſhe's gone, ſhe's done,
And undone in an Hour. All the young Maids
Of our Town are in Love with him, but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone, is't not a wiſe Courſe?

1 *Fri.* Yes.

Daugh. There is at leaſt two hundred now with Child by him,
There muſt be four; yet I keep cloſe for all this,
Cloſe as a Cockle; and all theſe muſt be Boys,
He has the trick on't, and at ten Years old
They muſt be all gelt for Muſicians,

(68) *Do, very* rarely———] I had put *early* into the Text here before I receiv'd Mr. *Sympſon*'s Reading *rearly*, i. e. betimes in the Morning. If there is ſuch a Word, it is undoubtedly the true one; but as he quotes no Authority, and I can find none in my Gloſſaries, I muſt let *early* remain, which Mr. *Theobald* has likewiſe put in his Margin.

And ſing the Wars of *Theſeus.*
2 *Fri.* This is ſtrange.
Daugh. As ever you heard, but ſay nothing.
1 *Fri.* No.
Daugh. They come from all Parts of the Dukedom to him,
I'll warrant ye, he had not ſo few laſt Night
As twenty to diſpatch, he'll tickle't up
In two Hours, if his Hand be in.
Jail. She's loſt
Paſt all cure.
Bro. Heav'n forbid Man.
Daugh. Come hither, you're a wiſe Man.
1 *Fri.* Does ſhe know him?
2 *Fri.* No, would ſhe did.
Daugh. You're Maſter of a Ship?
Jail. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your Compaſs?
Jail. Here.
Daugh. Set it to th' North.
And now direct your Courſe to th' Wood, where *Palamon*
Lies longing for me; for the Tackling
Let me alone; come weigh my Hearts, cheerly.
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, 'tis up, the Wind is fair,
Top the Bowling; out with the Main-Sail,
Where is your Whiſtle, Maſter? *Bro.* Let's get her in.
Jail. Up to the Top, Boy.
Bro. Where's the Pilot?
1 *Friend.* Here.
Daugh. What ken'ſt thou?
3 *Friend.* A fair Wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, Maſter; tack about. [*Sings.*
When Cinthia *with her borrowed Light*, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Emilia *alone, with two Pictures.*

Emil. Yet I may bind thoſe Wounds up, that muſt open
And bleed to Death for my ſake elſe; I'll chuſe,

And

And end their Strife; two ſuch young handſome Men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold Aſhes of their Sons,
Shall never curſe my Cruelty: Good Heav'n,
What a ſweet Face has *Arcite*, if wiſe Nature
With all her beſt Endowments, all thoſe Beauties
(69) She ſows into the Births of noble Bodies,
Were here a mortal Woman, and had in her
The coy Denials of young Maids, yet doubtleſs
She would run mad for this Man; what an Eye,
Of what a fiery ſparkle, and quick Sweetneſs,
Has this young Prince? (70) here Love himſelf ſits ſmiling,
Juſt ſuch another wanton *Ganimede*,
Set *Jove* afire, and enforc'd the God
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and ſet him by him A

(69) *She* ſhews *into the Births*——] *Shews* being evidently corrupt, I conjectur'd *ſhow'rs*, and Mr. *Sympſon* has ſince ſent me that with three other Conjectures *ſtrews* or *ſtowes*, or *ſows*. The old Quarto confirms the laſt.

(70) ——*here Love himſelf ſits ſmiling,*
Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede,
Set Love afire with, and enforc'd the God
Snatch up the goodly Boy,——] This is certainly corrupt; every Body muſt ſee that *Jove* is ſomewhere left out. But, ſays Mr. *Sympſon*, ſuppoſe we read,

Set Jove *afire with*——

it is ſtill not Senſe, he therefore propoſes,

Jove *ſuch another wanton* Ganimede
Set Love *afire with*,——

But this, I fear will hardly be thought good Engliſh. I had long ſince diſcover'd what ſtill ſeems the real Miſtake, *fire* like *hour*, *your*, &c. is often made two Syllables by our Authors; the Actors and Tranſcribers not knowing this, thought the Verſe wanted a Syllable, and probably intruded the Particle *with* to ſupply it, not obſerving how much it embarras'd the Conſtruction, *Love* for *Jove* ſeems a meer accidental Error of the Preſs. I read therefore,

Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede
Set Jove *afire, and enforc'd the God*, &c.

There is another way of correcting this, by the inſertion of a nominative Caſe in the end of the ſecond Line, as,

——*here* Love *himſelf ſits ſmiling,*
Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede.
Set Jove *afire with*,——

The former ſeems far preferable, and ſince the Note has been wrote,

A ſhining Conſtellation; what a Brow,
Of what a ſpacious Majeſty he carries
Arch'd like the great-ey'd *Juno's*, but far ſweeter,
Smoother than *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and Honour
Methinks from hence, as from a Promontory
Pointed in Heav'n, ſhould clap their Wings, and ſing
To all the Under-world, the Loves, and Fights
Of Gods, and ſuch Men near 'em. *Palamon*
Is but a foil to him, a mere dull ſhadow,
He's ſwarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd loſt his Mother; a ſtill Temper,
No ſtirring in him, no Alacrity,
Of all this ſprightly Sharpneſs, not a Smile.——
Yet theſe that we count Errors, may become him:
Narciſſus was a ſad Boy, but a heav'nly;
Oh who can find the bent of Woman's Fancy;
I am a Fool, my Reaſon is loſt in me,
I have no Choice, and I have ly'd ſo lewdly
That Women ought to beat me. On my Knees
I ask thy Pardon, *Palamon*; thou'rt alone
And only beautiful, and theſe thy Eyes,
Theſe the bright Lamps of Beauty that command
And threaten Love, and what young Maid dare croſs 'em?
What a bold Gravity, and yet inviting
Has this brown manly Face? O Love, this only
From this Hour is Complexion; lie there *Arcite*,
Thou art a Changling to him, a mere Gipſie.
And this the noble Body.—I am ſotted,
Utterly loſt: (71) My Virgin Faith has fled me.

For

an Inſtance of *Fire* being made two Syllables has occur'd in this very Play. Act 5. Scene 1ſt.

——————*Let the Temples*
Burn bright with ſacred Fires, *and the Altars*
In hallow'd Clouds commend their ſwelling Incenſe
To thoſe above us.

Make *Fires* in the ſecond Line a Monoſyllable, and it is no Verſe. for tho' there ſtill remain ten Syllables, yet the laſt is a redundant one, unleſs you read *Altárs* with the Accent upon the laſt Syllable, but this would be abſurd.

(71) ——— *My* Virgin's *Faith has left me*] I don't reject this as not perfect good Senſe; but *Virgin* taken adjectively is the Language

For if my Brother but ev'n now had ask'd me,
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite.*
Now if my Siſter; more for *Palamon.*
Stand both together: Now, come ask me Brother,
Alas, I know not; ask me now ſweet Siſter,
I may go look; what a mere Child is Fancy,
That having two fair Gawds of equal ſweetneſs,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt cry for both.

Enter a Gentleman.

Emil. How now, Sir?
Gent. From the noble Duke your Brother,
Madam, I bring you News; the Knights are come.
Emil. To end the Quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emil. Would I might end firſt;
What Sins have I committed, chaſte *Diana,*
That my unſpotted Youth muſt now be ſoil'd
With Blood of Princes? and my Chaſtity
Be made the Altar, where the Lives of Lovers,
Two greater and two better never yet
Made Mothers Joy, muſt be the Sacrifice
To my unhappy Beauty?

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, *and Attendants.*

Theſ. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any means I long to ſee 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair Knights: Now, my fair Siſter,
You muſt love one of them.
Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely.

Enter Meſſenger.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.

guage of Poetry, as *Virgin* Heart, *Virgin* Joys, &c. The reader of Taſte need not have the exquiſite Beauties of this Speech pointed out to him.

Theſ. From whence come you, Sir?
Meſſ. From the Knights.
Theſ. Pray ſpeak,
You that have ſeen them, what they are.
Meſſ. I will, Sir,
And truly what I think; ſix braver Spirits
Than thoſe they've brought, (if we judge by the outſide)
I never ſaw, nor read of; he that ſtands
In the firſt Place with *Arcite*, by his ſeeming
Should be a ſtout Man, by his Face a Prince,
(His very Looks ſo ſay him) his Complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; ſtern, and yet noble,
Which ſhews him hardy, fearleſs, proud of Dangers:
(72) The Circles of his Eyes ſhew far within him,
And as a heated Lion, ſo he looks;
His Hair hangs long behind him, black and ſhining
Like Ravens Wings; his Shoulders broad, and ſtrong,
(73) Arms long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldrick, when he frowns
To ſeal his Will with; better o' my Conſcience

(72) *The Circles of his Eyes ſhew* fair *within him,*
And as a heated Lion, ſo he looks;] He is deſcrib'd of a very dark brown Complexion, with raven-black Hair, of a noble but withal of ſo ſtern a Look, that his Eyes were like thoſe of a heated Lion. To every Part of this Deſcription the Adjective *fair* is diamatrically oppoſite, not only as to the Colour, but to the Sternneſs and Fierceneſs of his Looks, *fair* conveying the Idea of Openneſs and Mildneſs, as in the following Lines of *Shakeſpear's Henry* 5. Act 3. Scene 1ſt.

Diſguiſe fair *Nature with hard-favour'd Rage*
Then lend the Eye a terrible Aſpect,
Let it pry thro' the Portage of the Head
Like the Braſs Cannon: Let the Brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth the galled Rock,
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded Baſe.

Fair therefore is as abſurd in the Paſſage in queſtion, as it would be to read,

—— *Let the Brow o'erwhelm it*
As fairly *as doth the galled Rock,* &c.

But the Corruption conſiſts only in the addition of a ſingle Vowel, which being remov'd, the Expreſſion regains its original Strength and Propriety.

The Circles of his Eyes ſhew far *within him.*

(73) Arm'd *long and round,*——] Former Editions.

Was

Was never Soldiers Friend.
Theſ. Thou'ſt well deſcrib'd him.
Per. Yet, a great deal ſhort
Methinks, of him that's firſt with *Palamon.*
Theſ. Pray ſpeak him, Friend.
Per. I gueſs he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his ſhow
Has all the Ornament of Honour in't;
He's ſomewhat bigger than the Knight he ſpoke of,
But of a Face far ſweeter; his Complexion
Is (as a ripe Grape) ruddy; he has felt
Without doubt, what he fights for, and ſo apter
To make this Cauſe his own; in's Face appears
All the fair Hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a ſettled Valour
(Not tainted with Extreams) runs through his Body,
And guides his Arm to brave things: Fear he cannot,
He ſhews no ſuch ſoft Temper, his Head's yellow,
Hard hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like Ivy tops,
Nor to undo with Thunder; in his Face
The Livery of the Warlike Maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no Beard has bleſt him.
And in his rowling Eyes (74) ſits Victory,
As if ſhe ever meant to crown his Valour;
His Noſe ſtands high, a Character of Honour,
His red Lips, after Fights, are fit for Ladies.
Emil. Muſt theſe Men die too?
Per. When he ſpeaks, his Tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; all his Lineaments
Are as a Man would wiſh 'em, ſtrong and clean;
He wears a well-ſteel'd Axe, the ſtaff of Gold,
His Age ſome five and twenty.

(74) ——————*ſits Victory,*
As if ſhe ever meant to correct *his Valour;*] How does Victory *correct* Valour? The Word is undoubtedly corrupt, and equally hurts both the Meaſure and Senſe. *Crown* is what the Context evidently requires, and tho' it differs much in its Letters from the old Reading, yet it is rather a Proof what great Miſtakes Printers ſometimes make, than an Argument againſt its being admitted for the genuine Text.

Meſſ. There's another,
A little Man, but of a tough Soul, ſeeming
As great as any, fairer Promiſes
In ſuch a Body, yet I never look'd on.
Per. Oh he that's Freckle-fac'd?
Meſſ. The ſame, my Lord;
Are they not ſweet ones?
Per. Yes, they 're well.
Meſſ. Methinks,
Being ſo few, and well diſpos'd, they ſhew
Great, and fine Art in Nature; he's white hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but ſuch a manly Colour
Next to an awborn, tough, and nimble ſet,
Which ſhews an active Soul; his Arms are brawny,
Lin'd with ſtrong Sinews; to the Shoulder-piece,
Gently they ſwell, like Women new-conceiv'd,
Which ſpeaks him prone to Labour, never fainting
Under the weight of Arms, (75) ſtout-hearted, ſtill,
But when he ſtirs, a Tiger; he's grey ey'd,
Which yields Compaſſion where he Conquers; ſharp
To ſpy Advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's ſwift to make 'em his: He does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he ſmiles
He ſhows a Lover, when he frowns, a Soldier;
About his Head he wears the Winners Oak,
And in it ſtuck the favour of his Lady;
His Age, ſome ſix and thirty. In his Hand
He bears a charging Staff, emboſs'd with Silver.
Theſ. Are they all thus?
Per. They're all the Sons of Honour.
Theſ. Now as I have a Soul, I long to ſee 'em:

(75) ——————*ſtout-hearted ſtill,*
But when he ſtirs, a Tiger;——] The Omiſſion of a Comma here has turn'd a very expreſſive Adjective into an unmeaning Expletive. It was the want of Propriety in the Disjunctive *But* that rais'd a Suſpicion that we ſhould read,
——————*ſtout-hearted,* ſtill,
i. e. calm and ſerene.
But when he ſtirs, a Tiger.——
When I receiv'd poor Mr. *Theobald*'s Collection of old Quartos, I found this Conjecture confirm'd by the firſt Edition of this Play.

Lady,

Lady, you ſhall ſee Men fight now.

Hip. I wiſh it,

(76) But not the Cauſe, my Lord; they would ſhew bravely
Fighting about the Titles of two Kingdoms;
'Tis pity Love ſhould be ſo tyrannous:
Oh my ſoft-hearted Siſter, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep Blood: Wench, it muſt be.

Theſ. You've ſteel'd 'em with your Beauty: Honour'd Friend,
To you I give the Field; pray order it,
Fitting the Perſons that muſt uſe it.

Per. Yes, Sir.

Theſ. Come, I'll go viſit 'em; I cannot ſtay
(Their Fame has fir'd me ſo) till they appear;
Good Friend be Royal.

Per. There ſhall want no Bravery.

Emil. Poor Wench go weep, for whoſoever wins,
Looſes a noble Couſin, for thy Sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doct. Her Diſtraction is more at ſome time of the Moon than at other ſome, is it not?

Jail. She is continually in a harmleſs Diſtemper, ſleeps little, altogether without Appetite, ſave often drinking, dreaming of another World, and a better; and what broken Piece of Matter ſo e'er ſhe's about, the Name *Palamon* lards it, that ſhe farces ev'ry Buſineſs

Enter Daughter.

withal, fits it to every Queſtion. Look where ſhe comes, you ſhall perceive her Behaviour.

(76) *But not the Cauſe, my Lord, they would ſhew*
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdoms;] As two Syllables are ſomewhere wanting in theſe Lines, and the Senſe as well as Meaſure is improv'd by inſerting the Word *Fighting*, which is evidently underſtood in the Conſtruction of the Paſſage as hitherto printed, 'tis hop'd that the genuine Text is only reſtor'd.

Daugh.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the Burden on't was *Down a down a*; and penn'd by no worſe Man, than *Giraldo, Emilia*'s Schoolmaſter; he's as fantaſtical too, as ever he may go upon's Legs;—for in the next World will *Dido* ſee *Palamon*, and then will ſhe be out of love with *Æneas*.

Doct. What Stuff's here? poor Soul.

Jail. Ev'n thus all Day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charm, that I told you of, you muſt bring a Piece of Silver on the Tip of your Tongue, or no Ferry: Then if it be your Chance to come where the bleſſed Spirits, as there's a Sight now; we Maids that have our Livers periſht, crackt to Pieces with Love, we ſhall come there, and do nothing all Day long but pick Flowers with *Proſerpine*, then will I make *Palamon* a Noſegay, then let him—mark me,—then.

Doct. How prettily ſhe's amiſs? note her a little farther.

Daugh. (77) Faith I'll tell you, ſometime we go to Barly-break, we of the bleſſed; alas, 'tis a ſore Life they have i'th' other Place, ſuch burning, frying, boiling, hiſſing, howling, chatt'ring, curſing, oh they have ſhrewd Meaſure, take heed; if one be mad, or hang, or drown themſelves, thither they go; *Jupiter* bleſs us, and there ſhall we be put in a Cauldron of Lead, and Uſurer's Greaſe, amongſt a whole Million of Cut-purſes, and there boil like a Gamon of Bacon that will never be enough.

Doct. How her Brain coins?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got Maids with Child, they are in this Place, they ſhall ſtand in Fire up to the Navel, and in Ice up to th' Heart, and there th'

(77) *Faith I'll tell you, ſometime we go to the Barly-break, we of the Bleſſed; alas, 'tis a ſore Life they have i'th' other Place, ſuch burning, frying, boiling, hiſſing, howling, chatt'ring, curſing,* &c.] The Printers here, contrary to their uſual Cuſtom, have divided the Lines of this whole Scene as if they were Verſe, tho' it is evidently all Proſe, and this is ſome Reaſon why this Scene ſhould be aſcrib'd to *Shakeſpear*, for *Fletcher* hardly ever writes ſo long a one without a Mixture of Meaſure, but *Shakeſpear* does it frequently. There are beſides, ſuch characteriſing Strokes, and ſuch ſtrong Features of both *Ophelia* and *Lear* in their Phrenſies, that one cannot but believe that the ſame Pencil drew them all.

offending

offending Part burns, and the deceiving Part freezes; in troth a very grievous Puniſhment, as one would think, for ſuch a Trifle, believe me one would marry a leprous Witch, to be rid on't, I'll aſſure you.

Doct. How ſhe continues this Fancy? 'Tis not an engraffed Madneſs, but a moſt thick and profound Melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud Lady, and a proud City-wife, howl together: I were a Beaſt, and I'd call it good Sport; one cries, oh this Smoke, another this Fire; one cries, oh that I ever did it behind the *Arras*, and then howls; th' other curſes a ſuing Fellow, and her Garden-houſe.

[Sings.] *I will be true, my Stars, my Fate,* &c.

[*Exit Daughter.*

Jail. What think you of her, Sir?

Doct. I think ſhe has a perturbed Mind, which I cannot miniſter to.

Jail. Alas, what then?

Doct. Underſtand you ſhe ever affected any Man, e'er ſhe beheld *Palamon?*

Jail. I was once, Sir, in great hope ſhe had fix'd her Liking on this Gentleman, my Friend.

Wooer. I did think ſo too, and would account I had a great Pen'worth on't, to give half my State, that both ſhe and I at this preſent ſtood unfainedly on the ſame Terms.

Doct. That intemperate Surfeit of her Eye, hath diſtemper'd the other Senſes, they may return and ſettle again to execute their preordained Faculties, but they are now in a moſt extravagant Vagary. This you muſt do, confine her to a Place, where the Light may rather ſeem to ſteal in, than be permitted; take upon you (young Sir, her Friend) the Name of *Palamon*, ſay you come to eat with her, and to commune of Love; this will catch her Attention, for this her Mind beats upon; other Objects that are inſerted 'tween her Mind and Eye, become the Pranks and Friskins of her Madneſs; ſing to her ſuch green Songs of Love, as ſhe ſays *Palamon* hath ſung in Priſon; Come to her, ſtuck in as ſweet Flowers as the Seaſon is Miſtreſs of, and thereto

thereto make an Addition of ſome other compounded Odours, which are grateful to the Senſe; all this ſhall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can ſing, and *Palamon* is ſweet, and ev'ry good thing; deſire to eat with her, carve for her, drink to her, and ſtill among, intermingle your Petition of Grace and Acceptance into her Favour; learn what Maids have been her Companions, and Play-pheers; and let them repair to her with *Palamon* in their Mouths, and appear with Tokens, as if they ſuggeſted for him; it is a Falſhood ſhe is in, which is with Falſhoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to ſleep, and reduce what are now out of ſquare in her, into their former Law and Regimen; I have ſeen it approved, how many times I know not, but to make the Number more, I have great hope in this. I will between the Paſſages of this Project, come in with my Appliance: Let us put it in Execution; and haſten the Succeſs, which doubt not will bring forth Comfort. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theſeus, Perithous, Hippolita, *and Attendants.*

Theſ. NOW let 'em enter, and before the Gods
Tender their holy Prayers: Let the Temples
Burn bright with ſacred Fires, and (78) the Altars
In hallow'd Clouds commend their ſwelling Incenſe
To

(78) ——— ——— ——— *the Altars*
In hallow'd Clouds commend their ſwelling Incenſe] Mr. *Theobald*, in his Margin, reads *ſmelling Incenſe*, which can by no means be admitted, as the old Reading gives a much nobler Idea, *Incenſe that ſwells into hallow'd Clouds*. Beſides, Poetry loves to tranſpoſe Epithets and to marry them to Subſtantives, to whom they are not the moſt immediately ally'd. Thus,

In ſwelling *Clouds commend their* hallow'd *Incenſe*

Is the more obvious but not the moſt *Poetic Union*. Mr. *Sympſon* has help'd me, on this Occaſion, to a parallel Inſtance in *Shakeſpear*:

Now by the buried Hand of Warlike Gaunt,

We muſt both beg leave to diſſent from Mr. *Warburton*, who reads,

Now by the Warlike *Hand of* buried Gaunt,

We

To thoſe above us: Let no Due be wanting,
[*Flouriſh of Cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very Pow'rs that love 'em.

Enter Palamon *and* Arcite, *and their Knights.*

Per. Sir, they enter.
Theſ. You valiant and ſtrong-hearted Enemies,
You Royal German Foes, that this Day come
To blow that Nearneſs out that flames between ye;
Lay by your Anger for an Hour, and Dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your Helpers
(The all-fear'd Gods) bow down your ſtubborn Bodies;
Your Ire is more than Mortal; ſo your Help be:
And as the Gods regard ye, fight with Juſtice,
I'll leave you to your Prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my Wiſhes.
Per. Honour crown the worthieſt.
[*Exeunt* Theſeus *and his Train.*
Pal. The Glaſs is running now that cannot finiſh
'Till one of us expire: Think you but thus,
That were there ought in me which ſtrove to ſhew
Mine Enemy in this Buſineſs, were't one Eye
Againſt another, Arm oppreſt by Arm,
I would deſtroy th' Offender; Coz, I would,
Though Parcel of myſelf; then from this gather
How I ſhould tender you.
Arc. I am in Labour
To puſh your Name, your antient Love, our Kindred
Out of my Memory; and i'th' ſelf-ſame Place

We allow it to be more correct, but a Correctneſs which Poets delight ſometimes to ſhun. Thus, in the firſt Act of this Play, *Theſeus*, in parting from *Hippolita*, ſays,

I ſtamp this Kiſs upon thy currant *Lip.*

As he was in haſte, the *Currancy* more properly belong'd to him and his Kiſs, than to *Hippolita*, and preciſe Exactneſs would have ſaid,

I ſtamp this currant *Kiſs upon thy Lip.*

Currant here I allow to be equivocal, and relates to the Currancy of Coin as well as to his Haſte; but this ſtill makes it more applicable to the Kiſs, for it immediately follows,

Sweet, keep it as a Token.

To

To ſeat ſomething I would confound; ſo hoiſt we
The Sails, that muſt theſe Veſſels part, ev'n where
The Heav'nly Limiter pleaſes.
Pal. You ſpeak well;
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, Couſin,
This I ſhall never do again.
Arc. One farewel.
Pal. Why let it be ſo: Farewel Coz.
Arc. Farewel, Sir. [*Exeunt* Palamon *and his Knights.*
Knights, Kinſmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices,
True Worſhippers of *Mars*, whoſe Spirit in you
Expels the Seeds of Fear, (79) and th' Apprehenſion
Which ſtill is farther off it, go with me
Before the God of our Profeſſion: There
Require of him the Hearts of Lions, and
The Breath of Tigers, yea the Fierceneſs too,
Yea, the Speed alſo; to go on, I mean,
Elſe wiſh we to be Snails; you know my Prize
Muſt be dragg'd out of Blood, (80) Force and great Feat
Muſt put my Garland on, where ſhe will ſtick
The Queen of Flow'rs; our Interceſſion then
Muſt be to him that makes the Camp, a Ceſtron
(81) Brim'd with the Blood of Men; give me your Aid
And bend your Spirits towards him. [*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy Pow'r haſt turn'd
(82) Green *Neptune* into Purple; whoſe Approach
Comets prewarn, whoſe Havock in vaſt Field
Unearthed

(79) ——— ——— *and th' Apprehenſion*
Which ſtill is farther of it,——] Mr. *Theobald* in his Margin, reads, —— Father *of it*,———
I had only added a Letter to the *of*, and read,
——*farther* off *it*,——
Which is confirm'd by the old *Quarto*.

(80) —— *Force and great* Fear] *Fear* for *Feat* is the Error only of the late Editions; but the Miſtake was viſible at firſt Reading to all three, for I find it in Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin corrected, and afterwards in newer Ink *old Quarto*.

(81) Prim'd *with the Blood of Men*;——] Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurr'd in reading *Brim'd* for *Prim'd*, and we found it confirm'd by the old *Quarto*.

(82) *Green* Neptune *into Purple*,
Comets prewarn, whoſe Havock in vaſt Field, &c] With this great

Unearthed Skulls proclaim, (83) whoſe Breath blows down,
The teeming *Ceres* foyzon, who doſt pluck
With Hand armipotent from forth blue Clouds,
The maſon'd Turrets, that both mak'ſt and break'ſt
The ſtony Girths of Cities; me thy Pupil,
(84) Young Follower of thy Drum, inſtruct this Day
With Military Skill, that to thy Laud
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee
Be ſtil'd the Lord o'th' Day, give me, great *Mars*,
Some Token of thy Pleaſure.

[*Here they fall on their Faces as formerly, and there is heard Clanging of Armour, with a ſhort Thunder, as the burſt of a Battel, whereupon they all riſe, and bow to the Altar.*

Oh great Corrector of enormous Times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand Decider
Of duſty and old Titles, that heal'ſt with Blood

great Deficiency of Senſe and Meaſure has this Paſſage been hitherto printed. The Senſe is eaſily reſtor'd, becauſe tho' half the Sentence is loſt, the two remaining Words, *Comets prewarn*, ſufficiently point out the meaning; for that *Comets prewarn or foretel Wars* is the vulgar as well as poetical Creed; thus *Milton*,

——— *and like a Comet burn'd,*
That fires the Length of Ophiucus *huge*
In th' Arctic Sky, and from his horrid Hair
Shakes Peſtilence and War.

The *Rage*, the *Ravage*, the *Devaſtations* of *Mars* will give the Idea requir'd; but among theſe and many other Words that would ſuit the Senſe, only two have occur'd that ſupply both Senſe and Meaſure, *viz. Approach* and *Deſtructions*, the former is certainly the beſt Word, therefore bids very fair for having been the Original.

(83) ——— —— *whoſe Breath blows down,*
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who doſt pluck
When *Hand* armenipotent *from* both *blue Clouds,*
The maſon'd Turrets, that both mak'ſt and break'ſt, &c.] In this confus'd State have the late Editions given this Paſſage. We all three concurr'd in the Amendment of it. The old *Quarto* confirms our Amendments in part, it has *Ceres* in the ſecond, and *forth* in the third Line, but a wrong Glance of the Printer's Eye took *both* from the Line below and put it in its Place. The other Miſtakes, *When* for *With*, and *armenipotent* for *armipotent*, had their Riſe in the old *Quarto*. *Armipotent* is apply'd to *Mars* by *Chaucer* in the ſame Tale of *Palamon* and *Arcite*.

(84) Youngeſt *Follower of thy Drum*,—] Former Editions.

The

The Earth when it is ſick, and cur'ſt the World
O' th' pleuriſie of People; I do take
Thy Signs auſpiciouſly, and in thy Name
To my Deſign march boldly; let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Temple of* Venus.

Enter Palamon *and his Knights.*

Pal. Our Stars muſt gliſter with new Fire, or be
To day extinct; our Argument is Love,
Which if the Goddeſs of it grant, ſhe gives
Victory too, then blend your Spirits with mine,
You, whoſe free Nobleneſs do make my Cauſe
Your perſonal Hazard; to the Goddeſs *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her Power unto our Party. [*Here they kneel.*
Hail Sovereign Queen of Secrets, who haſt Power
To call the fierceſt Tyrant from his Rage,
(85) To weep unto a Girl; that haſt the might
Ev'n with an Eye-glance to choak *Mars*'s Drum,
And turn th' Alarm to whiſpers; that canſt make
A Cripple flouriſh with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may'ſt force the King
To be his Subjects Vaſſal, (86) and induce
Stale Gravity to dance, the polled Bachelor,
Whoſe Freaks of Youth like wanton Boys through Bonfires
Have skipt thy Flame, at ſeventy thou can'ſt catch
And make him to the ſcorn of his hoarſe Throat
Abuſe

(85) *And weep* unto *a Girl*;——] Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin ſays *into* i. e. *till he become tender as a Girl.* But ſurely to become a whining Lover and weep unto a Girl, is an Idea more proper to the Context. I cannot indeed make it connect Grammatically with the former Part of the Sentence, without changing *and* to *To.*

(86) ——,——*and induce*
State Gravity to the pould *Batchelor,*
Whoſe Youth like wanton Boys thro' Bonfires
Have skipt thy Flame,——] The Text of the late Editions remaining thus mangled; I ſent Mr. *Theobald* before his Death the following Note—The ſecond Verſe wants three Syllables, and the third two to compleat the Meaſure, and the Senſe has ſared worſe.

As

Abuſe young lays of Love; what Godlike Power
Haſt thou not Power upon? To *Phœbus* thou
Add'ſt Flames, hotter than his; the heav'nly Fires
Did ſcorch his mortal Son, thine him; the Huntreſs
All moiſt and cold, ſome ſay, began to throw
Her Bow away, and ſigh; take to thy Grace
Me thy vow'd Soldier, who do bear thy Yoak
As 'twere a wreath of Roſes, yet it is
Heavier than Lead itſelf, ſtings more than Nettles;
I've never been foul-mouth'd againſt thy Law;
Ne'er reveal'd Secret, for I knew none; would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon Man's Wife, nor would the Libels read
Of liberal Wits: I never at great Feaſts
Sought to betray a Beauty, but have bluſh'd
At ſimpring Sirs that did: I have been harſh
To large Confeſſors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
If they had Mothers, I had one, a Woman,
And Women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a Man
Of eighty Winters, (this I told them) who
A Laſs of fourteen brided, 'twas thy Power
To put Life into Duſt; the aged Cramp
Had ſcrew'd his ſquare Foot round,
The Gout had knit his Fingers into Knots,
Torturing Convulſions from his globy Eyes,

As *Venus* makes the Cripple flouriſh with his Crutch, the King a Vaſſal to his Subjects, *&c.* ſhe muſt make *ſtale Gravity* take his Contraſt too, and *friſk* or *skip*, or *ſport* or *dance*, or any Word of the like import; the Remainder of the Sentence carries on the like Idea, and *peul'd* is what we now ſpell *poll'd*, depilatus; bald-headed *Chaucer*'s Word is *pilled*, as *The Pardoner with his pilled Poll.* If we make *poll*'d a Monoſyllable we may read,

Stale Gravity to friſk *it, the* poli'd *Batchelor*, &c.

If we make it a Diſſyllable, we may uſe any of the Verbs above ſingly. As to the Deficiency of the next Line, we may either fill it with an Epithet to *Youth*, as *active*, *airy*, *frolick*, &c. and change *have* to *had*, or which is more probable we may read *Freaks of Youth*, or *Sports* or *Pranks*, or *Years*, or *Days:* The firſt ſeems moſt Poetical. Such were my Conjectures on this Paſſage: and when I receiv'd the old Quarto I found *dance* was the Verb omitted in the firſt Sentence; the Text in other reſpects being the ſame with the late Editions: I therefore hope the other Corrections bid fair for having been the Original.

Had almoſt drawn their Spheres, that what was Life
In him ſeem'd Torture; this Anatomy
Had by (87) his young fair Pheer a Boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for ſhe ſwore it was,
And who would not believe her? (88) Brief; I am
To thoſe that prate, and have done no Companion;
To thoſe that boaſt and have not a Defier;
To thoſe that would and cannot a Rejoycer.
Yea him I do not love, that tells cloſe Offices
The fouleſt way, nor names concealments in
The boldeſt Language, ſuch a one I am,
And vow that Lover never yet made ſigh
Truer than I. Oh then moſt ſoft ſweet Goddeſs,
Give me the Victory of this Queſtion, which
Is true Love's merit, and bleſs me with a Sign
Of thy great Pleaſure.

[*Here Muſick is heard, Doves are ſeen to flutter, they fall again upon their Faces, then on their Knees.*

Pal.

(87) ——*his young fair* Sphere——] The Word *Sphere* was repeated by the Printer from the Line above, the Word is either *Pheer* or *Fere*, or *Feer*, for it's ſpelt all three Ways, as in an Epitaph in *Campden*. *With Margaret his Fere*, i. e. *Wife*. In *Chaucer* and *Spencer* the Word is common; but as in the laſt Speech of the former Act we have *Play-Pheers*, it is beſt here to ſpell it *Pheer*, *i. e.* Companion, Equal, Fellow, Spouſe. Mr. *Sympſon* and Mr. *Theobald* concur'd in the Emendation.

(88) ——————— *Brief I am*
To thoſe that prate and have done; no Companion
To thoſe that boaſt and have not; a Defier
To thoſe that would and cannot; a Rejoicer.] By this Pointing, in all the former Editions, the Sentence ends quite lame, and he is made to *defy* the impotent Letcher, whom he ſhould only laugh at and deſpiſe. Theſe falſe Points are more dangerous, as *being brief to thoſe that prate and have done* ſeems good Senſe, and this probably miſled the Editors and made them point every Part wrong. By underſtanding *Brief*, adverbially, *i. e. in ſhort*, or *to ſum up the whole*, we ſhall reſtore Propriety and Beauty to the whole Paſſage. The virtuous Modeſty of *Palamon* in this Speech is ſufficient to regain the Favour of the Reader, which his Violence to his Friend had before perhaps forfeited. What was ſaid in the ſecond Act of the Difficulty of judging whether *Shakeſpear* or *Fletcher* had the greateſt Hand in the Scene of the two Kinſmen in Priſon, is applicable to this, and indeed to all the Scenes in which they appear. *Fletcher* frequently writes as well,

Pal. Oh thou that from eleven to ninety reign'ſt
In mortal Boſoms, whoſe Chaſe is this World,
And we in Herds thy Game; I give thee thanks
For this fair Token, which being laid unto
Mine innocent true Heart, arms in aſſurance [*They bow.*
My Body to this Buſineſs; let us riſe
And bow before the Goddeſs: Time comes on. [*Exeunt.*
[*Still Muſick of Records.*

Enter Emilia *in white, her Hair about her Shoulders, a wheaten Wreath: One in white holding up her Train, her Hair ſtuck with Flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hind, in which is conveyed Incenſe and ſweet Odors, which being ſet upon the Altar, her Maid ſtanding aloof, ſhe ſets Fire to it, then they curt'ſy and kneel.*

Emil. Oh ſacred, ſhadowy, cold and conſtant Queen,
Abandoner of Revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As wind-fan'd Snow, who to thy Female Knights
Allow'ſt no more Blood than will make a Bluſh,
Which is their Orders Robe; I here thy Prieſt
Am humbled 'fore thine Altar, Oh vouchſafe.
With that thy rare (89) ſheen Eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy Virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtreſs, lend thine Ear
(90) (Which ne'er heard ſcurril Term, into whoſe Port
Ne'er

well, and *Shakeſpear* perhaps alone of all our Dramatick Poets can be ſaid ever to have wrote better.

(89) *With that thy rare* green *Eye,*——] *Diana* is here addreſs'd only as the Goddeſs of Chaſtity, but how the Epithet *Green-ey'd* can be applicable to her (unleſs in a Senſe too ridiculous to be nam'd) either as ſuch or as the Goddeſs of the Woods, or as *Hecate, Lucina, Iſis* or *Cybele* I cannot diſcover. Being forc'd therefore to treat it as a Corruption, a Word very near in Sound and Letters has occur'd, that is perfectly applicable to her. I read, thy rare *ſheen* Eye, *i. e.* extremely ſhining The Epithets *nivea, candida, lucifera* ſo frequent in the Latin Claſſicks are fully expreſs'd by this, and it is the more proper, as the cold Brightneſs of the Moon ſeems to be the Reaſon of her being conſtituted Goddeſs of Chaſtity.

(90)——————*thine Ear*
——————*into whoſe Port*] Mr. *Theobald* reads, *Porch* and quotes *Hamlet:*

Ne'er entered wanton Sound,) to my Petition
Seaſon'd with holy Fear, this is my laſt
Of veſtal Office, I'm Bride-habited,
But Maiden-hearted; a Husband I have pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I ſhould
Chuſe one, and pray for his Succeſs, but I
Am guiltleſs of Election of mine Eyes;
Were I to loſe one, they are equal precious,
I could doom neither, that which periſh'd ſhould
Go to't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt modeſt Queen,
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt loves me
And has the trueſt Title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten Garland, or elſe grant
The file and quality I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

[*Here the Hind vaniſhes under the Altar, and in the Place aſcends a Roſe-Tree, having one Roſe upon it.*

See what our General of Ebbs and Flows
Out from the Bowels of her holy Altar
With ſacred Act advances: But one Roſe,
If well inſpir'd, this Battle ſhall confound
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a Virgin Flower
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a ſudden twang of Inſtruments, and the Roſe falls from the Tree.*

The Flower is fall'n, the Tree deſcends: Oh Miſtreſs
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gather'd,
I think ſo, but I know not thine own Will;
Unclaſp the Myſtery: I hope ſhe's pleas'd,
Her Signs were gracious. [*They curt'ſey, and Exeunt.*

Into the Porches *of my Ears did pour*
The leprous Diſtilment.

Mr. *Theobald* follows ſeveral great Criticks, particularly Dr. *Bentley* in thinking an Author's uſe of a Metaphor at one time is a Reaſon why he ſhould repeat the ſame, when it is again applicable; but perhaps the very Reverſe is true: A good Poet will always avoid Tautology if he can, and will not repeat his own or any other Perſon's Expreſſion, if another occurs full as good. Thus *Port* in this Place being full as good a Word as *Porch*, for the ſake of Novelty would be moſt probably preferr'd to it.

SCENE

SCENE. II.

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer in Habit of Palamon.

Doct. Has this Advice I told you, done any good on her?

Wooer. Oh very much, the Maids that kept her Company
Have half perſuaded her that I am *Palamon*;
Within this half hour ſhe came ſmiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiſs her:
I told her preſently, and kiſt her twice.

Doct. 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better,
For there the Cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then ſhe told me
She'd watch with me to Night, for well ſhe knew
What hour my Fit would take me.

Doct. Let her do ſo,
And when your Fit comes, fit her home, and preſently.

Wooer. She'd have me ſing.

Doct. You did ſo?

Wooer. No.

Doct. 'Twas very
Ill done then, y' ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.

Wooer. Alas I have no Voice, Sir, to confirm her
That way. *Doct.* That's all one, if ye make a Noiſe,
If ſhe intreat again, do any thing,
Lie with her if ſhe ask you.

Jail. Hoa there Doctor.

Doct. Yes, in the way of Cure.

Jail. But firſt, by your leave,
I' th' way of Honeſty.

Doct. That's but a Niceneſs,
Nev'r caſt your Child away for Honeſty;
Cure her firſt this way, then if ſhe will be Honeſt
She has the Path before her.

Jail. Thank ye, Doctor.

Doct. Pray bring her in, and let's ſee how ſhe is.

Jail. I will, and tell her

Her *Palamon* ſtays for her, but Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong ſtill. [*Exit Jailor.*

Doct. Go, go, You Fathers are fine Fools; her Honeſty?
And we ſhould give her Phyſick till we find that!

Wooer. Why, do you think ſhe is not honeſt, Sir?

Doct. How old is ſhe?

Wooer. She's Eighteen.

Doct. She may be,
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our Purpoſe:
Whate'er her Father ſays, if you perceive
Her Mood inclining that way that I ſpoke of,
Videlicet, *The way of Fleſh*, you have me.

Wooer. Yes very well, Sir.

Doct. Pleaſe her Appetite
And do it home, it cures her *ipſo facto*,
O' th' melancholy Humour that infects her.

Wooer. I am of your Mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doct. You'll find it ſo; ſhe comes, (91) pray humour her.

Jail. Come, your Love *Palamon* ſtays for you Child,
And has done this long Hour, to viſit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle Patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I'm much bound to him,
Did you ne'er ſee the Horſe he gave me?

Jail. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jail. He's a very fair one.

Daugh. You never ſaw him dance?

Jail. No.

Daugh. I have often,
He dances very finely, very comely,
And for a Jigg, come cut and long Tail to him,
He turns ye like a Top.

Jail. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the *Morris* twenty Mile an Hour.

(91) ——————*Pray* honour *her*] Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympſon* and another Friend all concur'd in the Emendation inſerted in the Text, which ſeems ſelf-evident as ſoon as mention'd.

And

And that will founder the beſt Hobby-Horſe
(If I have any Skill) in all the Pariſh,
(92) And gallops to the tune of *Light o'love:*
What think you of this Horſe?
Jail. Having theſe Virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.
Daugh. Alas that's nothing.
Jail. Can he write and read too?
Daugh A very fair Hand, and caſts himſelf th' Accounts
Of all his Hay and Provender; that Hoſtler
Muſt riſe betime that cozens him; you know
The Cheſnut Mare the Duke has?
Jail. Very well.
Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor Beaſt,
But he is like his Maſter, coy and ſcornful.
Jail. What Dowry has ſhe?
Daugh. Some two hundred (93) Bottles
And twenty ſtrike of Oats; but he'll ne'er have her;
He liſps in's Neighing, able to entice
A Miller's Mare, he'll be the death of her.
Doct. What ſtuff ſhe utters?
Jail. Make curt'ſie, here your Love comes.
Wooer. Pretty Soul,
How do ye? That's a fine Maid, there's a curt'ſie.
Daugh. Yours to command o' th' way of Honeſty;
How far is't now to th' end o' th' World, my Maſters?
Doct. Why a Day's journey, Wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What ſhall we do there, Wench?
Daugh. Why, play at Stoot-ball.
What is there elſe to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we ſhall keep our Wedding there.

(92) *And gallops to the* turn *of* Light o'love:] Mr. *Theobald* concur'd with me in reading *Tune* for *Turn*, which ſeems alſo ſelf evident. *Light o' Love* is the beginning of a Song frequently mention'd by our Authors.

(93)—————————*Bottles*,] *i. e.* Bottles of Hay, ſome ſpell it Pottles.

Daugh. 'Tis true,
For there I will aſſure you we ſhall find
Some blind Prieſt for the purpoſe, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and fooliſh;
Beſides, my Father muſt be hang'd to Morrow,
And that would be a blot i'th' Buſineſs.
Are not you *Palamon?*

Wooer. Do not you know me?

Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this poor Petticoat, and two coarſe Smocks.

Wooer. That's all one, I will have you.

Daugh. Will you ſurely?

Wooer. Yes, by this fair Hand will I.

Daugh. We'll to Bed then.

Wooer. Ev'n when you will.

(94) *Jail.* Oh Sir, you'd fain be nibling.

Wooer. Why do you rub my Kiſs off?

Daugh. 'Tis a ſweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainſt the Wedding.
Is n't this your Couſin *Arcite?*

Doct. Yes Sweet-heart,
And I am glad my Couſin *Palamon*
Has made ſo fair a Choice.

Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?

Doct. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Do you think ſo too?

Jail. Yes.

Daugh. (95) We ſhall have many Children: Lord, how y're grown?
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at Liberty; alas poor Chicken,

(94) Daugh. *Oh Sir, you'd fain be nibling.*] This ſeems evidently to belong to the Father, who cannot eaſily conſent to the Remedy propos'd by the Doctor.

(95) *We ſhall have many Children: Lord, how you are*
My Palamon *I hope will grow too finely*] There is a Deficiency in the Senſe of the firſt Line by the loſs of a Word. Mr. *Sympſon* concurs with me in reading,

——————*Lord! how you're* grown?

That *grown* is the Word dropt, is evident from the connective Particle *too* in the next Line.

H' was

H' was kept down with hard Meat, and ill Lodging,
But I will kiſs him up again.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. What do you here?
You'll loſe the nobleſt ſight, that e'er was ſeen.
Jail. Are they i'th' Field?
Meſſ. They are,
You bear a Charge there too.
Jail. I'll away ſtraight,
I muſt ev'n leave you here.
Doct. Nay, we'll go with you,
I will not loſe the Fight.
Jail. How did you like her?
Doct. I'll warrant you within theſe three or four Days
I'll make her right again. You muſt not from her,
But ſtill preſerve her in this Way.
Wooer. I will.
Doct. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, Sweet, we'll go to Dinner,
And then we'll play at Cards.
Daugh. And ſhall we kiſs too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty.
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll ſleep together.
Doct. Take her Offer.
Wooer. Yes marry will we.
Daugh. But you ſhall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, Sweet.
Daugh. If you do, Love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous; (96) *and ſome Attendants,*

Emil. I'll no ſtep further.
Per. Will you loſe this ſight?
Emil. I had rather ſee a Wren hawk at a Fly,

96 *And ſome Attendants*, T. Tuck; Curtis.] Here from the Prompter's Book we have probably the Names of two Crndle ſnuffers handed down to Poſterity,

Than

Than this Deciſion; ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave Life, each Stroke laments the Place
Whereon it falls, and ſounds more like a Bell,
Than Blade: I will ſtay here, it is enough,
My hearing ſhall be puniſhed with what
Shall happen, and againſt the which there is
No deafing, but to hear; not taint mine Eye
With dread Sights it may ſhun.

Per. Sir, my good Lord,
Your Siſter will no further.

Theſ. Oh ſhe muſt.
(97) She ſhall ſee Deeds of Honour in their kind,
Which Time ſhall ſhew well pencill'd; Nature now
Shall make and act the Story, the belief
Both ſeal'd with Eye and Ear. You muſt be preſent,
You are the Victors Meed, the Price, and Garland
To crown the Queſtion's Title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd wink.

Theſ. You muſt be there;
This Tryal is as 'twere i'th' Night, and you
The only Star to ſhine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but Envy in that Light, which ſhows
The one the other; (98) Darkneſs which ever was
The Dam of Horror, who does ſtand accurſt
Of many mortal Millions, may ev'n now,
By caſting her black Mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herſelf
Some part of a good Name, and many a Murther

Set

(97) *She ſhall ſee Deeds of Honour in their kind,*
Which ſometime *ſhew well pencill'd;*——] Deeds of Honour are not only *ſometimes* but at all times *well pencill'd, i. e.* worthy to be engrav'd on the Memory, *ſometime* therefore is probably a corrupt Reading, and *Time ſhall* as probably the true one, as it gives the Senſe requir'd by the Context.

(98) ——— *Darkneſs which ever was*
The Dame *of Horror,*————] *Dame, i. e.* Miſtreſs or Queen of Horror, is Senſe, but Mr. *Sympſon* ſent me a better Reading, *Dam*, or Mother of Horror, and on the conſulting the old Quarto I found it the true one. The Sentiment and Diction here are extremely noble; and indeed the Play almoſt every where abounds with ſuch

Set off whereto ſhe's guilty.
Hip. You muſt go.
Emil. In Faith I will not.
Theſ. Why the Knights muſt kindle
Their Valour at your Eye. Know, of this War
You are the Treaſure, and muſt needs be by
To give the Service Pay.
Emil. Sir, pardon me,
The Title of a Kingdom may be try'd
Out of itſelf.
Theſ. Well, well then, at your Pleaſure,
Thoſe that remain with you could wiſh their Office
To any of their Enemies.
Hip. Farewel, Siſter,
I'm like to know your Husband 'fore yourſelf
By ſome ſmall ſtart of Time, he whom the Gods
Do of the two know beſt, I pray them, he
Be made your Lot. [*Exeunt* Theſ. Hip. Per. *&c.*
Emil. *Arcite* is gently viſag'd; yet his Eye
Is like an Engine bent, or a ſharp Weapon
In a ſoft Sheath; Mercy, and manly Courage
Are Bed-fellows in his Viſage: *Palamon*
Has a moſt menacing Aſpect, his Brow
Is grav'd, and ſeems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet ſometimes 'tis not ſo, but alters to
The quality of his Thoughts; long time his Eye
Will dwell upon his Object; Melancholy
Becomes him nobly; ſo does *Arcite*'s Mirth;
But *Palamon*'s Sadneſs is a kind of Mirth,
So mingled, as if Mirth did make him ſad,
And Sadneſs, merry; (99) thoſe darker Humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in a fair Dwelling. Hark

[*Cornets. Trumpets ſound as to a Charge.*

ſuch ſublimity of both; that were the Beauties to be mark'd with Aſteriſms, after Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Warburton*'s Manner, ſcarce a Page would be left uncover'd with them.

(99) ——————*thoſe darker Humours that*
Stick miſ-becomingly on others, on them
Live in fair Dwelling.] *Arcite* does not appear to have any of the melancholy or darker Humours; theſe therefore ſeem only applicable

(100) Hark how yon Spurs to Spirit do incite
The Princes to their Proof, *Arcite* may win me,
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite*, to
The ſpoiling of his Figure. O what Pity's
Enough for ſuch a Chance! if I were by
I might do hurt, for they would glance their Eyes
Toward my Seat, and in that Motion might
(101) Omit a Ward, or forfeit an Offence
Which crav'd that very time; it is much better.
[*Cornets. A great cry, and noiſe within, crying A* Palamon.
I am not there, oh better never born
Than miniſter to ſuch harm: What is the Chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Cry's a *Palamon.*

Emil. Then he has won;
'Twas ever likely,
He look'd all Grace and Succeſs, and he is
Doubtleſs the prim'ſt of Men; I prithee run
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and Cornets*; *crying A* Palamon.

Ser Still *Palamon.*

Emil. Run and enquire; poor Servant thou haſt loſt,

applicable to *Palamon*, and make it probable that we ſhould read *on him*, inſtead of *on them.*

(100) *Hark how* your *Spurs*——] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* join'd in the Correction.

(101) *Omit a* Ward, *or forfeit an* Offence] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *Defence*, but *Ward* and *Defence* is the ſame thing. *Offence* is the reverſe to *Ward*, as Weapons of Offence and Defence. To forfeit an Offence therefore, is to miſs the Opportunity of ſtriking ſome advantageous Blow, that might give the Victory. The Weapon uſed in the legal Duello in *England* was only a Batoon or Truncheon, and this was deſign'd by the Authors to be underſtood of the preſent Combat. It is extremely beautiful to have this Duel perform'd behind the Scenes, yet within hearing. All Battles on the Stage make, as *Shakeſpear* ſays, but *Brawls ridiculous.* Here is a Method of concealing all the Aukwardneſs of ſuch Combats, and keeping the Attention of the Audience upon the full Stretch. It was an Art well known to the *Greek* Tragedians, as in the famous Inſtance of *Clytemneſtra*'s Murder, who is heard to deprecate her Son's Vengeance behind the Scenes, and *Electra* upon the Stage continues to irritate it. I don't remember either in *Shakeſpear* or *Fletcher* any Inſtance of this kind before this Combat. As *Fletcher* was a Scholar and *Shakeſpear* not one in *Greek* the former was probably the Author here.

Upon

Upon my right Side ſtill I wore thy Picture,
Palamon's on the left, why ſo I know not,
(102) I had no end in't; Chance would have it ſo.
[*Another Cry and Shout within, and Cornets.*
On the ſiniſter Side the Heart lies; *Palamon*
Had the beſt-boding Chance; this burſt of Clamour
Is ſure the end o'th' Combat.

Enter Servant.

Ser. They ſaid that *Palamon* had *Arcite*'s Body
Within an Inch o'th' Pyramid, that the Cry
Was general a *Palamon*; but anon,
Th' Aſſiſtants made a brave Redemption, and
The two bold Tilters at this Inſtant are
Hand to Hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no Woman
Worth ſo compos'd a Man; (103) their ſingle Share,
The prejudice of Diſparity values Shortneſs
[*Cornets. Cry within*, Arcite, Arcite.
To any Lady breathing——More exulting?
Palamon ſtill?

Ser. Nay, now the Sound is *Arcite*.

Emil. I prithee lay Attention to the Cry.
[*Cornets. A great Shout, and cry* Arcite, *Victory.*
Set both thine Ears to th' Buſineſs.

Ser. The Cry is
Arcite, and Victory, hark, *Arcite*, Victory,
The Combat's Conſummation is proclaim'd
By the Wind-Inſtruments.

(102) *I had no end in't*; elſe *Chance would have it ſo.*] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* would read *leſs*, *i. e.* unleſs: And that too was my firſt Conjecture. But more probably the Particle *elſe* may be a mere Interpolation, for the Senſe and Meaſure are better without it.

(103) ——— *their ſingle Share,*
The Prejudice of Diſparity values Shortneſs
To any Lady breathing——] Tho' the Intention of the Author is very evident here, *viz.* That each of them ſingle would in Worth out-balance any Lady breathing. Yet how to conſtrue the Words as they ſtand, or how to range them ſo as to give this Senſe, I muſt leave to ſome more fortunate Expoſitor.

Emil.

Emil. Half Sights ſaw
That *Arcite* was no Babe; God's 'lid, his Richneſs
And Coſtlineſs of Spirit lookt through him; it could
No more be hid in him, than Fire in Flax,
Than humble Banks can go to Law with Waters,
That drift Winds force to Raging; I did think
Good *Palamon* would miſcarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think ſo; our Reaſons are not Prophets,
When oft our Fancies are; they're coming off:
Alas poor *Palamon.* [*Cornets.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite *as Victor, and Attendants*, &c.

Theſ. Lo, where our Siſter is in Expectation,
Yet quaking, and unſettled; faireſt *Emilia*,
The Gods by their Divine Arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever ſtruck at Head: Give me your Hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A Love that grows, as you decay.
Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have loſt what's deareſt to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchaſe cheaply,
As I do rate your Value.
Theſ. Oh lov'd Siſter,
He ſpeaks now of as brave a Knight as e'er
Did ſpur a noble Steed: ſurely the Gods
Would have him die a Batchelor, leſt his Race
Should ſhow i'th' World too Godlike; his Behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought *Alcides* was
To him a Sow of Lead; if I could praiſe
Each part of him to th' all I've ſpoke, your *Arcite*
Did not loſe by't; for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his Better. I have heard
(104) Two emulous Philomels, beat the Ear o'th' Night
With

(104) *Two emulous Philomels,*——] I cannot paſs by this Simile without begging the Reader to give a due Attention to it, as it may rank with the moſt beautiful Deſcriptions of the Nightingale that are met with in *Virgil* and *Milton*. It is alſo totally different from all the Attitudes of this Angel of Night that thoſe Poets, who were ſo enamour'd

With their contentious Throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the firſt,
And by and by out-breaſted, that the Senſe
Could not be judge between 'em; ſo it far'd
Good Space between theſe Kinſmen; till Heav'ns did
Make hardly one the Winner. Wear the Garland
With Joy that you have won; for the ſubdu'd,
Give them our preſent Juſtice, ſince I know
Their Lives but pinch 'em, let it here be done;
The Scene's not for our ſeeing, go we hence,
Right joyful, with ſome Sorrow. Arm your Prize,
I know you will not loſe her; *Hippolita*
I ſee one Eye of yours conceives a Tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flouriſh.*

Emil. Is this winning?
Oh all you heav'nly Powers, where is your Mercy?
But that your Wills have ſaid it muſt be ſo,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miſerable Prince that cuts away
A Life more worthy from him, than all Women;
I ſhould, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite Pity,
That four ſuch Eyes ſhould be ſo fix'd on one,
That two muſt needs be blind for't.

Theſ. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon *and his Knights pinion'd*; *Jailor*, *Executioner*, *and Guard.*

Pal. There's many a Man alive that hath out-liv'd
The Love o'th' People, yea, i'th' ſelf-ſame State

mour'd of her Song, have ever painted her in. It may be further obſerv'd that thoſe Similies ſtrike the moſt, which, in their own Natures, ſeem totally averſe to their Archetype, but are join'd to it in perfect Union by the Art of the Poet. What, at firſt Sight, could be more unlike than the Fury of a Combat to the Singing of Nightingales? Yet how charmingly are they marry'd together? They who are converſant in *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, &c. will be able to recollect many Inſtances of the like Nature.

Stands

Stands many a Father with his Child; ſome Comfort
We have by ſo conſidering; we expire,
And not without Mens Pity; to live ſtill,
Have their good Wiſhes; we prevent
The lothſome Miſery of Age, beguile
The Gout and Rheum, that in lag Hours attend
For grey Approachers; we come tow'rds the Gods
(105) Young, and unwarp'd, not halting under Crimes
Many and ſtale; that ſure ſhall pleaſe the Gods
Sooner than ſuch, to give us Nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear Spirits. My dear Kinſmen,
Whoſe Lives (for this poor Comfort) are laid down,
You've ſold 'em too too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the Victors have
Fortune, whoſe Title is as momentary,
As to us Death is certain; a Grain of Honour
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewel;
And with our Patience anger tott'ring Fortune,
Who at her certain'ſt reels.

3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, ſhall
Taſte to you all. Ah—ha, my Friend, my Friend,

(105) *Young, and* unwapper'd,——] *i. e.* ſays Mr. *Sympſon*, young and *unfrighten'd*. He quotes no Authority, nor can I find one in my Dictionaries. Mr. *Theobald* concurs with me in reading *unwarp'd*, which, ſuppoſing the former Word to be true *Engliſh* and to give the Idea mentioned, rather better agrees with the Senſe, and much better with the Meaſure of the Context. Thus *Valerio*, in *A Wife for a Month*, ſays in the like Circumſtances,

To die a young Man is to be an Angel;
Our yet good Parts put Wings unto our Souls.

And again,

As it [*Age*] *increaſes, ſo Vexations,*
Griefs of the Mind, Pains of the feeble Body,
Rheums, Coughs, Catarrs; We're but our living Coffins.
Beſides, the fair Soul's old too, it grows covetous,
And we are Earth again.—— See the whole Scene, Act 2.

P. S. I find in the Gloſſary to *Urry*'s *Chaucer*, *wapid* and *awhapid*, daunted, aſtoniſh'd. This is probably the ſame Word that Mr. *Sympſon* may have ſomewhere found ſpelt *wapper'd*.

Your

Your gentle Daughter gave me Freedom once,
You'll ſee't done now for ever; pray how does ſhe?
I heard ſhe was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me ſome Sorrow.
Jail. Sir, ſhe's well reſtor'd,
And to be married ſhortly.
Pal. By my ſhort Life
I am moſt glad on't; 'tis the lateſt thing
I ſhall be glad of, prithee tell her ſo;
Commend me to her, and to piece her Portion
Tender her this.
1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be Offerers all.
2 *Knight.* Is it a Maid?
Pal. Verily I think ſo,
A right good Creature, more to me deſerving
Than I can quit or ſpeak of.
All Knights. Commend us to her. [*They give their Purſes.*
Jail. The Gods requite you all,
And make her thankful.
Pal. Adieu; and let my Life be now as ſhort,
As my Leave-taking. [*Lies on the Block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous Couſin.
2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great Noiſe within, crying, Run, ſave, hold.*

Enter in haſte a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold, oh hold, hold, hold.

Enter Perithous *in haſte.*

Per. Hold, hoa; it is a curſed Haſte you made,
If you have done ſo quickly; noble *Palamon*,
The Gods will ſhew their Glory in a Life
That thou art yet to lead.
Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe? How do things fare?
Per. Ariſe, great Sir, and give the Tidings ear
(106) That are moſt dearly ſweet and bitter.

Pal.

(106) *That are moſt* early *ſweet, and bitter.*] Mr. *Sympſon* and I agree in rejecting *early* as a Corruption, but he reads *rarely ſweet*, and I *dearly*. The Adverb *dearly* in the Senſe of *exceedingly* or *extremely*.

Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our Dream?
Per. Liſt then: your Couſin,
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him, a Black one, owing
Not a hair worth of White, which ſome will ſay
Weakens his Price, and many will not buy
His Goodneſs with this Note: Which Superſtition
Here finds Allowance: On this Horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the Stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, than trample; for the Horſe
Would make his Length a Mile, if't pleas'd his Rider
To put Pride in him; as he thus went counting
The flinty Pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' Muſick
His own Hoofs made; (For as they ſay from Iron
Came Muſick's Origin) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturn*, and like him poſſeſt
With Fire malevolent, darted a Spark,
Or what fierce Sulphur elſe, to this End made,
I comment not; the hot Horſe, hot as Fire,
Took Toy at this, and fell to what Diſorder
His Power could give his Will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets ſchool-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind Manage, Pig-like he whines
At the ſharp Rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; ſeeks all foul means
Of boiſterous and rough Jadry, to diſſeat
His Lord that kept it bravely: When nought ſerv'd,

ſeems particularly beautiful when expreſſive of any of the tender Paſſions, whether of Joy or Sorrow, and after I had inſerted it in my Notes, I found in the laſt Speech of this Play a Confirmation of it:

——— ——— *for whom*——
But one Hour ſince, I was as dearly ſorry,
As glad of Arcite: ——

The repeated Uſe of the ſame Adverb, in the ſame Senſe, is not an Inſtance of that Tautology ſpoke of in the laſt Note of the firſt Scene of this Play, for a Metaphor repeated differs much from ſimple Words. Words, when they occur twice, muſt generally have the ſame Ideas fix'd to them; but Metaphors always containing double Ideas, with a Similitude between them, or, as has been frequently obſerv'd, being ſhort Similes, they ſhould be as ſeldom repeated as poſſible; as the ſame Simile ſhould not be uſed twice.

When

When neither Curb would crack, Girth break, nor diff'ring Plunges
Diſ-root his Rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his Legs, on his hind Hoofs on end he ſtands,
That *Arcite*'s Legs being higher than his Head,
Seem'd with ſtrange Art to hang: His Victor's Wreath
Even then fell off his Head: And preſently
Backward the Jade comes o'er, and his full Poize
Becomes the Rider's Load: Yet is he living,
But ſuch a Veſſel 'tis that floats but for
The Surge that next approaches: He much deſires
To have ſome Speech with you: Lo he appears.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite *in a Chair.*

Pal. O miſerable end of our Alliance!
(107) The Gods are mighty! *Arcite*, if thy Heart,
Thy worthy manly Heart be yet unbroken,
Give me thy laſt Words; I am *Palamon*,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take *Emilia*,
And with her all the World's Joy: Reach thy Hand,
Farewel; I've told my laſt Hour; (108) I was falſe, Yet

(107) *The Gods are mighty*, Arcite, *if thy Heart,*
Thy worthy, manly Heart be yet unbroken:
Give me thy laſt Words,———] The falſe Points here led Mr. *Theobald* into a wrong Track. He reads,
The Cords *are mighty*, Arcite, *if thy Heart,*
Thy worthy, &c.
He quotes *Henry* VIII. and *Webſter's Ducheſs of Malfy:*
There the Cords *of Life broke.*
But as *Arcite* had been but juſt before wounded by a Fall, there is no Room for ſuch a Reflexion: No, *Palamon* ſtill adhering to the juſtice of his Cauſe, and now finding that both the Promiſes of *Mars* and *Venus*, which ſeem'd ſo contradictory, were become true, he naturally makes an Acknowledgment of the Power of the Gods; and then turning to his Friend, deſires that if he has any Life left, he would exert it in taking his laſt Farewel in Friendſhip. Different Points give this Senſe very clearly.

(108) —— *I was falſe,*] I believe the Reader will not be eaſily convinc'd, that *Arcite* had been falſe. But our Authors ſeem to have been ſo poſſeſs'd of the Story from *Chaucer*, that they even forgot that they had inſerted an eſſential Part of it, the Oath between the two

Yet never treacherous; forgive me, Couſin:
One Kiſs from fair *Emilia:* 'Tis done:
Take her, I die.
Pal. Thy brave Soul ſeek *Elyſium.*
Emil. I'll cloſe thine Eyes, Prince; bleſſed Souls be with thee,
Thou art a right good Man, and while I live
This Day I give to Tears.
Pal. And I to Honour.
Theſ. In this Place firſt you fought: Even very here
I ſundred you, acknowledge to the Gods
Our Thanks that you are living:
His Part is play'd, and though it were too ſhort
He did it well, your Day is length'ned, and
The bliſsful Dew of Heav'n does (109) arouze you:
The powerful *Venus* well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your Love: Our Maſter *Mars*
Has vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have ſhew'd due Juſtice: Bear this hence.
Pal. O Couſin,
That we ſhould things deſire, which do coſt us
The Loſs of our Deſire; that nought could buy
Dear Love, but Loſs of dear Love.
Theſ. Never Fortune
Did play a ſubtler Game: The Conquer'd Triumphs,
The Victor has the Loſs; yet in the Paſſage
The Gods have been moſt equal: *Palamon,*
Your Kinſman hath confeſs'd the right o' th' Lady
Did lie in you, for you firſt ſaw her, and

Kinſmen never to rival, but always to aſſiſt each other in Love. This, as was before obſerv'd, would juſtify *Palamon*'s Anger and render him the more amiable Character. This ſeems the whole that is wanting (which might be added in three Lines) to render this Play equal to *Cymbaline, Meaſure for Meaſure, Twelfth-Night, As you like it,* and all the Plays of the Second Claſs of *Shakeſpear*; and to *The Maid's Tragedy, The Falſe One, The Bloody Brother,* the *King and No King, Philaſter, The Double Marriage,* and the reſt of the Firſt-rate Plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher.*

(109) ——— *arouze you:*] i. e. *water, ſprinkle;* bedew from the *French, arroſer.*

Even

Even then proclaim'd your Fancy: He reſtor'd her,
As your ſtol'n Jewel, and deſir'd your Spirit
To ſend him hence forgiven; the Gods my Juſtice
Take from my Hand, and they themſelves become
The Executioners: Lead your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the Stage of Death,
Whom I adopt my Friends. A Day or two
Let us look ſadly, and give Grace unto
The Funeral of *Arcite*, in whoſe end
The Viſages of Bridegrooms we'll put on,
And ſmile with *Palamon*; for whom an Hour,
But one Hour ſince, I was as dearly ſorry,
As glad of *Arcite:* And am now as glad,
As for him ſorry. O you (110) heav'nly Charmers,
What Things you make of us? For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are ſorry ſtill,
Are Children in ſome kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave Diſpute
That are above our Queſtion: Let's go off,
And bear us like the Time. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

(110) ——— *heav'nly Charmers,*] *i. e.* Inchanters, ruling us at their Will, whoſe Operations are beyond our Power to conceive, till we ſee the Effects of them.

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with School-Boys, cannot ſay,
I'm cruel fearful: Pray yet ſtay a while,
And let me look upon ye: No Man ſmile?
Then it goes hard I ſee; he that has
Lov'd a young handſom Wench then, ſhow his Face:
'Tis ſtrange if none be here, and if he will
Againſt his Conſcience, let him hiſs and kill
Our Market: 'Tis in vain, I ſee, to ſtay ye,
Have at the worſt can come, then; Now what ſay ye?
And yet miſtake me not: I am not bold
We've no ſuch Cauſe. If the Tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honeſt Purpoſe it was meant ye)
We have our End; and ye ſhall have ere long
(111) *I dare ſay many a better, to prolong*
Your old Loves to us; We, and all our Might,
Reſt at your Service; Gentlemen, good Night. [Flouriſh.

(111) *I dare ſay many a better,*——] Here the ſame Modeſty of the Authors ſhews itſelf as in the Prologue, and ſtrengthens the Probability of the two great Authors having nearly an equal Share of the Play. Had *Fletcher* finiſh'd a Work of *Shakeſpear*'s, he would probably have ſpoke in a different Stile.

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

THIERRY *and* THEODORET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

THierry, Theodoret, } *Brothers, and Kings of* France *and* Austracia.
Martell, *a Soldier, Friend to* Theodoret.
Protaldye, *Gallant to* Brunhalt.
Bawdher, Lecure, } *Two Panders.*
Vitry, *a disbanded Officer.*

WOMEN.

Brunhalt, *Mother to* Thierry *and* Theodoret.
Ordella, *the King of* Arragon's *Daughter, marry'd to* Thierry.
Memberge, Theodoret's *Daughter.*
Ladies.
Revellers.
Courtiers.
Huntsmen.

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

THIERRY *and* THEODORET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt *and* Bawdher.

BRUNHALT.

(1) TAX me with these hot Tainters ?
Theod. You're too sudden ;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your Honour! how these Courses,
Of loose and lazy Pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known ; your Mind that grants no Limit,
And all your Actions follow, which loose People
That see but through a Mist of Circumstance
Dare term Ambitious ; all your Ways hide Sores

(1) *Tax me with these hot* Tainters ?] Mr. *Theobald* would read *hot Taints* ; and indeed I meet with no Instance of *Tainters* but here, but I always understood it, as *Things that taint*, a Derivation perfectly consonant to the Genius of our Language, therefore shall not change it.

Opening

(2) Opening in the end to nothing but Ulcers.
Your Inſtruments like theſe may call the World,
And with a fearful Clamor, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From Example,
If not for Virtue's ſake, ye may be honeſt:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis neceſſary,
Becauſe you are yourſelf, and by yourſelf,
A ſelf-piece from the touch of Power and Juſtice,
You ſhould command yourſelf: You may imagine,
(Which cozens all the World, but chiefly Women)
The Name of Greatneſs glorifies your Actions;
And ſtrong Power, (3) like a Pent-houſe promiſes
To ſhade you from Opinion; take heed Mother,
And let us all take heed; (4) theſe moſt abuſe us.
The Sins we do, People behold through Opticks,
Which ſhews them ten times more than common Vices,
And often multiplies them: Then what Juſtice
Dare we inflict upon the weak Offenders,
When we are Thieves ourſelves?

Brun. This is *Martell*,
Studied and pen'd unto you, whoſe baſe Perſon
I charge you by the love you owe a Mother,
And as you hope for Bleſſings from her Prayers,
Neither to give Belief to, nor Allowance:
Next I tell you, Sir, you from whom Obedience

(2) *Opening in the end to nothing but Ulcers.*] The ancient *Engliſh* Poets were certainly not ſufficiently cautious of properly accenting their Verſes, inſomuch that it may be doubted whether they thought the Rule of accenting the even Syallables (*viz.* the ſecond, fourth, ſixth, eighth and tenth) a neceſſary Part of our Meaſure. This Line has the Accent upon all the odd Syallables, and, tho' the Thought is Poetry, it is not Verſe at all. Our Authors indeed in general have ſuch good Ears, and this is ſo eaſily made right Meaſure, that it may probably be a Corruption and the Original have run

To nothing opening in the end but Ulcers.

See the Rule above more fully explain'd with the Exception it admits in a Note in the firſt Scene of *Wit without Money*.

(3) ——*like a Pent-houſe promiſe*] Former Editions.

(4) ——theſe *moſt abuſe us*

The Sins we do, &c.] By this Pointing *theſe* relate to Sins; but then the Conſtruction of the Sequel becomes much embaraſs'd. By changing the Points and making *theſe* refer to the Antecedents *Greatneſs and Power*, all runs eaſy.

Is

Is ſo far fled, that you dare tax a Mother,
Nay further, brand her Honour with your Slanders,
And break into the Treaſures of her Credit,
Your Eaſineſs is abuſed, your Faith fraighted
With Lies, malicious Lies; your Merchant Miſchief;
He that ne'er knew more Trade than Tales, and tumbling
Suſpicions into honeſt Hearts; what you or he,
Or all the World dare lay upon my Worth,
This for your poor Opinions: I am ſhe,
And ſo will bear myſelf, whoſe Truth and Whiteneſs
Shall ever ſtand as far from theſe Detections
As you from Duty; get you better Servants,
People of honeſt Actions without Ends,
And whip theſe Knaves away, they eat your Favours,
And turn 'em unto Poiſons: My known Credit,
Whom all the Courts o'this ſide *Nile* have envied,
(5) And happy ſhe could cite me, brought in Queſtion,
Now in my Hours of Age and Reverence,
When rather Superſtition ſhould be rendred,
And by a Ruſh that one Day's warmth
Hath ſhot up to this ſwelling! give me Juſtice,
Which is his Life.

Theod. This is an Impudence,
And he muſt tell you ſo, that 'till now Mother
Brought ye a Son's Obedience, and now breaks it
Above the Sufferance of a Son.

Bawd. Bleſs us!
For I do now begin to (6) feel myſelf
Tucking into a Halter, and the Ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my Legs too.

Theod.

(5) *And happy ſhe could* ſite *me,*——] We all three concur in reading for *ſite*, *cite*, *i. e.* Who could cite or quote me as a Preſident to her Behaviour. But to give the old Reading its due force, it ſhould be obſerv'd that *ſite* a Verb from the Subſtantive *ſite* or Situation may make the Paſſage good Senſe; happy that Queen who could *ſite* or place herſelf in the ſame Rank of Honour with me. But this is rather too forc'd to be admitted without the Authority of ſome parallel Paſſage.

(6) ——————*feel myſelf*
Turning into a Halter, *and the Ladder*
Turning from me,——] *Turning into a Halter*, is no very natural Expreſſion, and nothing is ſo common as for Words to be repeated

Theod. Theſe Truths are no Man's Tales, but all Mens Troubles,
They are, though your ſtrange Greatneſs would out-ſtare 'em:
Witneſs the daily Libels, almoſt Ballads
(7) In every Place almoſt of every Province,
Are made upon your Luſt; Tavern Diſcourſes,
Crowds cram'd with Whiſpers; nay, the Holy Temples
Are not without your Curſes: Now you would bluſh,
But your black tainted Blood dare not appear,
For fear I ſhould fright that too.

Brun. O ye Gods!

Theod. Do not abuſe their Names: They ſee your Actions;
And your conceal'd Sins, though you work like Moles,
Lie level to their Juſtice.

Brun. Art thou a Son?

Theod. The more my ſhame is of ſo bad a Mother,
And more your Wretchedneſs you let me be ſo;
But Woman, for a Mother's Name hath left me
Since you have left your Honour, mend theſe ruins,
And build again that broken Fame; and fairly,
(Your moſt intemperate Fires have burnt;) and quickly
Within theſe ten Days take a Monaſtery,
A moſt ſtrict Houſe; a Houſe where none may whiſper,
Where no more Light is known but what may make ye
Believe there is a Day, where no Hope dwells,
Nor Comfort but in Tears.

Brun. O Miſery!

Theod. And there to cold Repentance, and ſtarv'd Penance
Tie your ſucceeding Days; or curſe me Heav'n
If all your guilded Knaves, Brokers, and Bedders,

peated in one Line from another by a falſe Glance of the Printer's Eye. There are a hundred Inſtances mention'd of this in this Edition. For which reaſon the common Word of being *tuck'd in a Halter* ſeems probably the true Reading. It is not only a more common and a better Expreſſion, but more droll, and in Character.

(7) *In every Place, almoſt* in *every Province,*] *Every Place* being much more minutely particular than *every Province*, the *almoſt* ſeems improperly plac'd here. It is not very material but rather more correct to read,

In every Place almoſt of *every Province,*

i. e. In every Corner of every Province of our Kingdom.

Even

Even he you built from nothing, ſtrong *Protaldye*,
Be not made ambling Geldings; all your Maids,
If that Name do not ſhame 'em, fed with Spunges
To ſuck away their Rankneſs; and yourſelf
Only to empty Pictures and dead *Arras*
Offer your old Deſires.

Brun. I will not curſe you,
Nor lay a Propheſy upon your Pride,
Though Heav'n might grant me both; unthankful, no,
I nouriſh'd ye, 'twas I, poor I groan'd for you,
'Twas I felt what you ſuffer'd, I lamented
When Sickneſs or ſad Hours held back your Sweetneſs;
(8) 'Twas I pray'd for your ſleeps, I watch'd your wakings;
My daily Cares and Fears, that rid, plaid, walk'd,
Diſcours'd, diſcover'd, fed and faſhion'd you
To what you are, and am I thus rewarded?

Theod. But that I know theſe Tears I could doat on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an Armlet, ever to be honour'd;
But Woman they are dangerous Drops, deceitful,
Full of the Weeper, Anger and ill Nature.

Brun. In my laſt Hours deſpis'd!

Theod. That Text ſhould tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus;
Your Flames are ſpent, nothing but Smoke maintains ye;
And thoſe (9) your Favour and your Bounty ſuccours,
Lie not with you, they do but lay Luſt on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a Palſy;

(8) *'Twas I* pay'd *for your ſleeps,*——] To watch another while he's ſleeping cannot ſimply be ſaid to *pay* for his ſleep; a Metaphor of that Nature would require a further Explanation, as, I pay'd for your ſleep at the Price of my own Watchings. As nothing of that Nature appears, it is moſt probable that it is the meer Omiſſion of a Letter, it is therefore reſtored, *pray'd*.

(9) —*your Favour and your Bounty ſuffers.*] *Suffers* may be underſtood, *i. e.* your Bounty ſuffers to lie with you. But Favour and Bounty do more than ſuffer that Familiarity, for they pay for it too; therefore both Mr. *Sympſon* and I doubt its being genuine, or rather fully believe it not ſo, but our Conjectures differ: I had inſerted *foſters*, and he ſent me *ſuccours*. The former ſeems the better Word, but the latter is nearer the Trace of the Letters, on which Account it is moſt probably the true one.

Your

Your Power they may love, and like *Spaniſh* Jennets
Commit with ſuch a Guſt.
Bawd. I will take whipping,
And pay a Fine now. [*Exit* Bawdher.
Theod. But were ye once diſgraced,
Or fall'n in Wealth, like Leaves they would fly from you,
And become browſe for every Beaſt; you will'd me
To ſtock myſelf with better Friends, and Servants;
With what Face dare you ſee me, or any Mankind,
That keep a Race of ſuch unheard of Relicks,
Bawds, (10) Leachers, Leeches, Female Fornications,
And Children in their Rudiments to Vices,
Old Men to ſhew Examples, and left Art
Should loſe herſelf in act, to call back Cuſtom.
Leave theſe, and live like *Niobe*; I told you how;
And when your Eyes have dropt away Remembrance
Of what you were, I am your Son; perform it. [*Exit.*
Brun. Am I a Woman, and no more Power in me
To tie this Tyger up, a Soul to no End,
Have I got ſhame and loſt my Will? *Brunhalt*,
From this accurſed Hour forget thou bor'ſt him,
Or any Part of thy Blood gave him living,
Let him be to thee an Antipathy,
A thing thy Nature ſweats at, and turns backward;
Throw all the Miſchiefs on him that thyſelf;
Or Women worſe than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful.

Enter Bawdher, Protaldye *and* Lecure.

Bawd. Such a Sweat
I never was in yet, clipt of my Minſtrels,
My Toys to prick up Wenches withal! uphold me,
It runs like Snow-balls through me.
Brun. Now my Varlets,
My Slaves, my running Thoughts, my Executions.

(10) *Leachers*, Letches,——] Former Editions. As we can find no ſuch Word as *Letches*, Mr. *Sympſon* and I are forc'd to treat it as a Corruption and read *Leeches*, *i. e.* Bloodſuckers, a Name well adapted to Strumpets, and I find in the fifth Act, *Protaldye*, after the Murder of *Theodoret*, is call'd by this Name.

Bawd.

Bawd. Lord how ſhe looks!
Brun. Hell take ye all.
Bawd. We ſhall be gelt.
Brun. Your Miſtreſs,
Your old and honour'd Miſtreſs, you tir'd Curtals,
Suffers for your baſe Sins; I muſt be cloyſter'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous; who can help this?
Now you ſtand ſtill like Statues: Come *Protaldye*,
One kiſs before I periſh, kiſs me ſtrongly,
Another, and a third.
Lec. I fear not gelding
As long ſhe holds this way.
Brun. The young Courſer,
That unlikt Lump of mine, (11) will win thy Miſtreſs;
Muſt I be chaſt, *Protaldye?*
Pro. Thus, and thus; Lady.
Brun. It ſhall be ſo, let him ſeek Fools for Veſtals,
Here is my Cloyſter.
Lec. But what ſafety, Madam,
Find you in ſtaying here?
Brun. Thou'ſt hit my meaning,
I will to *Thierry*, Son of my Bleſſings,
And there complain me, tell my Tale ſo ſubtilly,
That the cold Stones ſhall ſweat; and Statues mourn,
And thou ſhalt weep *Portaldye* in my Witneſs,
And theſe forſwear.
Bawd. Yes, any thing but gelding;
I am not yet in quiet, noble Lady,
Let it be done to Night, for without doubt
To morrow we are Capons.
Brun. Sleep ſhall not ſeize me,
Nor any Food befriend me but thy Kiſſes,
Ere I forſake this Deſart: I live honeſt!

(11) ——————*will* win *thy Miſtreſs*;] The Word *win* does not ſeem very expreſſive, tho' as it bears ſome Affinity to the *Courſer* in the former Line, I ſhall not change it, but ſuppoſe it may mean, win her from her evil Courſes. Were a Change neceſſary, we might uſe *chain*, *confine* (cutting of *w* in *will*) or *ginn*, perhaps the beſt Word of all and the neareſt to the old Reading, for the two firſt Editions read *winn*.

He

He may as well bid dead Men walk ; I humbled,
Or bent below my Power! let Night-dogs tear me,
And Goblins ride me in my ſleep to jelly,
Ere I forſake my Sphere.

Lec. This Place you will.

Brun. What's that to you, or any,
(12) Ye Droſs, you powder'd Pigsbones, rubarb Gliſter ;
Muſt you know my Deſigns ? a College on you,
The Proverb makes but Fools.

Pro. But noble Lady.

Brun. You are a ſaucy Aſs too, off I will not,
If you but anger me, till a Sow-gelder
Have cut you all like Colts, hold me and kiſs me,
For I am too much troubled ; make up my Treaſure,
And get me Horſes private, come about it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, *&c.*

Theod. Though I aſſure myſelf, *Martell*, your Counſel
Had no end but Allegiance and my Honour ;
Yet I am jealous, I have paſs'd the bounds
Of a Son's Duty ; for ſuppoſe her worſe
(13) Than your Report, not by bare Circumſtance
But evident Proof confirm'd, has given her out ;
Yet ſince all Weakneſſes in a Kingdom are
No more to be ſeverely puniſh'd, than
The Faults of Kings are by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd ;
If not for Piety, yet for Policy,
Since ſome are of neceſſity to be ſpar'd,
I might, and now I wiſh I had not look'd
With ſuch ſtrict Eyes into the Follies. *Mart.* Sir,

(12) *Ye* Doſs,——] Not finding *Doſs* in any Gloſſary, I am forc'd to treat it as corrupt, and ſuppoſe *Droſs* or *Dolt* to have been the original.

(13) *Than* you *report*, *not* by *bare Circumſtance*
But evident Proof confirm'd, *has given her out* ;] The Grammar ſeems deficient here, but it is eaſily cur'd two Ways, the moſt probable I ſhall inſert, but it might be.
Than you report, *not* that *bare Circumſtance*

A Duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad Repentance, nor did your Highness ever
Make Payment of the Debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late Reproofs, not of her, but
Those Crimes that made her worthy of Reproof.
The most remarkable Point in which Kings differ
From private Men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In Nearness, or Dependence, by their Care
Should be free from Suspicion of all Crime;
And you have reap'd a double Benefit
From this last great Act; first in the Restraint
(14) Of her loose Pleasures, you remove th' Example
From others of the like Licentiousness;
Then when 'tis known that your Severity
Extended to your Mother, who dares hope for
The least Indulgence or Connivence in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the Kingdom?

Theod. I must grant
Your Reason good, *Martell*, if as she is
My Mother, she had been my Subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A Place of Being; but I know her Temper,
And Fear (if such a Word become a King)
That in discovering her, I have let loose a
Tigress, whose Rage being shut up in Darkness,
Was grievous only to herself; which brought
Into the View of Light, her Cruelty,
Provok'd by her own Shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd Shape of her own Deformity.

Mart. Beasts of that Nature, when rebellious Threats
Begin to appear only in their Eyes,

(14) *Of her* lost *Pleasures*,——] *Lost* might possibly be interpreted, *abandon'd*, lost to all Goodness. But as *loose* seems the natural Word, it was probably the true one. Mr. *Sympson* too conjectur'd *loose*, but he adds another Conjecture, *Lust's Pleasures*, which scarce seems an Expression worthy of our Authors.

Or any Motion that may give Suſpicion
Of the leaſt Violence, ſhould be chain'd up;
Their Fangs and Teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Par'd off, and knock'd out; and ſo made unable
To do ill, they would ſoon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your Grace but done,
Or would do yet, what your leſs forward Zeal
In Words did only threaten, far leſs Danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have Being from her Apprehenſion
Of what may once be practis'd: For believe it,
Who confident of his own Power, preſumes
To ſpend Threats on an Enemy, that hath means
To ſhun the worſt they can effect, gives Armour
To keep off his own Strength; nay more, diſarms
Himſelf, and lies unguarded 'gainſt all Harms,
Or Doubt or Malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true.
And ſuch a deſperate Cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate Patient had not been
So near me as a Mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle Unguents only were
To be apply'd; and as Phyſicians,
When they are ſick of Fevers, eat themſelves
Such Viands as by their Directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diſeas'd;
So ſhe conſidering what ſhe is, may challenge
Thoſe Cordials to reſtore her, by her Birth,
And Privilege, which at no Suit muſt be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious Care
Effect but what it aim'd at, I am ſilent.

Enter Vitry.

Theod. What laught you at, Sir?

Vitry. I have ſome Occaſion,
I ſhould not elſe; and the ſame Cauſe perhaps
That makes me do ſo, may beget in you
A contrary Effect.

Theod. Why, what's the Matter?

Vitry.

Vitry. I see and joy to see that sometimes poor Men,
(And most of them are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vitious,
Than those that wear, like Hypocrites on their Foreheads,
Th'ambitious Titles of just Men and virtuous.

Mart. Speak to the Purpose.

Vitry. Who would e're have thought
The good old Queen, your Highness reverend Mother,
Into whose House (which was an Academ,
In which all Principles of Lust were practis'd;)
No Soldier might presume to set his Foot;
At whose most blessed Intercession
All Offices in the State were charitably
Confer'd on Pandars, o'er-worn Chamber Wrestlers,
And such Physicians as knew how to kill
With Safety, under the Pretence of saving,
And such like Children of a monstrous Peace,
That she I say should at the length provide
That Men of War, and honest younger Brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their Cod-piece,
(15) Should be esteem'd of more than Moths or Drones,
Or idle Vagabonds.

Theod. I am glad to hear it,
Prithee what Course takes she to do this?

Vitry. One that can't fail; she and her virtuous Train,
Wi'her Jewels, and all that was worth the carrying,
The last Night left the Court, and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your Brother.

Theod. How?

Vitry. Nay storm not,
For if that wicked Tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its Pace, and *Thierry* be a Prince
Of such a fiery Temper, as Report
Has given him out for; you shall have cause to use
Such poor Men as myself: and thank us too

(15) *Should be esteem'd of more than* Mothers *or Drones,*] We all three concurr'd in restoring *Moths* for *Mothers,* tho' without the Authority of any one Edition.

For coming to you, and without Petitions;
Pray Heav'n reward the good old Woman for't.
Mart. I foreſaw this.
Theod. I hear a Tempeſt coming,
That ſings mine and my Kingdom's Ruin: haſte,
And cauſe a Troop of Horſe to fetch her back;
Yet ſtay—why ſhould I uſe means to bring in
A Plague that of herſelf hath left me? Muſter
Our Soldiers up, we'll ſtand upon our Guard,
For we ſhall be attempted.—Yet forbear,
The Inequality of our Power will yield me
Nothing but loſs in their Defeature; ſomething
Muſt be done, and done ſuddenly; ſave your labour,
In this I'll uſe no Counſel but mine own,
That courſe though dangerous is beſt. Command
Our Daughter be in Readineſs, to attend us;
Martell, your Company, and honeſt *Vitry*,
Thou wilt along with me.
Vitry. Yes any where,
To be worſe than I'm here, is paſt my fear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry, Brunhalt, Bawdher, Lecure, *&c.*

Thier. YOU are here in a Sanctuary; and that Viper
(Who ſince he hath forgot to be a Son,
I much diſdain to think of as a Brother)
Had better, in deſpight of all the Gods,
To have raz'd their Temples, and ſpurn'd down their Altars,
Than in his impious Abuſe of you,
T'have call'd on my juſt Anger.
Brun. Princely Son,
And in this worthy of a nearer Name,
I have in the Relation of my Wrongs
Been modeſt, and no Word my Tongue deliver'd
T'expreſs my inſupportable Injuries,
But gave my Heart a Wound: Nor has my Grief,

Being

Being from what I ſuffer ; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, ſhould be the Actor
Of my Extremes, and force me to divide
(16) The Fires of brotherly Affection,
Which ſhould make but one Flame.

Thier. That part of his,
As it deſerves, ſhall burn no more ; (17) not if
The Tears of Orphans, Widows, or all ſuch
As dare acknowledge him to be their Lord,
Join'd to your Wrongs, with his Heart-blood have Power
To put it out. And you, and theſe your Servants,
Who in our Favours ſhall find Cauſe to know
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give *Theodoret* to underſtand
His Ignorance of the prizeleſs Jewel, which
He did poſſeſs in you, Mother in you ;
Of which I am more proud (18) to be the Owner,
Than if th' abſolute Rule of all the World
Were offer'd to this Hand ; once more you're welcome,
Which with all Ceremony due to Greatneſs
I would make known, but that our juſt Revenge
Admits not of Delay : Your Hand, Lord General.

Enter Protaldye, *with Soldiers.*

Brun. Your Favour and his Merit I may ſay
Have made him ſuch ; but I am jealous how

(16) ——— ——— *to divide*

The Fires of brotherly Affection,] Mr. *Theobald* has very juſtly put in the Margin, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*. The Metapher is a noble Alluſion to the remarkable Poetic Fiction of the Flames of their Funeral Pyre, dividing and flying aſunder.

(17) ——— ———or if

The Tears of Orphans, Widows, or *all ſuch*] Here the *or* in the ſecond Line ſeems to have juſtled out the true Particle *not* from the firſt ; unleſs *or if* may ſignify *if ever :* But I remember no Inſtance of any ſuch Uſe of it. The Sentiment ſeems, his Flame of Life ſhall burn no more ; not if the Tears of all that ſide with him whom I will purſue with War and Devaſtations ; not if your Wrongs and his own Heart-blood can extinguiſh it. I make a full Pauſe at the End of the Sentence, where before there was only a Semicolon.

(18) ——— ———*to be the* Donor,] *Owner* ſeem'd at firſt ſight ſelf evidently the true Reading both to Mr. *Sympſon* and myſelf.

Your Subjects will receive it.
Thier. How, my Subjects?
What do you make of me? Oh Heav'n! My Subjects?
How base should I esteem the Name of Prince,
If that poor Dust were any thing before
The Whirlwind of my absolute Command?
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented:
They pay the Tribute of their Hearts and Knees,
To such a Prince, that not alone has Power
To keep his own, but to increase it; that
Although he hath a Body may add to
The fam'd Night-labour of strong *Hercules*,
Yet is the Master of a Continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their Daughters, and their Wives; whose Hands though strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust Mean
Their proper Wealth into my Treasury;
But I grow glorious, and let them beware
That in their least repining at my Pleasures,
They change not a mild Prince (for if provok'd
I dare and will be so) into a Tyrant.
Brun. You see there's Hope that we shall rule again,
And your fall'n Fortunes rise.
Bawd. I hope your Highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my Place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh Bits of Flesh since mine grew stale, that surely
If cashir'd now, I shall prove a bad Caterer
In the Fish-Market of cold Chastity.
Lec. For me I am your own, nor since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remembred
I had a Soul, but such an one whose Essence
Depended wholly on your Highness Pleasure,
And therefore Madam———
Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such Instruments we must not lose.
Lec. Bawd. Our Service.
Thier. You've view'd them then, what's your Opinion of them?

In

In this dull time of Peace, we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the War. Ha?
Prot. Sir, they have Limbs
That promiſe Strength ſufficient, and rich Armours
The Soldiers beſt lov'd Wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay very prettily drill'd,
For many of them can diſcharge their Muskets
Without the danger of throwing off their Heads,
Or being offenſive to the Standers by,
By ſweating too much backwards; nay I find
They know the right and left hand File, and may
With ſome Impulſion no doubt be brought
To paſs the *A*, *B*, *C*, of War, and come
Unto the Horn-book.
Thier. Well, that Care is yours;
And ſee that you effect it.
Prot. I am ſlow
To promiſe much; but if within ten Days,
By Precepts and Examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten Preſidents, of the *Roman* Wars,
But from mine own, I make them not tranſcend
All that e'er yet bore Arms, let it be ſaid
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be eſteem'd a Coward;
For, Sir, few Captains know the way to win 'em,
And make the Soldiers valiant. (19) You ſhall ſee me
Lie with them in their Trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what ſeems ſtranger,
We'll ſometimes Wench together, which once practis'd
(20) And with ſome other rare and hidden Arts,
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearleſs Reſolution and ſuch Fervor,
That though I brought them to beſiege a Fort,
Whoſe Walls were Steeple-high, and Cannon-proof,

(19) —— *You ſhall ſeem*] Former Editions. Corrected by all.

(20) *And with ſome other* care *and hidden* Acts,] Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in reading *Arts* for *Acts*, but there ſeems another Corruption in the Line; *care*, 'tis true, is Senſe, but *rare* is ſo much better ſuited to the ridiculous Brags of *Protaldye*, that I have but little doubt of its being the true Reading.

Not to be undermin'd, they ſhould fly up
Like Swallows; and the Parapet once won,
For Proof of their Obedience, if I will'd them
They ſhould leap down again, and what is more,
By ſome Directions they ſhould have from me,
Not break their Necks.

Thier. This is above Belief.

Brun. Sir, on my Knowledge though he hath ſpoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lec. She means on her.

Brun. And howſoever in his Thankfulneſs,
For ſome few Favours done him by myſelf,
He left *Aſtrucia*; not *Theodoret*,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid
With all his Dukedom's Power, that Shame upon him,
Which in his barbarous Malice to my Honour,
He ſwore with Threats t' effect.

Thier. I cannot but
Believe you, Madam, thou art one Degree
Grown nearer to my Heart, and I am proud
To have in thee ſo glorious a Plant
Tranſported hither: In thy Conduct, we
Go on aſſur'd of Conqueſt; our Remove
Shall be with the next Sun.

Enter Theodoret, Memberge, Martell, *and* Devitry.

Lec. Amazement leave me,
'Tis he. *Bawd.* We are again undone. *Prot.* Our Guilt
Hath no Aſſurance nor Defence. *Bawd.* If now
Your ever ready Wit fail to protect us,
We ſhall be all diſcover'd.

Brun. Be not ſo
In your Amazement and your fooliſh Fears,
I am prepar'd for't.

Theod. How? Not one poor Welcome,
In anſwer of ſo long a Journey made
Only to ſee you, Brother.

Thier. I have ſtood
Silent thus long, and am yet unreſolv'd

Whether

Whether to entertain thee on my Sword,
As fits a Paricide of a Mother's Honour;
Or whether being a Prince, I yet ſtand bound
(Tho' thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing
Before I execute. What fooliſh Hope,
(Nay pray you forbear) or deſperate Madneſs rather,
(Unleſs thou com'ſt aſſur'd, I ſtand in Debt
As far to all Impiety as thyſelf)
Has made thee bring thy Neck unto the Ax?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw freſh Blood from thy ſear'd-up Conſcience,
To make thee ſenſible of that Horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like *Nero*,—
Like, ſaid I? Thou art worſe; ſince thou dar'ſt ſtrive
In her Defame to murder thine alive.

Theod. That ſhe that long ſince had the Boldneſs to
Be a bad Woman, (though I wiſh ſome other
Should ſo report her) could not want the Cunning,
Since they go Hand in Hand, to lay fair Colours
On her black Crimes, I was reſolv'd before,
Nor make I doubt but that ſhe hath impoiſon'd
Your good Opinion of me, and ſo far
Incens'd your Rage againſt me, that too late
I come to plead my Innocence.

Brun. To excuſe
Thy impious Scandals rather.

Prot. Rather forc'd with Fear
To be compell'd to come.

Thier. Forbear.

Theod. This moves not me, and yet had I not been
Tranſported on my own Iutegrity,
I neither am ſo odious to my Subjects,
Nor yet ſo barren of Defence, but that
By Force I could have juſtified my Guilt,
Had I been faulty; but ſince Innocence
Is to itſelf an hundred Thouſand Guards,
And that there is no Son, but though he owe
That Name to an ill Mother, but ſtands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From th' number of her Faults, than for his own

Security,

Security, to add unto them: This,
This hath made me to prevent th' Expence
Of Blood on both ſides; the Injuries, the Rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the War:)
The Account of all which, ſince you are the Cauſe,
Believe it, would have been requir'd from you;
Rather I ſay to offer up my Daughter,
Who living only could revenge my Death,
With my Heart-blood a Sacrifice to your Anger,
Than that you ſhould draw on your Head more Curſes
Than yet you have deſerved.

Thier. I do begin
To feel an Alteration in my Nature,
And in his full-ſail'd Confidence, a Shower
Of gentle Rain, that falling on the Fire
Of my hot Rage hath quenched it. Ha! I would
Once more ſpeak roughly to him, and I will,
Yet there is ſomething whiſpers to me, that
I have ſaid too much. How is my Heart divided
Between the Duty of a Son, and Love
Due to a Brother! yet I am ſwayed here,
And muſt ask of you, how 'tis poſſible
You can affect me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you ſhould pay all Love?

Theod. Which join'd with Duty,
Upon my Knees I ſhould be proud to tender,
Had ſhe not us'd herſelf ſo many Swords
To cut thoſe Bonds that ty'd me to it.

Thier. Fie,
No more of that.

Theod. Alas it is a Theme
I take no Pleaſure to diſcourſe of; would
It could as ſoon be buried to the World,
As it ſhould die to me; nay more, I wiſh
(Next to my part of Heav'n) that ſhe would ſpend
The laſt part of her Life ſo here, that all
Indifferent Judges might condemn me, for
A moſt malicious Slanderer, nay tax it
Upon my Forehead: If you hate me, Mother,
Put me to ſuch a Shame; pray you do, believe it

There

There is no Glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the Delight I ſhould receive
In that Diſgrace; provided the Repeal
Of your long baniſh'd Virtues, and good Name,
Uſher'd me to it.
Thier. See, ſhe ſhews herſelf
An eaſy Mother, which her Tears confirm.
Theod. 'Tis a good Sign, the comfortableſt Rain
I ever ſaw.
Thier. Embrace: Why this is well,
May never more but Love in you, and Duty
On your Part riſe between you.
Bawd. Do you hear, Lord General,
Does not your new-ſtamp'd Honour on the ſudden
Begin to grow ſick?
Prot. Yes, I find it fit,
That putting off my Armour I ſhould think of
Some honeſt Hoſpital to retire to. *Bawd.* Sure
Although I am a Bawd, yet being a Lord,
They cannot whip me for't, what's your Opinion?
Lec. The Beadle will reſolve you, for I cannot,
There's ſomething that more near concerns myſelf
That calls upon me.
Mart. Note but yonder Scrabs,
That liv'd upon the Dung of her baſe Pleaſures,
How from the fear that ſhe may yet prove honeſt
Hang down their wicked Heads.
Vit. What's that to me?
Though they and all the Polcats of the Court,
Were truſs'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a Cardekue,
To help to keep me honeſt. [*A Horn.*

Enter a Poſt.

Thier. How, from whence?
Poſt. Theſe Letters will reſolve your Grace.
Thier. What ſpeak they? [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this Day happy?
See, Mother, Brother, to your Reconcilement
Another Bleſſing almoſt equal to it,

Is coming tow'rds me; my contracted Wife
Ordella, Daughter of wife *Datarick*,
The King of *Arragon*, is on our Confines;
Then to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your Presence
Our long deferr'd, but much wish'd Nuptial,
Falls out above Expression; Heav'n be pleas'd
That I may use these Blessings pour'd on me
With Moderation.

Brun. Hell and Furies aid me,
That I may've Power to avert the Plagues
That press upon me.

Thier. Two Days Journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her: In the mean time
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her;
Nay let me have your Companies, there's a Forest
In the mid-way shall yield us hunting Sport,
To ease our Travel. I'll not have a Brow
But shall wear Mirth upon it, therefore clear them.
We'll wash away all Sorrow in glad Feasts;
And th' War we meant to Men, we'll make on Beasts.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter* Brun. Bawd. Prot. Lec.

Brun. Oh that I had the Magick to transform you
Into the Shape of such, that your own Hounds
Might tear you Piece-meal; are you so stupid?
No Word of Comfort? (21) have I fed your Mouths
From my Excess of Moisture, with such Cost,
And can you yield no other Retribution,
But to devour your Maker? Pandar, Sponge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren?

Prot. You yourself,
That are our Mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself in giving way
To th' Reconcilement of your Sons.

Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily

(21) ——— *have I fed your* Mothers] This is the second time that *Mothers* has been intruded into the Text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the true Word, and appear'd so to all three.

Remove

Remove all other hind'rances that ſtop
The Paſſage of your Pleaſures.
Bawd. And for me,
If I fail in my Office to provide you
Freſh Delicates, hang me.
Brun. Oh you are dull, and find not
The Cauſe of my Vexation; their Reconcilement
Is a mock Caſtle built upon the Sand
By Children, which when I am pleas'd t' o'erthrow,
I can with eaſe ſpurn down.
Lec. If ſo, from whence
Grows your Affliction?
Brun. My Grief comes along
With the new Queen, in whoſe Grace all my Power
Muſt ſuffer Shipwreck: For me now,
That hitherto have kept the firſt, to know
A ſecond Place, or yield the leaſt Precedence
To any other's Death; to have my Sleeps
Leſs enquir'd after, or my riſing up
Saluted with leſs Reverence, or my Gates
Empty of Suitors, or the King's great Favours
To paſs through any Hand but mine, or he
Himſelf to be directed by another,
Would be to me——Do you underſtand me, yet
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
T' be a Woman of Chaſtity,
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, Madam,
For me, though I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpoſe.
Brun. Tuſh, ſome other way.
Bawd. Faith I know none elſe, all my bringing up
Aim'd at no other Learning.
Lec. Give me leave,
If my Art fail me not, I have thought on
A ſpeeding Project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou ſhalt be my *Æſculapius*,
Thy Image ſhall be ſet up in pure Gold,
To which I will fall down, and worſhip it.

Lec.

Lec. The Lady is fair.
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young.
Brun. Some fifteen at the moſt.
Lec. And loves the King with equal Ardour,
Brun. More, ſhe dotes on him.
Lec. Well then, what think you if I make a Drink
Which given unto him on the Bridal-night
Shall for five Days ſo rob his Faculties,
Of all Ability to pay that Duty
Which new-made Wives expect, that ſhe ſhall ſwear
She is not match'd to a Man.
Prot. 'Twere rare.
Lec. And then,
If ſhe have any Part of Woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at leaſt give occaſion
Of ſuch a Breach which ne'er can be made up,
Since he that to all elſe did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by Man,
Proves only Ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent.
Bawd. The Phyſician
Helps ever at a dead lift; a fine Calling,
That can both raiſe, and take down; out upon thee.
Brun. For this one Service, I am ever thine,
Prepare't; I'll give it him myſelf: For you *Protaldye*,
By this Kiſs, and our promis'd Sport at Night,
I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The Oppoſition of *Theodoret*,
Or any of his Followers; whatſoe'er
You are, yet appear Valiant, and make good
Th'Opinion that is had of you: For myſelf,
In the new Queen's remove being made ſecure,
Fear not, I'll make the future Building ſure.
[*Exeunt. Wind Horns.*

Enter Theodoret *and* Thierry.

Theod. This Stag ſtood well, and cunningly.
Thier. My Horſe,
I'm ſure, has found it, for his Sides are blooded
From Flank to Shoulder; where's the Troop?

Enter

Enter Martell.

Theod. Paſt homeward,
Weary'd and tir'd as we are. Now *Martell*,
Have you remembred what we thought of?
Mart. (22) Yes, Sir, I'll ſnigle him, and if there be
Any Deſert in's Blood, beſide the Itch,
Or manly Heat, but what Decoctions,
Leaches, and Calliſes have cram'd into him,
Your Lordſhip ſhall know perfect.
Thier. What's that,
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, Sir,
To that end
We caſt the Project.
Thier. What is't?
Mart. (23) A Deſign, Sir,
Upon the gilded Flag your Grace's Favour
Has ſtuck up for a General, and to inform you,
For this Hour he ſhall paſs the Teſt, what Valour,
Staid Judgment, Soul, or ſafe Diſcretion
Your Mother's wandring Eyes, and your Obedience,
Have flung upon us: To aſſure your Knowledge,
He can be, dare be, ſhall be, muſt be nothing,
Load him with Piles of Honours, ſet him off
With all the cunning Foils that may deceive us;
But a poor, cold, unſpirited, unmanner'd,
Unhoneſt, unaffected, undone Fool,
And moſt unheard of Coward, a meer lump
Made to load Beds withal, and like a Night-mare,
Ride Ladies that forget to ſay their Prayers;

(22) *Yes, Sir, I have* ſnigled *him*,—] As *ſnigle* was a Word new to me, I conjectur'd *ſingled him*, *i. e.* I know where to find him alone; and find that Mr. *Theobald* had propos'd the ſame Conjecture: But upon looking into *Skinner*, I find *ſnigle* a Fiſherman's Term which he explains by *ſcindere*; I ſuppoſe therefore it means *cutting up*, *diſſecting*; but then this could not *have* been the Caſe, the Diſſection was to come; and it ſeems neceſſary that the future Tenſe ſhould be reſtor'd, *I'll ſnigle him*.

(23) *A* Deſire, *Sir*,] We all three concurr'd in changing this to *Deſign*.

One

One that dares only be diſeas'd, and in Debt,
(24) Whoſe Body mews more Plaiſters every Month,
Than Women do old Faces.

Thier. No more, I know him,
I now repent my Error, take your time
And try him home, ever thus far reſerv'd,
You tie your Anger up.

Mart. I loſt it elſe, Sir.

Thier. Bring me his Sword fair-taken without Violence:
For that will beſt declare him.

Theod. That's the thing.

Thier. And my beſt Horſe is thine.

Mart. Your Grace's Servant. [*Exit.*

Theod. You'll hunt no more, Sir.

Thier. Not to-day, the Weather
Is grown too warm, beſides the Dogs are ſpent,
We'll take a cooler Morning, let's to Horſe,
And hollow in the Troops. [*Exeunt. Wind Horns.*

Enter two Huntſmen.

1 *Huntſ.* Ay marry Twainer,
This Woman gives indeed, theſe are the Angels
That are the Keeper's Saints.

2 *Huntſ.* I like a Woman
That handles the Deer's Dowſets with Diſcretion;
And pays us by Proportion.

1 *Huntſ.* 'Tis no Treaſon
To think this good old Lady has a ſtump yet
That may require a Corral.

2. *Huntſ.* And the Bells too,

(24) *Whoſe Body* mews *more Plaiſters*—] There being two Senſes of the Word *mews* in Falconry, and this the uncommon one, an Explanation may be neceſſary. To *mew* properly ſignfies to *change, as it does here* from the *French muer*; but as the Hawk is pen'd up whilſt he changes his Feathers, hence his Cage or Pen is call'd a *Mew*; and to *mew* ſignifies alſo to *encage, impriſon*, as *Brunhalt* in the firſt Act ſays,

——————*I muſt be cloyſter'd*
Mew'd *up*,——————

Enter

Enter Protaldye.

She'as loſt a Friend of me elſe. But here's the Clerk,
No more for fear o'th' Bell-ropes.
Prot. How now Keepers,
Saw you the King?
1 *Huntſ.* Yes, Sir, he's newly mounted,
And as we take't ridden home.
Prot. Farewel then. [*Exeunt Keepers.*

Enter Martell.

Mart. My honour'd Lord, Fortune has made me happy
To meet with ſuch a Man of Men to ſide me.
Prot. How, Sir, I know ye not,
Nor what your Fortune means.
Mart. Few Words ſhall ſerve:
I am betray'd, Sir: Innocent and honeſt;
Malice and Violence are both againſt me,
Baſely and fouly laid for; for my Life, Sir,
Danger is now about me, now in my Throat, Sir.
Prot. Where, Sir?
Mart. Nay I fear not,
And let it now pour down in Storms upon me,
I have met with a noble Guard.
Prot. Your meaning, Sir,
For I have preſent Buſineſs.
Mart. O my Lord,
Your Honour cannot leave a Gentleman,
At leaſt a fair Deſign of this brave Nature,
To which your Worth is wedded, your Profeſſion
Hatch'd in, and made one Piece, in ſuch a Peril:
There are but ſix, my Lord.
Prot. What ſix?
Mart. Six Villains ſworn, and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, Sir,
What can ſix do? or ſixſcore, now you're preſent?
Your Name will blow 'em off: Say they have ſhot too,
Who dare preſent a Piece? Your Valour's Proof, Sir.
Prot. No, I'll aſſure you, Sir, nor my Diſcretion
Againſt a Multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight

Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But Wiſdom, Sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, Sir,
Nor as I take it any ſingle Danger,
But what concerns my Place, tells me directly.
Beſide my Perſon, my fair Reputation,
If I thruſt into Crowds, and ſeek Occaſions,
Suffers Opinion. Six? Why *Hercules*
Avoided two Men; yet not to give Example;
But only for your preſent Danger's ſake, Sir,
Were there but four, Sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them,
They'll ſerve to whet my Sword.

Mart. There are but four, Sir,
I did miſtake them; but four ſuch as *Europe*,
Excepting your great Valour.

Prot. Well conſider'd,
I will not meddle with 'em, four in Honour,
Are equal with fourſcore; beſides they're People
Only directed by their Fury.

Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of Juſtice.

Prot. That I find not.

Mart. You will not leave me thus?

Prot. I would not leave you, but look you, Sir,
Men of my Place and Buſineſs muſt not
Be queſtion'd thus.

Mart. You cannot paſs, Sir,
Now they have ſeen me with you, without Danger.
They are here, Sir, within hearing, take but two.

Prot. Let the Law take 'em; take a Tree, Sir,
I'll take my Horſe, that you may keep with Safety,
If they have brought no Hand-ſaws, within this Hour
I'll ſend you Reſcue, and a Toil to take 'em.

Mart. You ſhall not go ſo poorly, ſtay but one, Sir.

Prot. I have been ſo hamper'd with theſe Reſcues,
So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, Sir,
I've mainly vow'd againſt 'em; yet for your ſake,
If, as you ſay, there be but one, I'll ſtay
And ſee fair play o'both Sides.

Mart. There's no more, Sir,

And

And as I doubt a baſe one too. *Prot.* Fie on him,
Go lug him out by th'Ears. *Mart.* Yes, This is he, Sir,
The baſeſt in the Kingdom.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a General-Fool,
A Knave, a Coward, an upſtart Stallion Bawd,
A Beaſt, a barking Puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. Th' beſt Man
Knows Patience. *Mart.* Yes, this way, Sir, [*Kicks him.*
Now draw your Sword, and right you,
Or render it to me, for one you ſhall do.
Prot. If wearing it may do you any Honour,
I ſhall be glad to grace you; there it is, Sir.
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your Lady Miſtreſs,
She'as ſhot up a ſweet Muſhroom; quit your Place too,
And ſay you are counſell'd well, thou wilt be beaten elſe
By thine own Lancepriſadoes, when they know thee,
That Tuns of Oil of Roſes will not cure thee;
Go get you to your foining Work at Court,
And learn to ſweat again, and eat dry Mutton;
An Armour like a Froſt will ſearch your Bones
And make you roar, you Rogue; Not a Reply,
For if you do, your Ears go off.
Prot. Still Patience. [*Exeunt.*

Loud Muſick. A Banquet ſet out.

Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawdher, *&c.*

Thier. It is your Place, and though in all things elſe
You may and ever ſhall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the Conſent
That made me yours, ſhall never teach me to
Repent I am ſo; yet be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to ſay ſo much; the Honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the Power of giving.
Thier. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in ſuch a Bleſſing
That pays to you ſo large a ſhare of Duty:
But fie, no more; for as you hold a Place

Nearer my Heart than she, you must sit neareſt
To all those Graces that are in the power
Of Majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide
Shall be short-liv'd ; *Lecure.*
Lec. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well, wait on our Cup.
Lec. You honour me.
Thier. We're dull,
No Object to provoke Mirth.
Theod. Martell,
If you remember, Sir, will grace your Feast
With something that will yield matter of Mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thier. Touching *Protaldye.*
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him ? I fear his Baseness, [*Aside.*
In spite of all the Titles (25) that my Favours
Have cloth'd him with, will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Look, Sir, he has it;
Nay, we shall have Peace, when so great a Soldier
As the renown'd *Protaldye* will give up
His Sword, rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy Plot,
Which I will turn on thine own Head. [*Aside.*
Thier. 'Pray you speak,
How won you him to part from't ?
Mart. Won him, Sir,
He would have yielded it upon his Knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a Philip of the Forehead : Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His Nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his Face : He is, Sir,

(25) —— *that my Favours*
Have cloth'd him, which *will make discovery*] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd in the Correction.

The

The moſt unutterable Coward that e'er Nature
Bleſs'd with hard Shoulders; which were only given him
To th' ruin of Baſtinado's.
Thier. Poſſible?
Theod. Obſerve but how ſhe frets.
Mart. Why believe it:
But that I know the Shame of this Diſgrace
Will make the Beaſt to live with ſuch, and never
Preſume to come more among Men; I'll hazard
My Life upon it, that a Body of twelve
Should ſcourge him hither like a Pariſh Top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slave, thou lieſt:
Thou dar'ſt as well ſpeak Treaſon in the hearing
Of thoſe that have the power to puniſh it,
As the leaſt Syllable of this before him;
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, Madam,
I have no Ears to hear you, though a Foot
To let you underſtand what he is.
Brun. Villany.
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. The worſt that can come
Is Blanketing; for Beating, and ſuch Virtues,
I have been long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh ſtrange!
Bawd. Behold the Man you talk of.
Brun. Give me leave,
Or free thyſelf (think in what place you are)
From the foul Imputation that is laid
Upon thy Valour, (be bold, I'll protect you)
Or here I vow (deny it or forſwear it)
Theſe Honours which thou wear'ſt unworthily,
(Which be but impudent enough, and keep them)
Shall be torn from thee with thy Eyes.
Prot. I have it.
My Valour! is there any here, beneath
The ſtile of King, dares queſtion it?

Thier. This is rare,
Prot. Which of my Actions, which have ſtill been Noble,
Has render'd me ſuſpected?
Thier. Nay, *Martell*,
You muſt not fall off.
Mart. Oh, Sir, fear it not,
D'you know this Sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. 'Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, ſay you?
Mart. So.
Thier. Nay, ſtudy not an Anſwer, confeſs freely.
Prot. Oh, I remember't now at the Stag's fall,
As we to Day were Hunting, a poor Fellow,
And now I view you better, I may ſay
Much of your pitch; this ſilly Wretch I ſpoke of,
With his Petition falling at my Feet,
(Which much againſt my Will he kiſs'd) deſir'd,
That as a ſpecial means for his Preferment
I would vouchſafe to let him uſe my Sword,
To cut off the Stag's Head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Bawd. This Lie bears a ſimilitude of Truth.
Prot. I ever courteous (a great Weakneſs in me)
Granted his humble Suit.
Mart. Oh Impudence?
Thier. This Change is excellent.
Mart. A Word with you,
Deny it not; I was that Man diſguis'd,
You know my Temper, and as you reſpect
A daily cudgeling for one whole Year,
Without a ſecond pulling by the Ears,
Or tweaks by th' Noſe, or the moſt precious Balm
You us'd of Patience, Patience do you mark me,
Confeſs before theſe Kings with what baſe Fear
Thou didſt deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I ſhould burſt,
And if I have not inſtant Liberty
To tear this Fellow Limb from Limb, the Wrong

Will

Will break my Heart, although *Herculean*,
And somewhat bigger; (26) there's my Gage, pray you here
Let me redeem my Credit.
Thier. Ha, ha, forbear.
Mart. Pray you let me take it up, and if I do not,
Againſt all Odds of Armour and of Weapons,
With this make him confeſs it on his Knees
Cut off my Head.
Prot. No, that's my Office.
Bawd. Fie you take the Hangman's Place.
Ord. Nay, good my Lord
Let me atone this Difference, do not ſuffer
Our bridal Night to be the Centaurs Feaſt.
You are a Knight, and bound by Oath to grant
All juſt Suits unto Ladies; for my ſake
Forget your ſuppos'd Wrong.
Prot. Well let him thank you,
For your ſake he ſhall live, perhaps a Day;
And may be, on Submiſſion, longer.
Theod. Nay, *Martell*, you muſt be patient.
Mart. I am yours,
And this Slave ſhall be once more mine.
Thier. Sit all;
One Health, and ſo to Bed, for I too long
Defer my choiceſt Delicates.
Brun. Which if Poiſon
Have any Power, thou ſhalt like *Tantalus*
Behold and never taſte. Be careful.
Lec. Fear not
Brun. Though it be rare in our Sex, yet for once
I will begin a Health.

(26) ——— *there's my Gage, pray you* hear,
Let me redeem my Credit,] Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd with me in reſtoring the true Reading,
———*pray you* here
Let me redeem my Credit.
For *Protaldye* knew he might ſafely ask what could not be granted, to fight in the Court as *Brunhalt* had before hinted to him. Upon looking in the old Quartos, I found our Reading confirm'd.

Thier. Let it come freely.

Brun. Lecure, the Cup; here to the Son we hope
This Night shall be an Embrion.

Thier. You have nam'd
A Blessing that I most desir'd, I pledge you;
Give me a larger Cup, that is too little
(27) Unto so great a Good.

Brun. Nay, then you wrong me,
Follow me as I began.

Thier. Well as you please.

Brun. Is't done?

Lec. Unto your Wish I warrant you,
For this Night I durst trust him with my Mother.

Thier. So, 'tis gone round: Lights.

Brun. Pray you use my Service.

Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, Madam,
And must have none from you; pray pardon me.

Thier. Good rest to all.

(28) *Theod.* And to you pleasant Labour.
Martell, your Company, Madam, good night.

[*Exeunt all but* Brunhalt, Protal. Lecure, Bawdher.

Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush, but I will hide it,
And what's more, I forgive you; is't not Pity
That thou that art the first to enter Combat

(27) *Unto so great a* God.] We all three agree in reading *Good* for *God*; and I believe it will appear self-evident tho' the Corruption ran thro' all the former Editions.

(28) Theod. *And to* your *pleasant Labour.*

Mart. *Your Company, Madam, good Night.*] As this is spoke at bidding farewel, and not by way of Toast, it was evident to me at first sight that we should read,

And to you *pleasant Labour.*

And the old Quartos confirm'd it. But the second Line has a much greater Corruption, which all the Editions concurr'd in. Who does *Martell* speak to for his or their Company? Not surely to his King *Theodoret*, but *Theodoret* to him. The Mistake arose from the Printer's seeing *Martell* at the beginning of the Line, which made him think him the Speaker of it. As to the Measure tho' Hemistichs are so common, that a Deficiency in any Line cannot be produced as a certain Evidence of a Corruption; yet it is always a corroborating Circumstance. I therefore read,

Theod. *Good rest to all.* Theod. *And to you pleasant Labour.*
Martell, *Your Company, Madam, good Night.*

With

With any Woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleas'd, should be so fearful
To meet a Man.
Prot. Why would you have me lose
That Blood that's dedicated to your Service,
In any other Quarrel?
Brun. No, reserve it.
As I will study to preserve thy Credit:
You, Sirrah, be't your Care to find out one
That's poor, though valiant, that at any Rate
Will, to redeem my Servant's Reputation,
Receive a publick Baffling.
Bawd. Would your Highness
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your Purpose.
Brun. Why one, Sir, that would thus be box'd
Or kick'd;
D'you apprehend me now? *Bawd.* I feel you, Madam,
The Man that shall receive this from my Lord,
Shall have a thousand Crowns.
Brun. He shall.
Bawd. Besides
His Day of Bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your Grace, nor your good Favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Bawd. It must be a Man
Of Credit in the Court, that is to be
The Foil unto your Valour.
Prot. True, it should.
Bawd. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse.
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Bawd. If he be a Lord,
'Twill be the greater Grace.
Brun. Thou 'rt in the right.
Bawd. Why then behold that valiant Man and Lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgeling:
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the nine Worthies.
Brun. Out you Pandar,
Why, to beat thee is only Exercise

For

For ſuch as do affect it; loſe not time
In vain Replies, but do it. Come my Solace
Let us to Bed, and our Deſires once quench'd
We'll there determine of *Theodoret*'s Death,
For he's the Engine us'd to ruin us;
Yet one Word more, *Lecure*, art thou aſſur'd
The Potion will work?

Lec. My Life upon it.

Brun. (29) Come my *Protaldye*, thou then glut me with
Thoſe beſt Delights of Man, that are deny'd
To her that does expect them, being a Bride. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry *and* Ordella, *as from Bed.*

Thier. SUre I have drunk (30) the Blood of Elephants;
The Tears of Mandrakes, and the Marble Dew
Mixt in my Draught, have quench'd my natural Heat,
And left no ſpark of Fire, but in mine Eyes,
With which I may behold my Miſeries:
Ye wretched Flames which play upon my Sight,
Turn inward make me all one Piece, though Earth.
My Tears ſhall overwhelm you elſe too.

Ord. What moves my Lord to this ſtrange Sadneſs?
If any late diſcerned Want in me
Give Cauſe to your Repentance, Care and Duty
Shall find a painful way to recompence.

Thier. Are you yet frozen Veins, feel you a Breath,
Whoſe temperate Heat would make the North Star reel,
Her Icy Pillars thaw'd, and don't you melt?

(29) *Come my* Protaldye, *then glut me with*] Former Editions.

(30) ——— *the Blood of Elephants*;] Both Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* obſerved that this Property of Elephants Blood is mention'd by *Pliny*.

Draw

Draw nearer, yet nearer,
That from thy barren Kiſs thou may'ſt confeſs
I have not Heat enough to make a Bluſh.
Ord. Speak nearer to my Underſtanding, like a Husband.
Thier. How ſhould he ſpeak the Language of a Husband,
Who wants the Tongue and Organs of his Voice?
Ord. It is a Phraſe will part with the ſame Eaſe
From you, with that you now deliver.
Thier. Bind not his Ears up with ſo dull a Charm,
Who hath no other Senſe left open; why ſhould thy Words
Find more reſtraint than thy free ſpeaking Actions,
Thy cloſe Embraces, and thy Midnight Sighs,
The ſilent Orators to ſlow Deſire.
Ord. Strive not to win Content from Ignorance,
Which muſt be loſt in Knowledge; Heav'n can witneſs
My fartheſt hope of Good reach'd at your Pleaſure,
Which ſeeing alone may in your Look be read;
Add not a doubtful Comment to a Text
That in itſelf is direct and eaſie.
Thier. Oh thou haſt drunk the Juice of Hemlock too,
Or did upbraided Nature make this Pair
To ſhew ſhe had not quite forgot her firſt
Juſtly prais'd Workmanſhip, the firſt chaſt Couple,
Before the want of Joy, taught guilty Sight
A way through Shame and Sorrow to delight:
Say, may we mix, as in their Innocence
When Turtles kiſt to confirm Happineſs,
Not to beget it.
Ord. I know no bar.
Thier. Should I believe thee, yet thy Pulſe beats Woman,
And ſays the Name of Wife did promiſe thee
The bleſt Reward of Duty to thy Mother,
Who gave ſo often Witneſs of her Joy,
When ſhe did boaſt thy Likeneſs to her Husband.
Ord. 'Tis true that to bring forth a Second to yourſelf
Was only worthy of my Virgin Loſs;

And

(31) And ſhould I prize you leſs unpattern'd, Sir,
Than being exemplify'd? Is't not more Honour
To be poſſeſſor of unequall'd Virtue,
Than what is parallel'd; give me Belief,
The Name of Mother knows no way of good,
More than the End in me; who weds for Luſt
Is oft a Widow: When I marry'd you,
I loſt the Name of Maid, to gain a Title
Above the Wiſh of Change, which that part can
Only maintain, is ſtill the ſame in Man,
His Virtue and his calm Society,
Which no gray Hairs can threaten to diſſolve,
Nor Wrinkles bury.

Thier. Confine thyſelf to Silence, leſt thou take
That part of Reaſon from me', is only left
To give perſwaſion to me I'm a Man;
Or ſay thou'ſt never ſeen the Rivers haſte
With gladſome ſpeed, to meet the am'rous Sea.

Ord. We're but to praiſe the Coolneſs of their Streams.

Thier. Nor view'd the Kids, taught by their luſtful Fires,
Purſue each other through the wanton Lawns,
And lik'd the Sport,

Ord. As it made way unto their envy'd Reſt
With weary Knots binding their harmleſs Eyes.

Thier. Nor do you know the Reaſon why the Dove,
One of the Pair your Hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kiſt her happy Mate.

Ord. Unleſs it were to welcome his wiſh'd Sight,
Whoſe abſence only gave her mourning Voice.

Thier. And you could, Dove-like, to a ſingle Object
Bind your looſe Spirits to one, nay, ſuch a one
Whom only Eyes and Ears muſt flatter good,

(31) *And ſhould I prize you leſs, unpattern'd Sir,*
Than being exemplify'd?——] A trifling Comma here had ſome time put me into a wrong Track: Were the old Pointing to ſtand, we muſt read,
being unexemplify'd ——
but the removal of the Comma gives this Senſe more clearly.
And ſhould I prize you leſs unpattern'd, Sir,
i. e. being unpattern'd, than being exemplify'd?

Your

Your ſurer Senſe made uſeleſs, (32) nay myſelf
As in my all of good, already known.
Ord. Let Proof plead for me; let me be mew'd up
Where never Eye may reach me, but your own,
And when I ſhall repent, but in my Looks, if ſigh.
Thier. Or ſhed a Tear that's warm.
Ord. But in your Sadneſs.
Thier. Or when you hear the Birds call for their Mates,
Ask if it be St. *Valentine*, their coupling Day.
Ord. If any thing may make a Thought ſuſpected
Of knowing any Happineſs but you,
Divorce me, by the Title of Moſt Falſehood.
Thier. Oh, who would know a Wife, that might have ſuch a Friend;
Poſterity henceforth loſe the Name of Bleſſing,
(33) And leave th' Earth uninhabited to people Heav'n.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhult, Martell, *and* Protaldye.

Mart. All Happineſs to *Thierry* and *Ordella.*
Thier. 'Tis a Deſire but borrowed from me, (34) my Happineſs
Shall be the Period of all good Mens Wiſhes,
Which Friends, nay dying Fathers ſhall bequeath,
And in my One give all: Is there a Duty
Belongs to any Power of mine, or Love
To any Virtue I have right to? Here, place it here,

(32) ——*and myſelf, nay*] Former Editions.

(33) *And leave the Earth* inhabited *to people Heav'n.*] A Virgin State reſembles that of the Angels, and may be a good means to pave the way to it, but it would not leave the Earth *inhabited* but the Reverſe, I therefore read, *uninhabited.*

(34) ——*my Happineſs*
Shall be the Period of all good Mens Wiſhes,
Which Friends, nay dying Fathers ſhall bequeath,
And in my own *give all:*——] The change of a Monoſyllable here, had turn'd a very beautiful Sentiment into very bad Engliſh. *My own* is unneceſſary, *mine* being the proper Pronoun, but that not ſuiting the Meaſure, I conjectur'd, *my one, i. e.* in my ſingle Happineſs give all Happineſs whatever. Upon tracing the Editions backward to the Fountain-head, I found that *own* was only the Corruption of the two laſt Editions, and that the two old Quartos confirm'd the Conjecture.

Ordella's

Ordella's Name shall only bear Command,
Rule, Title, Sovereignty.
Brun. What Passion sways my Son?
Thier. Oh Mother, she has doubled every good
The Travail of your Blood made possible
To my glad being.
Prot. He should have done
Little unto her, he is so light-hearted.
(35) *Thier.* My Brother, Friends, if Honour unto Shame,
If Wealth to want inlarge the present Sense,
My Joy's unbounded, 'stead of questioning,
Let it be Envy not to bring a Present
To the high offering of our Mirth; Banquets, and Masques
Keep waking our Delights, mocking Night's malice,
Whose dark Brow would fright Pleasure from's,
Our Court
Be but one Stage of Revels, and each Eye
The Scene where our Content moves. *Theod.*

(35) Thier. *Brother, Friends, if Honour unto Shame,*
If Wealth to want inlarge the present Sense,
My Joys are *unbounded, instead of* Question
Let it be Envy; not bring a Present
To the high offering of our Mirth, Banquets, and Masques;
Keeping waking our Delight, mocking Night's malice
Whose dark Brow would fright Pleasure from us,
Our Court be but one Stage of Revels, and each ye
The Scene where our Content moves.] In this very mangled state with regard to Measure and Sense has this Passage pass'd thro' all the Editions: In the first place what is

——*instead of Question*

In the next place

Let it be Envy?——

Are Banquets and Masques the Presents that were to be offer'd by his Friends and Courtiers? In the last Line but one, what is *each ye?* In the Correction of this last Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd with me, and I hope the other Changes which have appear'd necessary, will be thought by the Reader to have been probably the original Text. I read,

My *Brother, Friends, if Honour unto Shame,*
If Wealth to Want inlarge the present Sense,
My Joy's unbounded; *'stead of* questioning,
Let it be Envy not to *bring a Present*
To the high Offering of our Mirth; *Banquets and Masques*
Keep waking our Delights, mocking Night's malice,

Whose

Theod. There shall want
Nothing t' expres our shares in your Delight, Sir.
Mart. 'Till now I ne'er repented the Estate
Of Widower.
Thier. Musick, why art thou so slow
Voiced? it stays thy Presence my *Ordella*,
This Chamber is a Sphere too narrow f'r thy
All-moving Virtue. Make way, free way, I say;
Who must alone her Sexes want supply,
Had need to have a Room both large and high.
Mart. This Passion's above utterance.
Theod. Nay, credulity.
[*Exe. all but* Thierry *and* Brunhalt.
Brun. Why Son what mean you, are you a Man?
Thier. No, Mother, I'm no Man;
Were I a Man, how could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a Wife be Author of this Joy then?
Thier. That being no Man, I'm married to no Woman;
The best of Men in full Ability
Can only hope to satisfie a Wife,
And for that Hope's ridiculous; I in my want
And such defective Poverty, that to her Bed
From my first Cradle brought no strength but thought,
Have met a Temperance beyond hers that rockt me,
Necessity being her Bar; whereas this
Is so much senseless o'my deprived Fire,
She knows it not a Loss by her Desire.
Brun. It is beyond my Admiration.
Thier. Beyond your Sex's Faith,
The unripe Virgins of our Age to hear't
Will dream themselves to Women, and convert
Th' Example to a Miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your Defect moves my Amazement,
But what ill can be separate from Ambition?
Cruel *Theodoret.*
Thier. What of my Brother?

Whose dark Brow would fright Pleasure from's; our Court
Be but one Stage of Revels, and each Eye
The Scene where our Content moves.

Brun.

Brun. That to his Name your Barrenneſs adds Rule;
Who loving the effect, would not be ſtrange
In favouring the Cauſe; look on the Profit,
And Gain will quickly point the miſchief out.

Thier. The Name of Father, to what I poſſeſs,
Is ſhame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to ſingle Happineſs
I grant you; but from ſuch a Wife, ſuch Virtue,
To get an Heir, what Hermit would not find
Deſerving Argument to break his Vow,
Even in his Age of Chaſtity?

Thier. You teach a deaf Man Language.

Brun. The Cauſe found out the Malady may ceaſe.
Have you heard of one *Leforte?*

Thier. A learn'd Aſtronomer, and great Magician,
Who lives hard by retir'd.

Brun. Repair to him, with the juſt Hour and Place
Of your Nativity; Fools are amaz'd at Fate,
(36) Griefs but conceal'd are never deſperate.

Thier. You've timely waken'd me, nor ſhall I ſleep
Without the ſatisfaction of his Art. [*Exit* Thier.

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wiſdom prepares you to't. *Lecure*, met happily.

Lec. The Ground anſwers your Purpoſe, the convenience
Being ſecure and eaſie, falling juſt
Behind the State ſet for *Theodoret.*

Brun. 'Tis well, your Truſt invites you to a ſecond Charge;
You know *Leforte*'s Cell?

Lec. Who conſtellated your fair Birth.

Brun. Enough, I ſee thou know'ſt him, where is *Bawdher?*

Lec. I left him careful of the Project caſt
To raiſe *Protaldye*'s Credit.

(36) *Griefs* but conceal'd *are never deſperate.*] *But conceal'd* i. e. *but when conceal'd* or *but by being conceal'd.* It is a very uncommon uſe of the Particle *But.*

Brun.

Brun. A Sore that must be plaister'd; in whose Wound
Others shall find their Graves, think themselves sound;
Your Ear, and quickest Apprehension. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bawdher *and a Servant.*

Bawd. This Man of War 'll advance.
Lec. His Hour's
Upon the Stroke. *Bawd.* Pray wind him back, as you
Favour my Ears, (37) I will have no Noise
I'my Head, my Brains have hitherto been imploy'd
In silent business.

Enter Vitry.

Lec. The Gentleman's
Within your Reach, Sir. [*Exit.*
Bawd. Give ground, whilst I drill
My Wits to the Encounter.
Vitry, I take it.
Vit. All that's left of him.
Bawd. Is there another Parcel of you,
If't be at pawn I gladly will redeem it,
To make you wholly mine. *Vitry.* You seek too hard
A Pennyworth. *Bawd.* (38) You do ill to keep
Such distance; your Parts have been long known to me,
However you please to forget Acquaintance.
Vitry. I must confess I have been subject to
Lewd Company.
Bawd. Thanks for your good Remembrance.
You've been a Soldier, *Vitry*, and borne Arms.
Vitry. A Couple of unprofitable ones, that

(37) —— *I have no Noise*] The Measure was all confus'd here, and thro' the whole Scene. The Particle *will* inserted, compleats this Verse, and is equally necessary to the Sense. I have added the Verb *Pray* in the former Line for the sake of Measure only, and this is all the Alteration made for that purpose besides the proper Arrangement of the Lines.

(38) —— *You* too *ill*—] *i. e.* You too ill a Pennyworth to keep such Distance. This is very stiff and scarcely Sense. I read, *You* do *ill*, the two old *Quartos* read, *You* to *ill*, and *too* is only the wrong Conjecture of the two late Editions. Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd in the Correction.

Have only ſerv'd to get me a Stomach to
My Dinner.
Bawd. Much good may it do you, Sir.
Vitry. You ſhould
Have heard me ſay I'd din'd firſt, I have built
On an unwholſom Ground, rais'd up a Houſe,
Before I knew a Tenant, (39) march'd to meet Wearineſs,
(40) Fought to find Want and Hunger.
Bawd. It is time you
Put up your Sword, and run away for Meat, Sir,
Nay, and if I had not withdrawn ere now,
(41) I might have kept Faſt with you: But ſince
The way to thrive is never late, what is
The neareſt Courſe to Profit, think you?
Vitry. 'T may be
Your Worſhip will ſay Bawdry.
Bawd. True Senſe, Bawdry.
Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em, I ne'er knew
But one. *Bawd.* I'll ſhew you a new way
Of Proſtitution, fall back, further yet,
Further, there's fifty Crowns; do but as much to
Protaldye the Queen's Favourite, they are doubled.
Vitry. But thus much.
Bawd. Give him but an Affront as
He comes to th' Preſence, and i' his Drawing make way,
Like a true Bawd t' his Valour, th' Sum's thy own;
If y' take a Scratch in the Arm or ſo, each Drop
Of Blood weighs down a Ducket. *Vitry.* After that rate,
I and my Friends would beggar the whole Kingdom.
Sir, you have made me bluſh to ſee my want,
Whoſe Cure is ſuch a cheap and eaſy Purchaſe,
This is Male-bawdry belike.

(39) —— matcht *to meet wearineſs,*] *Matcht* inſtead of *march'd,* has run through all the Editions. The Emendation occur'd to Mr. *Sympſon* as well as myſelf.

(40) Sought *to find Want and Hunger.*] Tho' *ſought to find* ſeem'd a proper Antitheſis, yet *Vitry* had done more; he had *fought to find Want.* Upon turning to the old *Quartos* I found my Suſpicion confirm'd.

(41) *I might have kept* thee; *faſt with you:*—] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in the Correction.

Enter

Enter Protaldye, *a Lady, and Revellers.*

Bawd. See,
You ſhall not be long earning of your Wages,
Your Work's before your Eyes. *Vitry.* Leave it to my
Handling, I'll fall upon it inſtantly.
Bawd. What an Opinion will the managing
Of this Affair bring to my Wiſdom? my Invention
Tickles with Apprehenſion on't. *Prot.* Theſe are
The Joys of Marriage, Lady, whoſe Sights are
Able t' diſſolve Virginity. Speak freely,
Do you not envy th' Bride's Felicity?
Lady. How ſhould I, being Partner of't?
Pro. What you
Enjoy is but the Banquet's View, the Taſte
Stands from your Palate; if h' impart by Day
So much of his Content, think what Night gave?
Vitry. Will y' have a Reliſh of Wit, Lady?
Bawd. This is the Man.
Lady. If't be not dear, Sir.
Vitry. If you affect Cheapneſs,
How can you prize this ſullied Ware ſo much?
Mine's freſh, my own, not retailed. *Pro.* You
Are ſaucy, Sirrah. *Vitry.* The fitter to be in
The Diſh with ſuch dry Stockfiſh as you are;
How, ſtrike? *Bawd.* Remember the Condition, as
You look for Payment. *Vitry.* That Box was left out
O' th' Bargain. *Prot.* Help, help, help.
Bawd. Plague of
The Scriveners running Hand, what a Blow's this to
My Reputation?

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, *and* Martell.

Thier. What Villain dares this Outrage?
Vitry. Hear me, Sir,
This Creature hir'd me wi' fifty Crowns in Hand,
To let *Protaldye* have the better of me
At ſingle Rapier on a made Quarrel; he
Miſtaking th' Weapon, lays me over the Chops

With his Club-fiſt, for which I was bold to teach him
The Art of Memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Theod. Your General, Mother, will diſplay himſelf
'Spight of our Peace, I ſee.

Thier. Forbear theſe civil Jars; fie, fie, *Protaldye*,
So open in your Projects? Avoid our Preſence, Sirrah.

Vitry. Willingly; if you have any more
Wages to earn, you ſee I can take pains.

Theod. There's ſomewhat for thy Labour,
More than was promis'd; ha, ha, ha.

Bawd. Where could I wiſh myſelf now? in the *Iſle of Dogs*,
So I might but eſcape ſcratching, for I ſee
By her Cats Eyes I ſhall be clawed fearfully.

Thier. We'll hear no more on't, [*Soft Muſick.*
Muſick drown all Sadneſs;
Command the Revellers in, at what a rate I
Purchaſe my Mother's Abſence, to give my Spleen
Full Liberty.

Brun. Speak not a Thought's Delay, it names thy Ruin.

Prot. I thought my Life had borne more Value with you.

Brun. Thy Loſs carries mine with't, let that ſecure thee.
The Vault is ready, and the Door conveys to't
Falls juſt behind his Chair, the blow once given,
Thou art unſeen.

Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm ſure.
[*Withdraws.*

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own Deſtruction.

Thier. You'll add unto her Rage.

Theod. 'Foot, I ſhall burſt,
Unleſs I vent myſelf; ha, ha, ha.

Brun. (42) Me, Sir? you never could
Have found a time t'invite more willingneſs
In my diſpoſe to Pleaſure.

(42) *Me, Sir, you never could*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read, *See, Sir*, But I believe the Point only wants to be chang'd. One of the Maskers addreſſes her, as another does *Memberge*, and ſhe pretends to be in high good Humour.

Memb.

Memb. Would you would pleaſe to make ſome other Choice.

Revel. 'Tis a Diſgrace would dwell upon me, Lady, Should you refuſe.

Memb. Your Reaſon conquers; my Grandmother's Looks Have turn'd all Air to Earth in me, they ſit Upon my Heart like Night-charms, black and heavy.

[*They dance.*

Thier. You're too much Libertine.

Theod. The Fortune of the Fool perſuades my Laughter More than his Cowardiſe; was ever Rat Ta'en by the Tail thus? ha, ha, ha.

Thier. Forbear, I ſay.

Prot. No Eye looks this way, I will wink and ſtrike, Leſt I betray myſelf. [*Behind the State ſtabs* Theodoret.

Theod. Ha, did you not ſee one near me?

Thier. How near you, why do you look ſo pale, Brother? Treaſon, Treaſon.

Memb. Oh my Preſage! Father.

Ord. Brother.

Mart. Prince, noble Prince.

Thier. Make the Gates ſure, ſearch into every Angle And Corner of the Court, oh my Shame! Mother, Your Son is ſlain, *Theodoret*, noble *Theodoret*, Here in my Arms, too weak a Sanctuary 'Gainſt Treachery and Murder; ſay, is the Traitor taken?

1 *Guard.* No Man hath paſt the Chamber on my Life, Sir.

Thier. Set preſent Fire unto the Place, that all unſeen May periſh in this Miſchief; who moves ſlow to't Shall add unto the Flame.

Brun. What mean you? give me your private Hearing.

Thier. Perſuaſion is a Partner in the Crime, I will renounce my Claim unto a Mother, If you make offer on't.

Brun. Ere a Torch can take Flame, I will produce the Author of the Fact.

Thier. Withdraw——but for your Lights.

Memb. Oh my too true Suſpicion.

[*Exeunt* Martell *and* Memberge.

Thier. Speak, where's the Engine to this horrid Act?
Brun. Here you behold her; upon whom make good
Your cauſleſs Rage; the Deed was done by my
Incitement, and not yet repented. *Thier.* Whither
Did Nature ſtart, when you conceiv'd a Birth
So much unlike Woman? ſay, what part
Did not conſent to make a Son of him,
Reſerv'd itſelf within you to his Ruin.
Brun. Ha, ha, a Son of mine! do not diſſever
Thy Father's Duſt, (43) ſhaking his quiet Urn,
To which thy Breath would ſend ſo foul an Iſſue.
My Son! thy Brother!
Thier. Was not *Theodoret*
My Brother, or is thy Tongue confederate with
Thy Heart, to ſpeak and do only things monſtrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou ſhalt make thine own Belief:
Thy ſtill-with-ſorrow-mention'd Father liv'd
Three careful Years, in hope of wiſhed Heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous Fear
Injoin'd to quiet home, one fatal Day;
Tranſported with my Pleaſure to the Chaſe,
I forc'd Command, and in purſuit of Game
Fell from my Horſe, loſt both my Child and Hopes.
Deſpair, which only in his Love ſaw Life
Worthy of being, from a Gardner's Arms
Snatch'd this unhappy Brat, and call'd it mine,
When the next Year repaid my Loſs with thee:
But in thy Wrongs preſerv'd my Miſery,
Which that I might diminiſh, tho' not end,
My Sighs and wet Eyes from thy Father's Will,
Bequeath this largeſt part of his Dominions
Of *France* unto thee, and only left *Auſtracia*

(43) ——— *ſhaking his quiet Urn,*
To which my *Breath would ſend ſo foul an Iſſue.*] This, to me at leaſt, is obſcure. Her Breath had ſent *Theodoret* to the Grave, but ſhe would not ſay that ſhe would ſend him to the Urn of her Husband. I believe *my* is a falſe Print, and read,
To which thy *Breath would ſend ſo foul an Iſſue.*
i. e. Do not diſturb thy Father's Duſt by aſcribing to him ſo foul an Iſſue. I have Mr. *Sympſon*'s Concurrence in this Emendation.

Unto

Unto that Changëling, whoſe Life affords
Too much of ill 'gainſt me to prove my Words,
And call him Stranger.

Thier. Come, do not weep, I muſt, nay do believe you.
And in my Father's Satisfaction count it
Merit, not Wrong, or Loſs.

Brun. You do but flatter,
There's Anger yet flames in your Eyes. *Thier.* See, I
Will quench it, and confeſs that you have ſuffer'd
A double Travail for me. *Brun.* You will not
Fire the Houſe then?

Thier. Rather reward the Author who gave Cauſe
Of knowing ſuch a Secret, my Oath and Duty
Shall be aſſurance on't.

Brun. Protaldye, riſe
Good faithful Servant. Heav'n knows how hardly he
Was drawn to this Attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

(44) *Thier. Protaldye?* (He had
A Gard'ner's Fate I'll ſwear, to fall by thy Hand,) [*Aſide.*
Sir, we do owe unto you for this Service.

Brun. Why look'ſt thou ſo dejected?

(44) Thier. Protaldye? *he had a Gard'ner's* Face *I'll ſwear*;
Tell *by thy Hand, Sir, we do owe unto you for this Service.*]
The ſecond Line is neither Senſe nor Meaſure, and the firſt differs from the two old *Quartos*, which read, *Gard'ners Fate*, which is good Senſe. He had the Fate of a Gardener when he dy'd by ſuch a Coward's Hand. Tho' he began to like the Deed, he ſtill retains a ſecret Contempt of the Inſtrument; and this therefore ſhould be ſpoke *aſide*. And this, together with the true Adjuſtment of the Meaſure, will lead us to a very probable Conjecture how to reſtore the next Words,

Tell *by thy Hand,*——

I ſuppoſe the Tranſcriber to have accidentally contracted *To fall* into *tall*, and this making no Senſe, the firſt Printers, by way of Correction, read *Tell*, which ſeem'd to make ſomething that approach'd to a Meaning, juſt as the later Printers alter'd *Fate* to *Face*. I read therefore,

Protaldye? (*He had*
A Gard'ner's Fate *I'll ſwear, to fall by thy Hand,*) [Aſide.

Enter Martell.

Prot. I want a little
Shift, Lady, nothing elſe. *Mart.* The Fires are ready,
Pleaſe it your Grace withdraw, whilſt we perform
Your Pleaſure. *Thier.* Reſerve them for the Body; ſince
He had the Fate to live and die a Prince,
He ſhall not loſe the Title in his Funeral. [*Exit.*
Mart. His Fate to live a Prince! Thou old Impiety,
Made up by Luſt and Miſchief. Take up the Body.
[*Exeunt with the Body of* Theodoret.

Enter Lecure *and a Servant.*

Lec. Doſt think *Leforte*'s ſure enough? *Serv.* As Bonds
Can make him, I have turn'd his Eyes to th' Eaſt,
And left him gaping after the Morning Star;
His Head is a mere Aſtrolobe, his Eyes
Stand for the Poles, the Gag in his Mouth being
The Coachman, his five Teeth have th' near'ſt Reſemblance
To *Charles*'s Wain. *Lec.* Thou haſt caſt a Figure then
Which ſhall raiſe thee, direct my Hair a little;
And in my Likeneſs to him read a Fortune
Suiting thy largeſt Hopes.
Serv. You are ſo far 'bove Likeneſs, you're the ſame,
If you love Mirth, perſuade him from himſelf.
It is but an Aſtronomer out of the way,
And Lying will bear the better Place for't. *Lec.* I
Have profitabler Uſe in hand; haſte to
The Queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd,
[*Exit Servant.*
Who would not ſerve this virtuous active Queen?
She that loves Miſchief 'bove the Man that does it,
And him above her Pleaſure, yet knows no Heav'n elſe.

Enter Thierry.

Thier. (45) How well this Loneneſs ſuits the Art I ſeek,
Diſcovering ſecret and ſucceeding Fate,

(45) *How well this* Loan *ſuits the Art I ſeek,*] Both the Senſe and Meaſure directed us all to read *Loneneſs*, i. e. *Solitarineſs*. The old *Quartos* confirm the Truth of it.

Knowledge

Knowledge that puts all lower Happineſs on,
With a remiſs and careleſs Hand.
Fair Peace unto your Meditations, Father.
Lec. The ſame to you, you bring, Sir.
Thier. Drawn by your much-fam'd Skill, I come to know
Whether the Man (46) who owes this Character
Shall e'er have Iſſue.
Lec. A Reſolution falling with moſt eaſe
Of any Doubt you could have nam'd; He's a Prince
Whoſe Fortune you enquire.
Thier. He's nobly born.
Lec. He had a Dukedom lately fall'n unto him
By one, call'd Brother, who has left a Daughter.
Thier. The Queſtion is of Heirs, not Lands.
Lec. Heirs, yes;
He ſhall have Heirs. *Thier.* Begotten of his Body?
Why look'ſt thou pale?
Thou canſt not ſuffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou,
I neither can nor will give farther Knowledge
To thee. *Thier.* Thou muſt, I am the Man myſelf,
Thy Sovereign, who muſt owe unto thy Wiſdom
In the concealing of my barren Shame.
Lec. Your Grace doth wrong your Stars; if this be yours,
You may have Children.
Thier. Speak it again.
Lec. You may have fruitful Iſſue.
Thier. By whom? when? how?
Lec. It was the fatal Means firſt ſtruck my Blood
With the cold hand of Wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your Birth.
Thier. Can there be any way unſmooth, has end

(46) —— *who* owes *this Character*] *i. e.* who owns, a Word often mention'd before as common to all the old *Engliſh* Writers; as in the old Editions of the Bible, *The Man who* oweth *this Girdle*. The Character is the Calculation of his Nativity, which his Mother adviſ'd him to lay before *Leforte*. The Word *Reſolution*, in *Lecure*'s Anſwer to this, ſignifies the ſame with *Solution*.

So

So fair and good?

Lec. (47) We that behold the ſad Aſpects of Heav'n,
Leading Senſe-blinded Men, feel Grief enough
To know, tho' not to ſpeak their Miſeries.

Thier. (48) Sorrow muſt loſe a name, where mine finds Life;
If not in thee, 't leaſt eaſe my Pain with ſpeed,
Which muſt know no Cure elſe.

Lec. Then thus,
The firſt of Females which your Eye ſhall meet
Before the Sun next riſe, coming from out
The Temple of *Dian*, being ſlain, you live
Father of many Sons.

Thier. Call'ſt thou this Sadneſs? Can I beget a Son
Deſerving leſs, than to give Recompence
Unto ſo poor a loſs? What e'er thou art,
Reſt peaceable, bleſt Creature, born to be

(47) *We that behold the ſad Aſpects of Heav'n,*
Leading Senſe blinded, Men feel Grief enough
To know, tho' not to ſpeak their Miſeries.] This, ſays Mr. *Sympſon*, is one of the many Places where there are great Hiatus's left in the printed Copies. I believe he is miſtaken. The Play has been printed very incorrectly with regard to Meaſure and Points; the former I hope the Reader will find pretty generally reſtor'd, and the Change of a Comma, and the Inſertion of a Hyphen, are all that is neceſſary to the Cure of this Paſſage. *Lecure* is pretending great Compaſſion, and ſays that we that are learned in the ſad Aſpects of Heaven, which lead Men Senſe-blinded to their Fate, have Grief enough to know and not to declare the Miſeries of Men. I read therefore,

We that behold the ſad Aſpects of Heaven,
Leading Senſe-blinded Men, feel Grief enough
To know, tho' not to ſpeak their Miſeries.

(48) *Sorrow muſt loſe a Name, where mine finds Life;*
If not in thee, at leaſt eaſe Pain with ſpeed,] This ſeems obſcure, the firſt is a very poetic Sentiment,

Sorrow muſt loſe a Name,———

i. e. Loſe its being where mine, *i. e.* my-*Name* finds Life by my gaining Heirs to it. Then he anſwers what *Lecure* had before ſaid of his Grief in the Foreknowledge of the Means of gaining him Heirs; if, ſays he, you cannot eaſe your own Grief, at leaſt eaſe mine. The Relative *my* inſerted, gives this Senſe, and it being common in our Poets to cut off the initial or final Vowel of one Word, when the following or former begins or ends with another Vowel. The Inſertion will not alter the Meaſure, the *a* in *at* being here cut off.

Mother

Mother of Princes, whoſe Grave ſhall be more fruitful
Than others Marriage Beds. Methinks his Art
Should give her Form and happy Figure to me,
I long to ſee my Happineſs; he's gone.
As I remember, he nam'd my Brother's Daughter,
Were it my Mother, 'twere a gainful Death
Could give *Ordella*'s Virtue living Breath. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry *and* Martell.

Mart. YOur Grace is early ſtirring.
Thier. How can he ſleep,
Whoſe Happineſs is laid up in an Hour
He knows comes ſtealing tow'rds him? Oh *Martell!*
Is't poſſible the longing Bride, whoſe Wiſhes
Out-run her Fears, (49) can that Day ſhe is married
Conſume in Slumbers? or his Arms ruſt in eaſe,
That hears the Charge, and ſees the honour'd Purchaſe
Ready to gild his Valour? Mine is more
A Power above theſe Paſſions; this Day *France*,
(*France* that in want of Iſſue withers with us,
And like an aged River runs his Head
Into forgotten Ways.) again I ranſome,
And his fair Courſe turn right: (50) This Day *Thierry*,
The Son of *France*, whoſe manly Powers like Priſoners
Have been ty'd up, and fetter'd, by one Death
Gives

(49) ———*can on that Day ſhe is married*
Conſume in Slumbers,———] Former Editions.

(50) ———*This Day* Thierry,
The Son of France, *whoſe manly Powers like Priſoners*
Have been ty'd up,—] That this is good Senſe is allow'd, but that the *Sun of France* is much more poetical, I believe will be equally allow'd. How long the *Sun* has been the Emblem of the *French* King, I have no Book by me that will tell us. It was the Emblem which *Louis the Fourteenth* moſt delighted in, if it was of older Date in the Arms of *France*, it would be a Confirmation of the Emendation here, and ſtill more ſo, of the exquiſite Beauty of the following Paſſage

Gives Life to thousand Ages; this Day Beauty
The Envy of the World, the Pleasure, Glory,
Content above the World, Desire beyond it
Are made mine own, and useful.
Mart. Happy Woman
That dies to do these things.
Thier. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater; oh *Martell*,
The Gods have heard me now, and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many Children, and blest Fathers
That see their Issues like the Stars unnumber'd,
Their Comforts more than them, shall in my Praises
Now teach their Infants Songs; (51) and tell their Ages
From such a Son of mine, or such a Queen
That chaste *Ordella* brings me. Blessed Marriage,
The Chain that links two holy Loves together!
And in the Marriage, more than bless'd *Ordella*,
That comes so near the Sacrament itself, The

Passage of *Shakespear* in *Harry the Fifth*, the *French* King describing the Battle of *Cressy*,

When Cressy *Battle fatally was struck*;
And all our Princes captiv'd by the Hand
Of that black Name, Edward *black Prince of* Wales:
While that his Mountain-Sire on Mountain standing,
Up in the Air, crown'd with the golden Sun,
Saw his Heroic Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Work of Nature——

Were a Painter to give us this Battle in Colours, what a noble Image might he take from hence? The King of more than human Stature, and enlarg'd beyond the strict Rules of Perspective, aloft on a Hill, with the *Sun* in his Zenith darting all his Glory round his Head. *Shakespear* expresses this in Words that exceed all Colours, *Mountain* when made an Adjective is something beyond the Epithet *great*, *vast*, *immense*. I should not have mention'd this but to shew the Fallibility of Criticism, since the greatest of the Critics on *Shakespear* for *Mountain Sire* reads *Mounting Sire*, and rejects the Line

Up in the Air, crown'd with the golden Sun,

as the nonsensical Insertion of some Player. As to the Change I propose of *Son* to *Sun*, I shall not insert it in the Text, as the former, tho' not so Poetical, may perhaps be thought full as proper, now he is talking of a Son to succeed him.

(51) ———*and tell their Ages*
From such a *Son of mine, or such a Queen*,
That chaste Ordella *brings me.*—] I should not have thought this to need an Explanation, but that I find Mr. *Sympson* has miss'd the Sense

The Prieſts doubt whether's purer!
Mart. Sir, y're loſt.
Thier. I prithee let me be ſo.
Mart. The Day wears,
And thoſe that have been offering early Prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.
Thier. Stand and mark then.
Mart. Is it the firſt muſt ſuffer?
Thier. The firſt Woman.
Mart. What Hand ſhall do it, Sir?
Thier. This Hand, *Martell*,
For who leſs dare preſume to give the Gods
An Incenſe of this Offering?
Mart. Would I were ſhe,
For ſuch a way to die, and ſuch a Bleſſing,
Can never crown my parting.

Enter two Men paſſing over.

Thier. What are thoſe?
Mart. Men, Men, Sir, Men.
Thier. The Plagues of Men light on 'em,
They croſs my Hopes like Hares. Who's that?

Enter a Prieſt.

Mart. A Prieſt, Sir.
Thier. Would he were gelt.
Mart. May not theſe Raſcals ſerve, Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thier. No.
Mart. Here comes a Woman.

Enter Ordella *veil'd.*

Thier. Stand and behold her then.
Mart. I think a fair one.
Thier. Move not whilſt I prepare her; may her Peace,

Senſe of it, for he ſuppoſes an Hiatus here neceſſary to be fill'd up to make Senſe of it, the Meaning is, *Men number their Ages by the Reigns of their Kings and Queens.* Thierry *therefore pleaſes himſelf with the Hopes of Men in After-ages doing this by his Iſſue ſprung from his chaſte and much-lov'd* Ordella.

(Like

(Like his whoſe Innocence the Gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their Altars, gives his Soul
Far purer than thoſe Fires) pull Heav'n upon her;
You holy Powers, no human Spot dwell in her;
No Love of any thing, but you and Goodneſs,
Tie her to Earth; Fear be a Stranger to her;
And all weak Blood's Affections, but thy Hope,
Let her bequeath to Women: Hear me Heav'n,
Give her a Spirit Maſculine, and noble,
Fit for yourſelves to ask, and me to offer.
Oh let her meet my Blow, doat on her Death;
And as a wanton Vine bows to the Pruner,
That by his cutting off, more may increaſe,
So let her fall to raiſe me Fruit. Hail Woman,
The happieſt, and the beſt, (if the dull Will
Do not abuſe thy Fortune) *France* e'er found yet.

Ord. She's more than dull, Sir, leſs, and worſe than Woman,
That may inherit ſuch an Infinite
As you propound, a Greatneſs ſo near Goodneſs,
And brings a Will to rob her.

Thier. Tell me this then,
Was there e'er Woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair Fame, unſpotted Memory,
For Virtue's ſake, and only for itſelf ſake,
Has, or dare make a Story?

Ord. Many dead, Sir,
Living I think as many.

Thier. Say, the Kingdom
May from a Woman's Will receive a Bleſſing,
The King and Kingdom, not a private Safety,
A general Bleſſing, Lady.

Ord. A general Curſe
Light on her Heart, denies it.

Thier. Full of Honour;
And ſuch Examples as the former Ages
Were but dim Shadows of, and empty Figures.

Ord. You ſtrangely ſtir me, Sir, and were my Weakneſs
In any other Fleſh but modeſt Woman's,

You

You ſhould not ask more Queſtions; may I do it?
Thier. You may, and which is more, you muſt.
Ord. I joy in't,
Above a moderate Gladneſs; Sir, you promiſe
I ſhall be honeſt.
Thier. As e'er time diſcover'd.
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a Mind will hazard it.
Thier. But hark ye,
What may that Woman merit, makes this Bleſſing!
Ord. Only her Duty, Sir.
Thier. 'Tis terrible.
Ord. 'Tis ſo much the more noble.
Thier. 'Tis full of fearful Shadows.
Ord. So is Sleep, Sir,
Or any thing that's meerly ours, and mortal,
We were begotten Gods elſe; but thoſe Fears
Feeling but once the Fires of nobler Thoughts,
Fly, like the Shapes of Clouds we form, to nothing.
Thier. Suppoſe it Death.
Ord. I do.
Thier. And endleſs parting
With all we can call ours, with all our Sweetneſs,
With Youth, Strength, Pleaſure, People, Time, nay Reaſon:
For in the ſilent Grave, no Converſation,
No joyful tread of Friends, no Voice of Lovers,
No careful Father's Counſel (52) nothing's heard,
Nor nothing is, but all Oblivion,
Duſt and an endleſs Darkneſs; and dare you, Woman,
Deſire this Place?
Ord. 'Tis of all Sleeps the ſweeteſt,
Children begin it to us, ſtrong Men ſeek it,

(52) ——*nothing's* hard,
Nor nothing is,——] Thus all the Editions, but the Emendation appear'd ſelf-evident to all three at firſt reading. I believe I ſhall have occaſion to produce this Paſſage in the Preface, as a noble Emulation of the like Deſcription of Death in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. The whole of this Scene and all that relates to *Ordella* deſerves the Reader's particular Attention.

And

And Kings from Height of all their painted Glories
Fall like ſpent Exhalations, to this Centre:
And thoſe are Fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandſome Pleaſures or Life's Profits
Can recompence this Place; and mad that ſtay it,
'Till Age blow out their Lights; or rotten Humours
Bring them diſpers'd to th' Earth.

Thier. Then you can ſuffer?

Ord. As willingly as ſay it.

Thier. *Martell*, a Wonder,
Here is a Woman that dares die. Yet tell me,
Are you a Wife?

Ord. I am, Sir.

Thier. And have Children?
(53) She ſighs and weeps.

Ord. Oh none, Sir.

Thier. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren Praiſe you ne'er ſhall hear,
To part with theſe ſweet Hopes?

Ord. With all but Heav'n,
And yet die full of Children; he that reads me
When I am Aſhes, is my Son in Wiſhes,
And thoſe chaſte Dames that keep my Memory,
Singing my yearly Requiems, are my Daughters.

Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but my Knowledge.
And what I muſt do, Lady.

Ord. You are the King, Sir,
And what you do I'll ſuffer, and that Bleſſing
That you deſire, the Gods ſhow'r on the Kingdom.

Thier. Thus much before I ſtrike then, for I muſt kill you,
(54) The God's have will'd it ſo; thou'rt made the Bleſſing

(53) *She ſighs and weeps.*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks this might have been a Stage Direction. But ſurely it is fully as proper, nay it is beautiful in *Thierry*'s Mouth, who often turns to *Martell* in the Dialogue.

(54) *The Gods* will have it ſo, they're *made the Bleſſing*] Former Editions, the Correction muſt be evident tho' the direct Words that gave the Senſe muſt be uncertain; it might be, *Thou'rt*, or *You're* or *They've made you th' Bleſſing*. Mr. *Sympſon* ſent me the former, which I had before inſerted in the Text.

Muſt

Muſt make *France* young again, and me a Man;
Keep up your Strength ſtill nobly.
Ord. Fear me not.
Thier. And meet Death like a Meaſure.
Ord. I am ſtedfaſt.
Thier. Thou ſhalt be ſainted Woman, and thy Tomb
Cut out in Cryſtal, pure and good as thou art;
(55) And on it ſhall be graven, every Age,
Succeeding Peers of *France* that riſe by thy Fall;
'Till thou ly'ſt there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'ſt thou behold thy Happineſs?
Ord. I dare, Sir.
Thier. Ha? [*Pulls off her Veil, lets fall his Sword.*
Mart. Oh, Sir, you muſt not do it.
Thier. No, I dare not.
There is an Angel keeps that Paradiſe,
A fiery Angel, Friend; oh Virtue, Virtue,
Ever and endleſs Virtue.
Ord. Strike, Sir, ſtrike;
And if in my poor Death fair *France* may merit,
Give me a thouſand Blows, be killing me
A thouſand Days.

(55) *And on it ſhall be graven, every Age,*
Succeeding Peers of France *that riſe by thy Fall,*
Tell thou ly'ſt there like old and fruitful Nature.] Mr. *Sympſon* imagines an Hiatus again, and this Notion has here alſo prevented the exertion of his Faculties at finding out a Cure. I flatter myſelf, that I have fully done this to this Paſſage, by making a Colon inſtead of a Comma at the End of the ſecond Line, and changing *Tell* to *'Till.* I ſhould have been ſorry to have left ſuch beautiful Members of the *disjecti Poetæ* in the maim'd State they have hitherto been in, when the change of a ſingle Letter will reunite them. The Image is this, *On thy Tomb ſhall be engrav'd from Age to Age the ſucceeding Kings of* France *as acknowledging their Being all deriv'd from thee, 'till thou ly'ſt there like* Nature *the fruitful Mother of all Things.* The Image is full as noble as the famous Simile of *Virgil* of the City of *Rome* to *Berecynthia* the Mother of the Gods.

——*Illa inclyta Roma*
Felix Prole virûm. Qualis Berecynthia Mater,
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per Urbes,
Læta Deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Cælicolas, omnes ſupera alta tenentes.

Thier. Firſt let the Earth be barren,
And Man no more remembred; riſe *Ordella*,
The neareſt to thy Maker, and the pureſt
That ever dull Fleſh ſhew'd us,——Oh my Heart-ſtrings.
[*Exit.*

Mart. I ſee you full of Wonder, therefore nobleſt,
And trueſt amongſt Women, I will tell you
The end of this ſtrange Accident.

Ord. Amazement
Has ſo much wove upon my Heart, that truly
I feel myſelf unfit to hear; oh, Sir,
My Lord has ſlighted me.

Mart. Oh no, ſweet Lady.

Ord. Robb'd me of ſuch a Glory by his Pity,
And moſt unprovident Reſpect.

Mart. Dear Lady,
It was not meant to you.

Ord. Elſe where the Day is,
And Hours diſtinguiſh Time, Time runs to Ages,
And Ages end the World, I had been ſpoken.

Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your Patience
Will give me hearing.

Ord. If I have tranſgreſs'd,
Forgive me, Sir.

Mart. Your noble Lord was counſell'd,
Grieving the Barrenneſs between you both,
(56) And all the Kingdom's with him, to ſeek out
A Man that knew the Secrets of the Gods;
He went, found ſuch an one, and had this Anſwer;
That if he wou'd have Iſſue, on this Morning,
For this Hour was prefix'd him, he ſhould kill
The firſt he met, being Female, from the Temple,
And then he ſhould have Children; the Miſtake
Is now too perfect, Lady.

(56) *And all the* Kingdom *with him*] Was all the *Kingdom* counſell'd to ſeek out an Aſtrologer? This ſeems the Conſtruction of the Words as they now ſtand: I read,

And all the Kingdom's *with him*,

i. e. all the *Kingdom*'s Barrenneſs in his.

Ord.

Ord. Still 'tis I, Sir,
For may this Work be done by common Women?
Durſt any but myſelf, that knew the Bleſſing,
And felt the Benefit, aſſume this thing?
In any other, 't'ad been loſt and nothing,
A Curſe and not a Bleſſing; I was figur'd;
And ſhall a little Fondneſs barr my Purchaſe?
Mart. Where ſhould he then ſeek Children?
Ord. Where they are,
In wombs ordain'd for Iſſues; in thoſe Beauties
(57) That bleſs a Marriage-bed, and makes it procreant
With kiſſes that conceive, and fruitful Pleaſures;
Mine, like a Grave, buries thoſe loyal Hopes,
And to a Grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honeſt; rob not us,
And thoſe that ſhall hereafter ſeek Example,
(58) Of ſuch ineſtimable Worth in Woman,
Your Lord of ſuch Obedience, all of Honour;
In coveting a Cruelty is not yours;
A Will ſhort of your Wiſdom; make not Error
A Tomb-ſtone of your Virtues, whoſe fair Life
Deſerves a Conſtellation; your Lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, muſt not run this hazard,
He makes a ſeparation Nature ſhakes at,
The Gods deny, and everlaſting Juſtice
Shrinks back, and ſheaths her Sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, Sir,
I find to what I am reſerv'd, and needful;
And though my Lord's Compaſſion makes me poor,

(57) *That bleſs a Marriage Bed, and makes it* proceed
With Kiſſes that conceive,] *Proceed* is certainly corrupt, it makes very poor Senſe, and as bad Meaſure. I conjectur'd *procreant*, and on turning to Mr. *Theobald*'s Margin I find that he conjectur'd *proud*; I laid the two before an ingenious Friend, without telling him which was mine; he vaſtly gave the Preference to *procreant* which confirm'd my Deſign of inſerting it in the Text.

(58) *Of ſuch ineſtimable* Worthies *in Woman*] Former Editions, The Original might have been either *Worths* or *Worth*.

And leaves me in my beſt uſe; (59) yet a ſtrength
Above mine own, or his dull fondneſs finds me,
The Gods have given to me. [*Draws a Knife.*
Mart. Self-deſtruction!
Now all good Angels bleſs thee, oh ſweet Lady
You are abus'd, this is a way to ſhame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;
To ruin all you build: Would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ord. I would be what I ſhould be.
Mart. Live and confirm the Gods then, live and be loaden
(60) With more than Olive bears, or fruitful Autumn;
This way you kill your Merit, kill your Cauſe,
And him you would raiſe Life to; where or how
Got you theſe bloody Thoughts? what Devil durſt
Look on that Angel Face, and tempt? do you
Know what it is to die thus, how you ſtrike
The Stars, and all good things above, d' you feel
What follows a Self-blood, whither you venture,
And to what Puniſhment? Excellent Lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not fool yourſelf,
The Prieſt was never his own Sacrifice,
But he that thought his Hell here.
Ord. I am counſell'd.

(59) ——*yet a ſtrength*
Above mine own, or his dull fondneſs finds me;
The Gods have given it *to me*]. This Reading may be conſtru'd into Senſe, but the change of a Colon to a Comma, and the Omiſſion of the Relative *it* makes it much more eaſy,

(60) *With more than* Olive-Bear——] This compound Word, to expreſs the Fruit of the Olive, ſeems rather forc'd; but as it is certainly intelligible, I ſhall not diſplace it, otherwiſe a more obvious Expreſſion.

With more than Olive bears,

ſeems more eligible both to Mr. *Sympſon* as well as myſelf. I had wrote this, when turning to the old Quartos, I find that neither of them have a Hyphen but read,

With more than Olive bear,

The Hyphen therefore being only the conjectural Inſertion of the late Editions, *i. e.* of ſome common Corrector of the Preſs, I reject it and inſert our Reading in the Text: We may add the *s* to the end of either of the Words with pretty nearly equal Propriety.

Mart.

Mart. And I am glad on't, lie I know you dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray take my comfort.
Was this a Soul to loſe? two more ſuch Women
Would ſave their Sex; ſee, ſhe repents and prays,
Oh hear her, hear her; if there be a Faith
Able to reach your Mercies, ſhe hath ſent it.
Ord. Now good *Martell* confirm me.
Mart. I will, Lady,
And every Hour adviſe you, for I doubt
Whether this Plot be Heav'n's or Hell's; your Mother:
And I will find it, if it be in Mankind
To ſearch the Center of it: In the mean time
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourſelf,
And ſhew the Inſtrument, ſo ſhall I find
A Joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fitteſt,
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engroſs all Love, and give. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brunhalt, *and* Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be delivered of that burthenous Project
I have ſo long gone with; ha, here's the Midwife,
Or Life, or Death.

Enter Lecure.

Lec. If in the ſuppoſition
Of her Death in whoſe Life you die, you ask me,
I think you're ſafe.
Brun. Is ſhe dead?
Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her ſo; I ſaw him waiting
At th' Temple Door, and us'd ſuch Art within,
That only ſhe of all her Sex was firſt
Giv'n up unto his Fury.
Brun. Which if Love
Or Fear made him forbear to execute;
The Vengeance he determin'd, his fond Pity

Shall draw upon himſelf; for were there left
Not any Man but he, to ſerve my Pleaſures,
Or from me to receive Commands, which are
The Joys for which I love Life, he ſhould be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be Queen
O'er any Part of Goodneſs that's left in me.

Lec. If you are ſo reſolv'd, I have provided
A means to ſhip him hence: look upon this,
But touch it ſparingly, for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a Tear, will keep the Eye-lid
From cloſing, until Death perform that Office.

Brun. Give't me, I may have uſe of't, and on you
I'll make the firſt Experiment, if one Sigh
Or heavy look beget the leaſt ſuſpicion,
Childiſh Compaſſion can thaw the Ice
Of your ſo-long-congeal'd and flinty hardneſs.
'Slight, go on conſtant, or I ſhall.

Prot. Beſt Lady,
We have no Faculties which are not yours.

Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.

Brun. Be ſo,
And we will ſtand or fall together, for
Since we have gone ſo far, that Death muſt ſtay
The Journey, which we wiſh ſhould never end;
And innocent, or guilty, we muſt die,
When we do ſo, let's know the reaſon why.

Enter Thierry *and Courtiers.*

Lec. The King.

Thier. We'll be alone.

Prot. I would I had
A Convoy too, to bring me ſafe off.
For Rage, although it be allay'd with Sorrow,
Appears ſo dreadful in him, that I ſhake
To look upon it.

Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has Birth: Son, Kingly *Thierry.*

Thier. Is cheating grown ſo common among Men?
And thrives ſo well here, that the Gods endeavour
To practiſe it above?

Brun.

Brun. Your Mother.
Thier. Ha!
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? (61) or when, for our Offences
We ſtudy Satisfaction, muſt the Cure
Be worſe than the Diſeaſe?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thier. To loſe the Ability to perform thoſe Duties
For which I entertain'd the Name of Husband,
Ask'd more than common Sorrow; but t'impoſe,
For the redreſs of that Defect, a Torture
In marking her to Death, (for whom alone
(62) I felt that weakneſs as a want) requires
More than the making the Head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the Earth; or curſing that way,
Or praying this. Oh ſuch a Scene of Grief,
And ſo ſet down, (the World the Stage to act on)
May challenge a Tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to expreſs it; for my cauſe
Of Paſſion is ſo ſtrong, and my Performance
So weak, that though the Part be good, I fear
Th'ill acting of it, will defraud it of
The poor Reward it may deſerve, Mens pity.
Brun. I've given you way thus long; a King, and what
Is more, my Son, and yet a Slave to that
Which only triumphs over Cowards, Sorrow?
For Shame look up.
Thier. Is't you, look down on me:
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it: what are theſe?
Come they upon your Privilege to tread on

(61) ——— *or when, for* your *Offences*] Former Editions.

(62) *I felt that Weakneſs as a* Want] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *as no Want*, but he moſt totally miſtakes the virtuous Wiſh of *Thierry*, who only wiſh'd a Cure of his Weakneſs for the ſake of the Enjoyment of his beloved Wife, and having Children by her without the leaſt thought of any other Woman. He does not therefore continue the *Platonick* Sentiments of Love which Neceſſity had forc'd him upon before.

The Tomb of my Afflictions?
Prot. No, not we, Sir.
Thier. How dare you then omit the Ceremony
Due to the Funeral of all my Hopes;
Or come unto the Marriage of my Sorrows?
But in such Colours as may sort with them.
Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing.
Brun. This is madness
Take but my counsel.
Thier. Yours? dare you again,
Though arm'd with th' Authority of a Mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another Syllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe, I have such cause
Of Grief, nay more, to love it, that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam.
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolv'd, and will; be Statues.

Enter Martell.

Thier. Ay, thou art welcome, and upon my Soul
Thou art an honest Man; do you see, he has Tears
To lend to him whom prodigal Expence
Of Sorrow has made Bankrupt of such Treasure,
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The Ill I bring along.
Thier. Thou mak'st me smile
I'the heighth of my Calamities, as if
There could be the addition of an Atom,
To th' Giant-body of my Miseries,
But try, for I will hear thee; all sit down, 'tis death
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In Look, Gesture, or Word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best Story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd *Ordella*, (for all other Titles

But

But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your laſt parting Groan, enquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cauſe ſoon learn'd:
For ſhe whom Barbariſm could deny nothing,
With ſuch prevailing earneſtneſs deſir'd it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her; ſhe I ſay, in whom
All was, that *Athens*, *Rome*, or warlike *Sparta*,
Have regiſtred for good in their beſt Women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herſelf
Mark'd out, (I know not by what Power, but ſure
A cruel one) to die, to give you Children;
Having firſt with a ſettled Countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon herſelf,
(It being the next beſt Object) and then ſmil'd,
As if her joy in Death to do you Service
Would break forth, in deſpite of the much Sorrow
She ſhew'd ſhe had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the Hand, this Hand which I muſt ever
Love better than I have done, ſince ſhe touch'd it,
Go, ſaid ſhe, to my Lord, (and to go to him
Is ſuch a Happineſs I muſt not hope for)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his Love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her ſake to rob
The Orphan Kingdom of ſuch Guardians, as
Muſt of neceſſity deſcend from him;
And therefore in ſome part of Recompence
Of his much Love, and to ſhew to the World
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate
That did deny to let her be the Mother
Of ſuch moſt certain Bleſſings: Yet for proof,
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her.—Which no ſooner ſpoke,
But in a Moment this too ready Engine
Made ſuch a battery in the choiceſt Caſtle
That ever Nature made to defend Life,
That ſtraight it ſhook and ſunk.

Thier. Stay, dares any

Preſume

Preſume to ſhed a Tear before me? Or
Aſcribe that Worth unto themſelves to Merit:
To do ſo for her? I have done, now on.
Mart. Fall'n thus, once more ſhe ſmil'd, as if that Death
For her had ſtudied a new way to ſever
The Soul and Body, without Senſe of Pain;
And then tell him, quoth ſhe, what you have ſeen,
And with what willingneſs 'twas done; for which
My laſt Requeſt unto him is, that he
Would inſtantly make choice of one (moſt happy
In being ſo choſen) to ſupply my Place,
By whom if Heav'n bleſs him with a Daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my Name.
Which ſaid, ſhe dy'd.
Thier. I hear this, and yet live;
Heart! art thou thunder Proof, will nothing break thee?
She's dead, and what her Entertainment may be
In th' other World without me is uncertain,
And dare I ſtay here unreſolv'd?
Mart. Oh Sir!
Brun. Dear Son.
Prot. Great King.
Thier. Unhand me, am I fall'n
So low, that I have loſt the Power to be
Diſpoſer of my own Life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow ſo much Time of Sorrow, as
To call to mind her laſt Requeſt, for whom
(I muſt confeſs a loſs beyond Expreſſion)
You turn your Hand upon yourſelf, 'twas hers
And dying hers, that you ſhould live and happy
In ſeeing little Models of yourſelf,
By matching with another; and will you
Leave any thing that ſhe deſir'd ungranted?
And ſuffer ſuch a Life that was laid down
For your ſake only, to be fruitleſs?
Thier. Oh thou doſt throw Charms on me, againſt which
I cannot ſtop my Ears; bear witneſs Heav'n
That not deſire of Life, nor Love of Pleaſure,
Nor any future Comforts, but to give

Peace

Peace to her bleſſed Spirit in ſatisfying
Her laſt Demand, makes me defer our meeting,
Which in my choice, and ſudden choice ſhall be
To all apparent.

Brun. How? do I remove one miſchief,
To draw upon my Head a greater?

Thier. Go, thou only good Man, to whom for herſelf
Goodneſs is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was; (63) Oh! my Heart, my *Ordella*, is
A Monument only worthy to be th' Casket
Of ſuch a Jewel.

Mart. Your Command that makes way
Unto my Abſence is a welcome one,
For but yourſelf there's nothing here *Martell*
Can take delight to look on; yet ſome Comfort
Goes back with me to her, who though ſhe want it,
Deſerves all Bleſſings. [*Exit.*

Brun. So ſoon to forget
The loſs of ſuch a Wife, believe it will
Be cenſur'd in the World.

Thier. Pray you no more,
There is no Argument you can uſe to croſs it,
But does increaſe in me ſuch a Suſpicion
I would not cheriſh——Who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One no Guard
Can put back from acceſs, whoſe Tongue no Threats
(64) Nor Pray'rs can ſilence, a bold Suitor, and
For that which if you are yourſelf, a King,
You were made ſo to grant it; Juſtice; Juſtice.

Thier. With what aſſurance dare you hope for that
Which is deny'd to me? Or how can I

(63) ——*Oh my Heart! my* Ordella,
A Monument worthy to be the Casket
Of ſuch a Jewel.] The whole is confuſed, and both Senſe and Meaſure requires the Adverb *only* to be inſerted in the ſecond Line: The former wants a Verb to make it clear.

(64) *Nor* Praiſes *can ſilence,* ———] Mr. *Sympſon* very juſtly reads *Pray'rs can ſilence,* I had cut off the *s* and read *Praiſe* for the Meaſure's ſake; but *Pray'rs* is the better Word.

Stand

Stand bound to be juſt unto ſuch as are
Beneath me, that find none from thoſe that are
Above me?

Memb. There is Juſtice, 'twere unfit
That any thing but Vengeance ſhould fall on him,
That by his giving way to more than Murther,
(For my dear Father's Death was Parricide)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you hear her not.

Memb. Hell cannot ſtop juſt Prayers from ent'ring Heav'n,
I muſt and will be heard, Sir; but remember
That he that by her Plot fell, was your Brother,
And the Place where, your Palace, againſt all
Th'inviolable Rites of Hoſpitality,
Your Word, a King's Word, given up for his Safety,
His Innocence, his Protection, and the Gods,
Bound to revenge the impious Breach of ſuch
So great and ſacred Bonds; and can you wonder
(That in not puniſhing ſuch a horrid Murther
You did it) that Heav'n's Favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his Blood
Be waſh'd away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the Wretch.

Thier. Forbear. With what variety
Of Torments do I meet? oh thou haſt open'd
A Book, in which, writ down in bloody Letters,
My Conſcience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo, but I'll begin
For my *Ordella*'s ſake, and for thine own
To make leſs Heav'n's great Anger: Thou haſt loſt
A Father, I to thee am ſo; the hope
Of a good Husband, in me have one; nor
Be fearful I am ſtill no Man, already
That weakneſs is gone from me.

Brun. That it might [*Aſide.*
Have ever grown inſeparably upon thee.
What will you do? Is ſuch a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd *Ordella*'s Place the Daughter
Of a poor Gard'ner?

Memb.

Memb. Your Son.
Thier. The power
To take away that lowneſs is in me.
Brun. Stay yet, for rather than that thou ſhalt add
Inceſt unto thy other Sins, I will,
With hazard of my own Life, utter all,
Theodoret was thy Brother.
Thier. You deny'd it.
Upon your Oath, nor will I now believe you;
Your *Protean* Turnings cannot change my purpoſe.
Memb. And for me, be aſſur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile Hag, admits no Thought,
But what tends to it.
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the laſt Refuge. Art thou grown
Inſenſible in all that thou goeſt on
Without the leaſt compunction? there, take that,
To witneſs that thou hadſt a Mother, which
Foreſaw thy Cauſe of Grief and ſad Repentance,
That ſo ſoon after bleſs'd *Ordella*'s Death,
Without a Tear, thou canſt embrace another,
Forgetful Man.
Thier. Mine Eyes when ſhe is nam'd,
Cannot forget their Tribute, and your Gift
Is not unuſeful now.
Lec. He's paſt all Cure, that only touch is Death.
Thier. This Night I'll keep it,
To morrow I will ſend it you, and full
Of my Affliction. [*Exit* Thierry.
Brun. Is the Poiſon mortal?
Lec. Above the help of Phyſick.
Brun. To my Wiſh,
Now for our own Security, you, *Protaldye*,
Shall this Night poſt towards *Auſtracia*,
With Letters to *Theodoret*'s Baſtard Son,
In which we will make known what for his Riſing
We've done unto *Thierry:* No Denial,
Nor no Excuſe in ſuch Acts muſt be thought of,
Which all diſlike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter De Vitry, *and four Soldiers.*

Vitry. NO War, no Money, no Maſter; baniſh'd the Court, not truſted in the City, whipt out of the Country, in what a Triangle runs our Miſery? Let me hear which of you has the beſt Voice to beg in, for other Hopes or Fortunes I ſee you have not; be not nice, Nature provided you with Tones for the purpoſe, the People's Charity was your Heritage, and I would ſee which of you deſerves his Birth-right.

Omnes. We underſtand you not, Captain.

Vitry. You ſee this Cardecue, the laſt, and the only Quinteſſence of fifty Crowns, diſtill'd in the Limbeck of your Gardage, of which happy Piece thou ſhalt be Treaſurer: Now he that can ſooneſt perſuade him to part with it, enjoys it, poſſeſſes it, and with it, me and my future Countenance.

1 *Sold.* If they want Art to perſuade it, I'll keep it myſelf.

Vitry. So you be not a partial Judge in your own Cauſe, you ſhall.

Omnes. A Match.

2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you: Brave Sir, be proud to make him happy by your Liberality, whoſe Tongue vouchſafes now to Petition, was never heard before leſs than to Command. I am a Soldier by Profeſſion, a Gentleman by Birth, and an Officer by Place, whoſe Poverty bluſhes to be the Cauſe, that ſo high a Virtue ſhould deſcend to the Pity of your Charity.

1 *Sold.* In any caſe keep your high Stile, it is not Charity to ſhame any Man, much leſs a Virtue of your Eminence, wherefore preſerve your Worth, and I'll preſerve my Money.

3 *Sold.* You perſuade? You are ſhallow, give way to Merit: Ah (65) by the Bread of a gode Man, thou haſt a bonny

(65) *by the Bread of a* good *Man,*] Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* would read, *Bread of God,* the too common Oath: But as this Speech is

bonny Countenance and a blith, promiſing mickle good (66) to a ſiking Womb, that has trod a long and a ſore Ground to meet with Friends, that will owe much to thy Reverence, when they ſhall hear of thy Courteſy to their wandring Countryman.

1 *Sold.* You that will uſe your Friends ſo hardly to bring them in Debt, Sir, will deſerve worſe of a Stranger, wherefore (67) pead on, pead on, I ſay.

4 *Sold.* It is the *Welch* muſt do't I ſee. Comrade Man of Urſhip, St. *Tavy* be her Patron, the Gods of the Mountains keep her Cow and her Cupboard: may ſhe never want the Green of the Leek, and the Fat of the Onion, if ſhe part with her Bounties to him, that is a great deal away from her Couſins, and has two big Suits in Law to recover her Heritage.

1 *Sold.* Pardon me, Sir, I will have nothing to do with your Suits, it comes within the Statute of Maintenance, home to your Couſins, (68) and ſowe Garlick and Hempſeed, the one will ſtop your Hunger, the other end your Suits; *gammawaſh comrade*, *gammawaſh*.

4 *Sold.* 'Foot he'll hoord all for himſelf.

Vitry. Yes, let him; now comes my Turn, I'll ſee if he can anſwer me: Save you, Sir, they ſay you have that I want, Money.

1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for ought I perceive yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver.

1 *Sold.* 'Foot what mean you, you will not rob the Exchequer?

is in the *Northern* Dialect, we ſhould write it *gode*, which is *Scotch* Pronunciation. One would wiſh to put any thing rather than the true Word.

(66) *to a* ſicker *Womb*,] *Sicker*, in *Chaucer* and *Skinner*, is *certain*, *aſſured*, but this gives no Idea ſuitable to the Context. I read therefore, *ſiking*, *Chaucer*'s Word for *ſighing*, and us'd by the common People of the *North* to this Day. *A ſiking Womb* is a groaning Stomach or Belly.

(67) pead *on*,] i. e. *Pad on*, *foot it on*.

(68) *and* ſome *Garlick and Hempſeed*,] I read *ſowe*, and I found it confirm'd by the old *Quartos*. I had the Concurrence too of both my Coadjutors.

Vitry.

Vitry. Do you prate?

1 *Sold.* Hold, hold; here, Captain.

2 *Sold.* Why I could have done this before you.

3 *Sold.* And I.

4. *Sold.* And I.

Vitry. You have done this. *Brave Man, be proud to make him happy——By the Bread of Gode, Man, thou haſt a bonny Countenance—Comrade Man of Urſhip, St.* Tavy *be her Patron*——Out upon you, you uncurry'd Colts; (69) walking Cans that have no Souls in you, but a little Roſin to keep your Ribs ſweet, and hold in Liquor.

Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do, Captain?

Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep Conſtables waking, wear out Stocks and Whipcord, maunder for Butter-milk, die of the Jaundice, yet have the Cure about you, Lice, large Lice, begot of your own Duſt, and the Heat of the Brick-kilns, may you ſtarve, (70) and the fear of the Gallows (which is a gentle Conſumption to't) only preſerve you from it, or may you fall upon your Fear, and be hang'd for ſelling thoſe Purſes to keep you from Famine, whoſe Monies my Valour empties, and be caſt without other Evidence; here is my Fort, my Caſtle of Defence, who comes by ſhall pay me Toll, the firſt Purſe is your Mittimus, Slaves.

2 *Sold.* The Purſe, 'foot we'll ſhare in the Money, Captain, if any come within a Furlong of our Fingers.

(69) *walking Cans that have no Souls in you.*] The Metaphor is here taken from the old *Engliſh black Jacks*, made almoſt in the Shape of a Boot, (the Name *Eraſmus* gave them) they were ſtiffened Leather lin'd with Roſin, from whence a ſtiffen'd Boot is call'd a *Jack-Boot*. *Soul* therefore is equivocal, and the too common Pun; but the Alluſion to the *Roſin* is extremely arch.

(70) *and fear of the Gallows (which is a gentle Conſumption to't) only prefer it,*] This does not ſeem capable of being made Senſe; the Deſign of the Original may be collected from the Context, and I therefore read, *and the fear of the Gallows (which is a gentle Conſumption to't) only* preſerve you from it; then the next Sentence follows naturally, *or may you fall upon your Fear.* If the Reader thinks that I have taken too much Liberty, I offer a ſmaller Change which will give the Idea requir'd, tho' not ſo clearly; *may the fear of the Gallows only* defer *it.*

4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could ſteal as well as yourſelf; did not I ſpeak *Welſh?*

3 *Sold.* We are Thieves from our Cradles, and will die ſo.

Vitry. Then you will not beg again.

Omnes. Yes, as you did, ſtand and deliver.

2 *Sold.* Hark, here comes handſel, 'tis a Trade quickly ſet up, and as ſoon caſt down.

Vitry. Have Goodneſs in your Minds, Varlets, and to't like Men; he that has more Money than we, cannot be our Friend, and I hope there is no Law for ſpoiling the Enemy.

3 *Sold.* You need not inſtruct us farther, your Example pleads enough.

Vitry. Diſperſe yourſelves, and as their Company is, fall on.

2 *Sold.* Come, there are a Band of 'em, I'll charge ſingle. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark, I have loſt my Man, and dare not call for him, leſt I ſhould have more Followers than I would pay Wages to; what Throes I am in, in this Travel? Theſe be honourable Adventures; had I that honeſt Blood in my Veins again, Queen, that your Feats and theſe Frights have drain'd from me, Honour ſhould pull hard, ere it drew me into theſe Brakes.

Vitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey ho, here's a Pang of Preferment.

Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no Heart to your Acquaintance; what ſhall I do with my Jewels and my Letter, my Codpiece that's too looſe; good, my Boots; who is't that ſpoke to me? Here's a Friend.

Vitry. We ſhall find that preſently, ſtand, as you love your Safety, ſtand.

Prot. That unlucky Word of ſtanding, has brought me to all this; hold, or I ſhall never ſtand you.

Vitry. I ſhould know that Voice, deliver.

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have is at your Service, Gentlemen, and much good may it do you.

Vitry. Zoons, down with him, do you prate?

Prot. Keep your firſt Word as you are Gentlemen,
And let me ſtand, alas, what do you mean?

2 *Sold.* To tie you to us, Sir, bind you in the Knot
Of Friendſhip.

Prot. Alas, Sir, all the Phyſick in *Europe*
Cannot bind me.

Vitry. You ſhould have Jewels 'bout you,
Stones, precious Stones. 1 *Sold.* Captain, away,
There's Company within hearing, if you ſtay longer,
We are ſurpriſed. *Vitry.* Let the Devil come,
I'll pillage this Frigate a little better yet.

2 *Sold.* 'Foot we are loſt, they are upon us.

Vitry. Ha, upon us, make the leaſt Noiſe, 'tis thy parting Gaſp.

3 *Sold.* Which way ſhall we make, Sir?

Vitry. Every Man his own; do you hear, only bind me, bind me before you go, and when the Company's paſt, make to this place again, this Karvel ſhould have better lading in him, you are ſlow, why do you not tye harder?

1 *Sold.* You are ſure enough, I warrant you, Sir.

Vitry. Darkneſs befriend you, away. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Prot. What Tyrants have I met with, they leave me alone in the Dark, yet would not have me cry. I ſhall grow wondrous melancholy if I ſtay long here without Company; I was wont to get a Nap with ſaying my Prayers; I'll ſee if they will work upon me now; but then if I ſhould talk in my Sleep, and they hear me, they would make a Recorder of my Windpipe, ſlit my Throat; Heav'n be prais'd, I hear ſome Noiſe, it may be new Purchaſe, and then I ſhall have Fellows.

Vitry. They are gone paſt hearing, now to task *Devitry*; help, help, as you are Men help; ſome charitable Hand, relieve a poor diſtreſſed miſerable Wretch; Thieves, wicked Thieves have robb'd me, bound me.

Prot.

Prot. 'Foot, would they had gag'd you too, your Noiſe will betray us, and fetch them again.

Vitry. What bleſſed Tongue ſpake to me, where, where, where are you, Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling Throat, we are well enough if you have the Grace to be thankful for't; do but ſnore to me, and 'tis as much as I deſire, to paſs away time with, 'till Morning, then talk as loud as you pleaſe, Sir, I am bound not to ſtir, therefore lie ſtill and ſnore, I ſay.

Vitry. Then you have met with Thieves too I ſee.

Prot. And deſire to meet with no more of them.

Vitry. Alas, what can we ſuffer more? They are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have, Sir?

Prot. No by my Faith have they not, Sir; I gave them one trick to boot for their Learning, my Boots, Sir, my Boots, I have ſav'd my Stock, and my Jewels in them, and therefore deſire to hear no more of them.

Vitry. Now Bleſſing on your Wit, Sir, what a dull Slave was I dreamt not of your Conveyance? help to unbind me, Sir, and I'll undo you, my Life for yours, no worſe Thief than myſelf meets you again this Night.

Prot. Reach me thy Hands.

Vitry. Here, Sir, here, I could beat my Brains out, that could not think of Boots, Boots, Sir, wide topt Boots, I ſhall love them the better whilſt I live; but are you ſure your Jewels are here, Sir?

Prot. Sure, ſayſt thou? ha, ha, ha.

Vitry. So ho, illo ho.

Sold. [*within.*] Here Captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot what do you mean, Sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A Trick to boot, ſay you; here you dull Slaves, purchaſe, purchaſe, the Soul of the Rock, Diamonds, ſparkling Diamonds.

Prot. I'm betray'd, loſt, paſt Recovery loſt; as you are Men.

Vitry. Nay, Rook, since you'll be prating, we'll share your Carrion with you; have you any other Conveyance now, Sir?

1 *Sold.* 'Foot here are Letters, Epistles, familiar Epistles, we'll see what Treasure is in them, they are seal'd sure.

Prot. Gentlemen, as you are Gentlemen spare my Letters, and take all willingly, all: I'll give you a Release, a general Release, and meet you here to Morrow with as much more.

Vitry. Nay, since you have your Tricks, and your Conveyances, we will not leave a Wrinkle of you unsearcht.

Prot. Hark, there comes Company, you will be betray'd, as you love your Safeties, beat out my Brains, I shall betray you else.

Vitry. Treason, unheard-of Treason, monstrous, monstrous Villanies.

Prot. I confess myself a Traitor, shew yourselves good Subjects, and hang me up for't.

1 *Sold.* If it be Treason, the Discovery will get our Pardon, Captain.

Vitry. Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent Prince; *Thierry*'s poison'd, by his Mother poison'd, the Mistress to this Stallion, who by that Poison ne'er shall sleep again.

2 *Sold.* 'Foot let us mince him by Piece-meals, till he eat himself up.

3 *Sold.* Let us dig out his Heart with Needles, and half broil him, like a Mussel.

Prot. Such another and I prevent you, my Blood's settled already.

Vitry. Here's that shall remove it, Toad, Viper, drag him unto *Martell*, unnatural Parricide, cruel, bloody Woman.

Omnes. On you Dog-fish, Leech, Caterpillar.

Vitry. A longer sight of him will make my Rage turn Pity, and with his sudden end prevent Revenge and Torture; wicked, wicked *Brunhalt*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Bawdher *and three Courtiers.*

1 *Court.* Not ſleep at all, no Means.
2 *Court.* No Art can do it.
Bawd. I will aſſure you, he can ſleep no more
Than a hooded Hawk; a Centinel to him,
Or one of the City Conſtables are Tops.
3 *Court.* How came he ſo?
Bawd. They are too wiſe that dare know,
Something's amiſs, Heav'n help all.
1 *Court.* What Cure has he?
Bawd. Armies of thoſe we call Phyſicians, ſome with Gliſters,
Some with Lettice-caps, ſome Poſſet-drinks, ſome Pills;
Twenty conſulting here about a Drench,
As many here to Blood him;
Then comes a Don of *Spain*, and he preſcribes
More cooling Opium than would kill a *Turk*,
Or quench a Whore i' th' Dog-days; after him
A wiſe *Italian*, and he cries, tie unto him
A Woman of Fourſcore, whoſe Bones are Marble,
Whoſe Blood Snow-water, not ſo much heat about her
As may conceive a Prayer: after him
An *Engliſh* Doctor, with a bunch of Pot-herbs,
And he cries out Endiff and Suckery,
With a few Mallow Roots and Butter-milk,
And talks of Oil made of a Churchman's Charity,
Yet ſtill he wakes.
1 *Court.* But your good Honour
Has a Prayer in ſtore, if all ſhould fail.
Bawd. I could have prayed, and handſomly,
But Age and an ill Memory——
3 *Court.* Has ſpoil'd your Primmer.
Bawd. Yet if there be a Man of Faith i' th' Court,
And can pray for a Penſion.

Enter Thierry *on a Bed, with Doctors and Attendants.*

2 *Court.* Here's the King, Sir,
And thoſe that will pray without pay.
Bawd. Then pray for me too.

1 *Doct.* How does your Grace feel yourſelf now?
Thier. What's that?
1 *Doct.* Nothing at all, Sir, but your Fancy.
Thier. Tell me,
Can ever theſe Eyes more ſhut up in Slumbers
Aſſure my Soul there is Sleep? is there Night
And Reſt for human Labours? do not you
And all the World as I do, out-ſtare Time,
And live like funeral Lamps never extinguiſh'd?
Is there a Grave, and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me Truth; and in that Grave
Is there a hope I ſhall ſleep; can I die,
Are not my Miſeries immortal? Oh
The Happineſs of him that drinks his Water
After his weary Day, and ſleeps for ever;
Why do you crucify me thus with Faces,
And gaping ſtrangely upon one another;
When ſhall I reſt?
2 *Doct.* O Sir, be patient.
Thier. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More than a mangy Dog among your Doſes?
Am I not now your Patient? ye can make
(71) Unwholſom Fools ſleep for a garded Footcloth,
Whores for a hot ſin Offering; yet I muſt crave,
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye:
Becauſe my Power is far above your ſearching.
Are my Diſeaſes ſo? can ye cure none
But thoſe of equal Ignorance? dare ye kill me?

(71) *Unwholſom Fools ſleep for a* guarded *Footcloth*,] This ſeems obſcure. If we are to underſtand the *guarded Footcloth* as the Reward given to the Doctor, then it ſhould be *garded*, i. e. *lac'd*, *fring'd*, (the Senſe frequently given to it by our Authors) and it may refer to the State that the Profeſſors of Phyſick us'd to ſit in, or to the Trappings of their Horſes, which they probably us'd formerly inſtead of Chariots. If the *Footcloth* is for the Uſe of the Patient, then *guarded* is right, and the Senſe may be, you can make a gouty Drunkard ſleep only by a ſoft Footcloth guarded from Preſſure. The firſt Explanation ſeems to agree beſt with the Context.

P. S. Since the above was wrote, I met with in the next Play, *The Woman-Hater*, Act 1. Scene 2. deſcribing the Courtiers,

All Pomp and Pantofle, all Footcloth *Riders.*

This proves the firſt of the Interpretations above to be the true one.

1 *Doct.*

1 *Doct.* We do beſeech your Grace (72) be more reclaim'd,
This Talk doth but diſtemper you.
Thier. Well, I will die
In ſpight of all your Potions; one of you ſleep,
Lye down and ſleep here, that I may behold
What bleſſed Reſt it is my Eyes are robb'd of:
See, he can ſleep, ſleep any where, ſleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never ſlumber:
Is't not a dainty Eaſe?
2 *Doct.* Your Grace ſhall feel it.
Thier. O never I, never; the Eyes of Heav'n
See but their certain Motions, and then ſleep;
The Rages of the Ocean have their Slumbers,
And quiet ſilver Calms; each Violence
Crowns in his end a Peace; but my fixt Fires
Shall never, never ſet. Who's that?

Enter Martell, Brunhalt, Devitry, *and Soldiers.*

Mart. No Woman,
Mother of Miſchief; no, the Day ſhall die firſt,
(73) And all good Things live in a worſe than thou art,
Ere thou ſhalt ſleep; doſt thou ſee him?
Brun. Yes, and curſe him,
And all that love him, Fool, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou ſuch a Monſter?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a Knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of Hell,
By this fair holy Light, and all his Wrongs,
Which are above thy Years, almoſt thy Vices,
Thou ſhalt not reſt, nor feel more what is Pity,

(72) —— *be more* reclaim'd,] I don't reject the Word *reclaim'd*; it is certainly good Senſe, but propoſe as a mere Conjecture, *becalm'd*, as a more proper Word to be us'd to a Prince.

(73) *And all good Things live in a worſe than thou art,*] The leaving out the Subſtantive that ſhould agree with *worſe*, renders this ſcarcely *Engliſh*. It might eaſily be amended by reading,

And all good Things live in worſe ſtate *than thou art,*
Or, —— —— *in worſe* Hell *than thou art.*

Know nothing neceſſary, meet no Society
But what ſhall curſe and crucify thee, feel in thyſelf
Nothing but what thou art, Bane and bad Conſcience;
Till this Man reſt; but for whoſe Reverence
Becauſe thou art his Mother, I would ſay
Whore, this ſhall be. Do ye nod? I'll waken ye
With my Sword's Point.

Brun. I wiſh no more of Heav'n,
Nor hope no more, but a ſufficient Anger
To torture thee.

Mart. See, ſhe that makes you ſee, Sir,
And to your Miſery ſtill ſee your Mother,
The Mother of your Woes, Sir, of your waking,
The Mother of your Peoples Cries and Curſes.
Your murdering Mother, your malicious Mother.

Thier. Phyſicians, half my State to ſleep an Hour now;
Is it ſo, Mother?

Brun. Yes, it is ſo, Son;
And were it yet again to do, it ſhould be.

Mart. She nods again, (74) ſwinge her.

Thier. But, Mother,
For yet I love that Reverence, and to Death
Dare not forget you have been ſo; was this,
This endleſs Miſery, this cureleſs Malice,
This ſnatching from me all my Youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy Mothers
Crown'd with eternal Time are proud to finiſh,
Done by your Will?

Brun. It was, and by that Will——

Thier. O Mother do not loſe your Name, forget not
The touch of Nature in you, Tenderneſs,
'Tis all the Soul of Woman, all the Sweetneſs;
Forget not I beſeech you what are Children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them, to what Love
They are born Inheritors, with what Care kept,
And as they riſe to Ripeneſs ſtill remember
How they imp out your Age; and when time calls you,

(74) —— ſwing *her.*] Former Editions. *Swinge*, which properly ſignifies to beat with Rods, is probably the true Word.

That

That as an Autumn Flower you fall, forget not
How round about your Hearſe they hang like Penons.
Brun. Holy Fool,
Whoſe Patience to prevent my Wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of Puniſhments or Fears,
Or what I ought to be, but what I am,
A Woman in her liberal Will defeated,
In all her Greatneſs croſt, in Pleaſures blaſted,
My Angers have been laugh'd at, my Ends ſlighted,
And all thoſe Glories that had crown'd my Fortunes,
Suffer'd by blaſted Virtue to be ſcatter'd:
I am the fruitful Mother of theſe Angers,
And what ſuch have done, read, and know thy Ruin.
Thier. Heav'n forgive you.
Mart. She tells you true, for Millions of her Miſchiefs
Are now apparent; *Protaldye* we have taken,
An equal Agent with her, to whoſe Care,
After the damn'd Defeat on you, ſhe truſted

Enter Meſſenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the Baſtard,
Son to your murder'd Brother; her Phyſician
By this time is attach'd to that damn'd Devil.
Meſſ. 'Tis like he will be ſo, for ere we came,
Fearing an equal Juſtice for his Miſchiefs,
He drencht himſelf.
Brun. He did like one of mine then.
Thier. Muſt I ſtill ſee theſe Miſeries, no Night
To hide me from their Horrors? that *Protaldye*
See Juſtice fall upon.
Brun. Now I could ſleep too.

Enter Ordella.

Mart. I'll give you yet more Poppy; bring the Lady,
(75) And Heav'n in her Embraces give him quiet;
Madam, unveil yourſelf.

Ord.

(75) *And Heav'n in her Embraces* gives *him quiet*;] *Gives* here ſeems wrong; he might have ſome Hopes that ſo ſainted a Virtue as *Ordella*'s might miraculouſly cure him, or at leaſt that the Joy of her Embraces

Ord. I do forgive you,
And though you ſought my Blood, yet I'll pray for you.
Brun. Art thou alive?
Mart. Now could you ſleep?
Brun. For ever.
Mart. Go carry her without wink of Sleep, or quiet,
Where her ſtrong Knave *Protaldye*'s broke o'th' Wheel,
And let his Cries and Roars be Muſick to her,
I mean to waken her.
Thier. Do her no Wrong.
Mart. Nor Right, as you love Juſtice.
Brun. I will think,
And if there be new Curſes in old Nature,
I have a Soul dare ſend them.
Mart. Keep her waking. [*Exit* Brunhalt.
Thier. What's that appears ſo ſweetly? there's that Face.
Mart. Be moderate, Lady.
Thier. That Angel's Face.
Mart. Go nearer.
Thier. *Martell*, I cannot laſt long, ſee the Soul,
I ſee it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The Heav'nly Figure of her Sweetneſs there;
Forgive me, Gods, it comes; Divineſt Subſtance,
Kneel, kneel, kneel every one, Saint of thy Sex,
If it be for my Cruelty thou comeſt——
Do ye ſee her, hoa?
Mart. Yes, Sir, and you ſhall know her.
Thier. Down, down again;—To be reveng'd for Blood,
Sweet Spirit I am ready; ſhe ſmiles on me,
O bleſſed Sign of Peace.
Mart. Go nearer, Lady.
Ord. I come to make you happy.
Thier. Hear you that, Sir?
She comes to crown my Soul; away, get Sacrifice,

Embraces might make him dye in Peace. Either way it ſhould be a Wiſh or Prayer,

——— give *him quiet*;

The late Editions made an Amendment in the Points here, which the three former had printed thus,

And Heav'n in her Embraces; gives him quiet.

Whilſt

Whilſt I with holy Honours——
Mart. She's alive, Sir.
Thier. In everlaſting Life, I know it, Friend,
O happy, happy Soul.
Ord. Alas, I live, Sir,
A mortal Woman ſtill.
Thier. Can Spirits weep too?
Mart. She is no Spirit, Sir, pray kiſs her; Lady,
Be very gentle to him.
Thier. Stay, ſhe is warm,
And by my Life the ſame Lips; tell me, Brightneſs,
Are you the ſame *Ordella* ſtill?
Mart. The ſame, Sir,
Whom Heav'ns and my good Angel ſtaid from Ruin.
Thier. Kiſs me again.
Ord. The ſame ſtill, ſtill your Servant.
Thier. 'Tis ſhe, I know her now, *Martell*; ſit down, Sweet.
Oh bleſt and happieſt Woman, a dead Slumber
Begins to creep upon me, Oh my Jewel!

Enter Meſſenger and Memberge.

Ord. Oh ſleep, my Lord.
Thier. My Joys are too much for me.
Meſ. *Brunhalt*, impatient of Conſtraint to ſee
Protaldye tortured, has choak'd herſelf.
Mart. No more, her Sins go with her.
Thier. Love, I muſt die, I faint, cloſe up my Glaſſes.
1 *Doct.* The Queen faints too, and deadly.
Thier. One dying Kiſs.
Ord. (76) My laſt, Sir, and my deareſt,
And now cloſe my Eyes too.
Thier. Thou perfect Woman!

(76) *My laſt, Sir, and my deareſt,*] There are two Senſes of this, which the Reader will pleaſe to take his Choice of. If the above Points be right, *laſt* and *deareſt* relate to her Kiſs; if we point with the old Editions (which the Suſpicion of another Senſe made me turn to)

My laſt Sir and my deareſt,

The Senſe will be, my laſt and deareſt Lord! For *Sir* is often us'd in this its original Senſe.

Martell,

Martell, the Kingdom's yours, take *Memberge* to you,
And keep my Line alive; nay, weep not, Lady,
Take me, I go.

Ord. Take me too, farewel Honour. [*Die both.*

2 *Doct.* They're gone for ever.

Mart. The Peace of happy Souls go after them,
Bear them to their last Beds, whilst I study
A Tomb to speak their Loves whilst old Time lasteth:
I am your King in Sorrows.

Omnes. We your Subjects.

Mart. De Vitry, for your Service, be near us,
Whip out these Instruments of this mad Mother
From Court, and all good People; and because
She was born Noble, let that Title find her
A private Grave, (77) but neither Tongue nor Honour;
And now lead on, they that shall read this Story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in Good, not Glory.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

(77) —— *but neither Tongue nor Honour*;] Both Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* would reject *Tongue* here and read *Tomb*, but surely without sufficient Reason: For *Tongue* signifies the *funeral Oration*, *Honour* the Escutcheons and other Ceremonies of the Funeral, together with the Monument, or whatever may shew Respect to the Deceas'd. As to the Character of *Brunhalt*, or *Brunhaud*, tho' it may perhaps be thought too shocking to appear upon the Stage, History has still represented her as a worse Devil than our Poets have done. *Thierry* and *Theodoret*, or *Theodibert*, were her Grand-Children, whose Father she had poison'd when he came of Age, in order to keep the Government in her own Hands. She irritated *Thierry* against *Theodibert*, whom she caus'd him to slay, and then poison'd *Thierry*, in hopes that the States would have submitted to her Government; but her horrid Wickedness being laid open to the Peers of *France*, she was accus'd of having been the Murdress of ten Kings, beside debauching her Grand-Child *Thierry*, making him put away a virtuous Wife and providing him with Misses. She was condemn'd to the Rack, which she suffer'd three Days, was then carry'd about the Camp upon a Camel's Back, afterwards ty'd by the Feet to a wild Mare, and so dash'd in Pieces.

THE

THE

WOMAN-

HATER.

PROLOGUE.

Gentlemen, Inductions are out of Date, and a Prologue in Verse, is as stale as a black Velvet Cloak, and a Bay-Garland; therefore you shall have it plain Prose, thus: If there be any amongst you that come to hear lascivious Scenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter Discomfort of all two-penny Gallery-Men, you shall have no Bawdery in it: Or if there be any lurking amongst you in Corners, with Table-Books, who have some hope to find fit Matter to feed his——Malice on, let them claspe them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play means to please Auditors so, as he may be an Auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dearness of his Ears: (1) *I dare not call it* Comedy *or* Tragedy; *'tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it would please you, is not written in my Part: for tho' you should like it to Day, perhaps yourselves know not how you should digest it to Morrow: Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common Road: A Duke there is, and the Scene lies in* Italy, *as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn Trade of jesting at Lords, and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new Vice by them found out, but at the Persons of them: such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, That he did never think, but that a Lord, Lord born, might be a wise Man, and a Courtier an honest Man.*

(1) *not purchase them with the dearness of his* Cares.] Mr. *Theobald* concurr'd with me in reading *Ears* for *Cares*. From this Prologue as well as a thousand other Passages in our Authors, it is very evident that their Plays were in the Age they liv'd remarkable for the Decency and Delicacy of their Language; tho' several of their Expressions are become now very gross and are apt to give Offence to modest Ears, but they ought to be judg'd by the fashion of the Age they liv'd in, not by that which now reigns.

P. S. The Word *Induction* in the first Line of this Prologue must be understood in the Sense of *Introduction*.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE *of* Milan.
Valore, *a Count, and Brother to* Oriana.
Gondarino, *a General, the Woman-Hater.*
Arrigo, } *Two Courtiers.*
Lucio, }
Lazarillo, *a hungry Courtier.*

WOMEN.

Oriana, Valore's *Sister.*
Julia, } *two Whores.*
Franciſſina, }

Boy.
Intelligencers.
Servants.
Ladies.
Mercer.
Pandar.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke of Milan, Arrigo, Lucio, *and two Courtiers.*

DUKE.

'TIS now the ſweeteſt time for Sleep, the Night is
Scarce ſpent; *Arrigo*, what's a clock?
Arri. Paſt four.
Duke. Is it ſo much, and yet the Morn not up?
See yonder where the ſhame-fac'd Maiden comes;
Into our ſight how gently doth ſhe ſlide,
Hiding her chaſte Cheeks, like a modeſt Bride,
With a red Veil of Bluſhes; as if ſhe,
Even ſuch all modeſt virtuous Women be.
Why thinks your Lordſhip I am up ſo ſoon?
Luc. About ſome weighty State Plot.
Duke. And what thinks
Your Knighthood of it? *Arri.* I do think to cure
Some ſtrange Corruptions in the Commonwealth.
Duke. Y'are well conceited of yourſelves, to think
I chuſe you out to bear me Company
In ſuch Affairs and Buſineſs of State:
But am not I a Pattern for all Princes,

That break my ſoft Sleep for my Subjects good?
Am I not careful? very provident?

Luc. Your Grace is careful.

Arri. Very provident.

Duke. Nay, knew you how (2) my ſerious working Plots
Concern the whole Eſtates of all my Subjects,
Ay, and their Lives; then *Lucio* thou would'ſt ſwear,
I were a loving Prince.

Luc. I think your Grace
Intends to walk the publick Streets diſguis'd,
To ſee the Streets Diſorders. *Duke.* It is not ſo.

Arri. You ſecretly will croſs ſome other States,
That do conſpire againſt you. *Duke.* Weightier far;
You are my Friends, and you ſhall have the Cauſe;
I break my Sleeps thus ſoon to ſee a Wench.

Luc. Y'are wondrous careful for your Subjects good:

Arri. You are a very loving Prince indeed.

(3) *Duke.* This Care I take for them; when their dull Eyes
Are clos'd with heavy Slumbers. — *Arri.* Then you riſe
To ſee your Wenches. *Luc.* What *Milan* Beauty' hath Pow'r,
To charm her Sovereign's Eyes, and break his Sleeps?

Duke. Siſter to Count *Valore*, ſhe is a Maid

(2) ——*my* ſerious working *Plots*] I never think it right to diſcard good Senſe becauſe another Reading appears preferable, but a compound Word, *ſecret-working* occurr'd at firſt Sight, and was rejected as unneceſſary, till reading three Lines below *Arrigo*'s Anſwer,

You ſecretly *will croſs ſome other State.*

which ſeems to imply ſomething of Secrecy being mention'd before, the Conjecture ſeem'd much more probable.

(3) Duke. *This Care I take for them, when their dull Eyes*
Are clos'd with heavy Slumbers.
Arri. *Then you riſe to ſee your Wenches?*
Luc. *What* Milan *Beauty hath the Power to charm*
Her Sovereign *Eyes, and break his Sleeps?*] I think there is a more humourous Pointing to be given to theſe Lines as well as a neceſſary correction of *Sovereign* to *Sovereign's*. It is more Humour to make *Arrigo* in the ſame pompous Tone with the Duke catch his yet-unfiniſh'd Sentence and conclude it, than to make him meerly ask the Queſtion, whether he roſe to ſee his Wenches or no.

Would

Would make a Prince forget his Throne, and State,
And lowly kneel to her: The general Fate
Of all Mortality, is hers to give,
As she disposeth, so we die and live.

Luc. My Lord, the Day grows clear, the Court will rise.

Duke. We stay too long, is the *Umbrana*'s Head,
As we commanded, sent to sad *Gondarino*,
Our General?

Arri. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay, where shines that Light?

Arri. 'Tis in the Chamber of *Lazarillo.*

Duke. Lazarillo? What is he? *Arri.* A Courtier, my Lord,
And one I wonder that your Grace knows not,
For he hath follow'd your Court, and your last Predecessors,
From Place to Place, any time this seven Years,
As faithfully as your Spits and Dripping-Pans
Have done, and almost as greasily. *Duke.* Oh we know him,
As we have heard, he keeps a Kalendar
Of all the Dishes of Meat, that have been in
The Court, e'er since our great Grandfather's time:
And when he can thrust in at no Table, he makes
His Meat of that.

Luc. The very same, my Lord.

Duke. A Courtier call'st thou him? Believe me *Lucio*,
There be many such about our Court respected,
As they think, ev'n by ourself. (With thee
I will be plain) we Princes oft do use
To prefer many for nothing, and to take
Particular and free Knowledge, almost in
The Nature of Acquaintance of many, whom
We do use only for our Pleasures; and to give
Largely to Numbers, more out of Policy
To be thought liberal, and by that means
To make the People strive t' deserve our Love,
Than t' reward any particular Desert
Of theirs, to whom we give; and we do suffer

Ourſelves t' hear Flatterers, more for Recreation
Than for love of it, though we ſeldom hate it;
And yet we know all theſe, and when we pleaſe,
Can touch the Wheel, and turn their Names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their States ſo well,
Should fancy ſuch baſe Slaves.

Duke. Thou wondreſt *Lucio*,
Doſt not thou think, if thou wert Duke of *Milan*,
Thou ſhouldſt be flattered?

Luc. I know, my Lord,
I would not. *Duke.* Why ſo I thought till I was Duke,
I thought I ſhould have left me no more Flatterers,
Than there are now Plain-dealers; and yet for all this
My Reſolution, I'm moſt palpably flattered:
The poor Man may loath Covetouſneſs and Flattery,
But Fortune will alter th' Mind when the Wind turns;
There may be well a little Conflict, but it
Will drive th' Billows before it. *Arrigo* it grows late,
For ſee, fair *Tethys* hath undone the Bars
To *Phebus* Team; and his unrival'd Light
Hath chas'd the Morning's modeſt Bluſh away;
Now muſt we to our Love; bright *Paphian* Queen,
Thou *Cytherian* Goddeſs, that delights
In ſtirring Glances, and art ſtill thyſelf,
More toying than thy Team of Sparrows be,
Thou laughing *Erecina*, oh inſpire
Her Heart with Love, or leſſen my Deſire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. Go run, ſearch, pry in every Nook and Angle
O'th' Kitchins, Larders, and the Paſtries,
Know what Meat's boil'd, bak'd, roſt, ſtew'd, fry'd, or ſous'd,
At this Dinner to be ſerv'd directly, or indirectly,
To every ſeveral Table in the Court,
Be gone. *Boy.* I run, but not ſo faſt as your Mouth will do

Upon

Upon the ſtroke of eleven. [*Exit Boy.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God beſtow on Man,
When he did give him a good Stomach? What
Unbounded Graces there are pour'd on them
That have continual Command o' the very
Beſt of theſe Bleſſings? 'Tis an excellent thing
To be a Prince; O he is ſerv'd with ſuch
Admirable Variety of Fare; with ſuch
Innumerable choice of Delicates;
His Tables are full fraught with nouriſhing Food,
His Cubbards heavy laden with rich Wines,
His Court is fill'd ſtill with the moſt pleaſant
Variety: In th' Summer his Palace is
Full of Green-Geeſe; and in Winter it
Swarmeth with Woodcocks. O thou Goddeſs of Plenty
Fill me this Day with ſome rare Delicates,
And I will every Year moſt conſtantly,
As this Day, celebrate a ſumptuous Feaſt,
If thou wilt ſend me Victuals, in thine Honour:
And to it ſhall be bidden for thy ſake,
Ev'n all the valiant Stomachs in the Court,
All ſhort-cloak'd Knights, and all croſs-garter'd Gentlemen;
All Pump and Pantofle, all foot-cloth Riders;
With all the ſwarming Generation
Of long Stocks, ſhort pan'd Hoſe, and huge ſtuff'd Doublets:
All theſe ſhall eat, and which is more than yet
Hath e'er been ſeen, they ſhall be ſatisfy'd.
I wonder my Ambaſſador returns not?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, Maſter.

Laz. And welcome:
Never did that ſweet Virgin in her Smock,
Fair-Cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the Rock
Her Ivory Limbs were chain'd, and ſtraight before
A huge Sea-monſter, tumbling to the Shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing ſight
Expect the coming of ſome hardy Knight,

That might have quell'd his Pride, and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.
Boy. Your *Perseus* is come, Master, that will destroy him,
The very comfort of whose Presence shuts
The monster Hunger from your yelping Guts.
Laz. Brief, my Boy, brief, discourse the Service of
Each several Table most compendiously.
Boy. Here is a Bill of all, Sir. *Laz.* Give it me, a Bill
Of all the several Services this Day
Appointed for each Table in the Court:
Ay, this is it on which my Hopes rely,
Within this Paper all my Joys are clos'd:
Boy, open it, and read with Reverence.
Boy. For th' Captain of the Guard's Table, three Chines of Beef, and two Joals of Sturgeon.
Laz. A portly Service, but gross, gross; proceed
To th' Duke's own Table, dear Boy, to the Duke's own Table.
Boy. For the Duke's own Table,
The Head of an *Umbrana*. *Laz.* Is it possible?
Can Heaven be so propitious to the Duke?
Boy. Yes, I'll assure you, Sir, 'tis possible,
Heaven is so propitious to him. *Laz.* Why then
He is the richest Prince alive: He were
The wealthiest Monarch in all *Europe*, had he
No other Territories, Dominions, Provinces,
Nor Seats, nor Palaces, but only that
Umbrana's Head. *Boy.* 'Tis very fresh and sweet, Sir,
The Fish was taken but this Night, and th' Head
As a rare Novelty, appointed by
Special Commandment for the Duke's own Table,
This Dinner.
Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred Dish, I hear do vow
(If that blind Huswife Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous House,
A Board that groans under the heavy Burden
Of th' Beasts that chew the Cud, and of the Fowl
That cut the Air: It shall not like the Table

Of

Of 'a Country Juſtice, be beſprinkled over
Wi' all manner of cheap Sallads, ſliced Beef,
Giblets, and Pettitoes, to fill up Room,
Nor ſhould there ſtand any great, cumberſom,
Un-cut-up Pies, at th' nether end filled with Moſs and Stones,
Partly to make a ſhew with,
And partly t' keep the lower Meſs from eating;
Nor ſhall my Meat come ſneaking in, like th' City
Service, one Diſh a quarter of an Hour
After another, and gone as if they had
Appointed to meet there, and had miſtook
The Hour, nor ſhould it, like the new Court Service,
Come in in haſte, as if 'twould fain be gone
Again, all Courſes at once, like a hunting Breakfaſt,
But I would have my ſeveral Courſes, and my
Diſhes well fill'd, my firſt Courſe ſhould be brought in
After the ancient Manner, by a ſcore of
Old bleer-ey'd Serving Men, in long blue Coats,
(Marry they ſhall buy Silk, Facing, and Buttons
Themſelves) but that's by the way. *Boy.* Maſter the time
Calls on, will you be walking? [*Exit Boy.*
Laz. Follow, Boy follow, my Guts
Were half an Hour ſince i' th' privy Kitchin. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Count, and his Siſter Oriana.

Ori. Faith Brother I muſt needs go yonder.
Count. And yfaith,
Siſter, what will you do yonder? *Ori.* I know
The Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee me.
Count. Glad to ſee you? Faith the Lady *Honoria*
Cares for you as ſhe doth for all other young
Ladies, ſhe's glad to ſee you, and will ſhew you
The Privy-Garden, and tell you how many Gowns
The Dutcheſs had; marry if you have
Ever an old Uncle, that would be a Lord,

Or ever a Kinſman that hath done a Murder,
Or hath committed Robbery, and will give
Give good ſtore of Mony to procure his Pardon,
Then th' Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee you.
Ori. Ay, but they ſay one ſhall ſee fine ſights at
The Court. *Count.* I'll tell you what you ſhall ſee there,
You ſhall ſee many faces of Man's making,
For you'll find very few as God left them: And
You ſhall ſee many Legs too; 'mongſt the reſt
You ſhall behold one pair, the Feet of which
Were in times paſt ſockleſs, but are now through
The change of time (that alters all things very
Strangely) become the Legs of a Knight and a Courtier;
Another pair you ſhall ſee, that were Heir
Apparent Legs to a Glover, theſe Legs hope
Shortly to b' honourable; when they paſs by
They'll bow, and the Mouth to theſe Legs will ſeem
To offer you ſome Courtſhip; 't will not ſwear,
But it will lye, hear it not.
Ori. Why, and are not theſe fine ſights?
Count. Siſter, in ſeriouſneſs you yet are young
And fair, a fair young Maid, and apt——
Ori. And apt?
Count. Exceeding apt, apt to be drawn——
Ori. To what?
Count. To that you ſhould not be, 'tis no diſpraiſe,
She is not bad that hath deſire to ill,
But ſhe that hath no Power to rule that Will:
For there you ſhall be wooed in other kinds
Than yet your Years have known; the chiefeſt Men
Will ſeem to throw themſelves
(4) As Vaſſals at your Service, kiſs your Hand,

(4) *As Vaſſals at your* Voice——] *Voice* is evidently wrong, and here we have an Occaſion to obſerve the uſual Fallibility of our conjectural Emendations: Mr. *Sympſon* reads,

As Vaſſals at your Feet, *and kiſs your Hand.*

I thought *Knees* rather more probable and read,

As Vaſſals at your Knees, *kiſs your fair Hand,*

Upon conſulting the old Quarto, I found the true Word was *Service*, which compleats the Meaſure without any additional Monoſyllable.

Prepare you Banquets, Maſques, Shews, all Inticements
That Wit and Luſt together can deviſe,
To draw a Lady from the ſtate of Grace
To an old Lady Widow's Gallery;
And they will praiſe your Virtues, beware that,
The only way to turn a Woman Whore,
Is to commend her Chaſtity: You'll go?

Ori. I would go, if it were but only to ſhew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of theſe Tricks.

Count. Your Servants are ready!

Ori. An hour ſince.

Count. Well, if you come off clear from this hot Service, Your Praiſe ſhall be the greater. Farewel, Siſter.

Ori. Farewel, Brother. *Count.* Once more,
If you ſtay in the Preſence 'till Candle-light,
Keep on the foreſide o'th' Curtain; and d' you hear,
Take heed of the old Bawd, in th' Cloth of Tiſſue
Sleeves, and the knit Mittins. Farewel, Siſter. [*Ex.* Ori.
Now am I idle; would I'd been a Scholar,
That I might now have ſtudied: th' Puniſhment
Of meaner Men is, they've too much to do;
Our only Miſery is, that without Company
We know not what to do; I muſt take ſome of
The common Courſes 'ſ our Nobility,
Which is thus:
If I can find no Company that likes me,
Pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloak over
My Face, and as if I would not be known,
Walk haſtily through the Streets, till I'm diſcover'd;
Then
There goes Count ſuch a one, ſays one; there goes
Count ſuch a one, ſays another: Look how faſt
He goes, ſays a third; there's ſome great matter in hand
Queſtionleſs, ſays a fourth; when all my Buſineſs
Is to have them ſay ſo, this hath been uſed;
(5) Or if I can't find any Company

(5) *Or if I* can *find any Company*] As he deſcribes his coming into the Play-Houſe alone, this ſeems a ſecond Expedient to paſs away Time for want of Company at home. I therefore read *can't* for *can*.

I'll

I'll after Dinner to the Stage to ſee
A Play; where when I firſt enter, you
Shall have a murmur in the Houſe, ev'ry one
That does not know me cries, what Nobleman
Is that? all th' Gallants on the Stage ſtraight riſe,
Vail to me, kiſs th' Hand, offer me their Places:
Then I pick out ſome one whom I pleaſe, (6) to grace
Among the reſt, take 's Seat, uſe it, throw my
Cloak over my Face, and laugh at him:
Whilſt the poor Gentleman imagines himſelf
Moſt highly grac'd, thinks all the Auditors
Eſteem him one 'o my Boſom Friends, and in right
Special regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman,
I hope will make me better ſport, than either
Street or Stage Fooleries.

Enter Lazarillo *and Boy.*

This Man loves to eat
Good Meat, always provided, he do not
Pay for't himſelf, he goeth by the Name of
The *Hungry Courtier*, marry, becauſe I think
That Name will not ſufficiently diſtinguiſh him,
For no doubt h' ath more Fellows there, his Name
Is *Lazarillo*; (7) he is none of theſe
Same Ordinary-Eaters, that 'll devour
Three Breakfaſts; as many Dinners, and without any

(6) ——*to grace* among *the reſt*,] All this Speech, and far the greateſt part of the Play was printed before as Proſe; tho' moſt of it runs eaſily into a familiar Verſe. I don't change *among* here as the Senſe is much the ſame as *above*, but the latter ſeems the more natural Prepoſition.

(7) *he is none of theſe* ordnary Eaters] Here I was puzzled to make out the Meaſure, a Syllable being wanting, and I thought to have reſolv'd *none* into *not one*, but looking in the old Quarto I found *ſame* was the Monoſyllable that the late Editions had dropt. This is a ſtrong Proof that the whole was that kind of familiar Verſe that I place it in. By *ordnary Eaters* I believe we ſhould not underſtand *common Eaters* but *ordnary-Eaters*, or Eaters at Ordnaries, where great Eaters frequently crowd, as they can have more for their Money than when they pay for their Meat by weight: This ſeems more humourous than the former Interpretation, tho' that alſo will well ſuit the Context.

Prejudice

Prejudice to their Beavers, Drinkings, Suppers;
But he hath a more courtly kind of Hunger,
And doth hunt more aft'r Novelty, than Plenty:
I'll over-hear him.

Laz. (8) Oh thou moſt itching kindly Appetite,
Which every Creature in his Stomach feels;
Oh leave, leave yet at laſt thus to torment me:
Three ſeveral Sallads have I ſacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious Oil and Vinegar,
Already to appeaſe thy greedy Wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laz. Will the Count ſpeak with me?

Boy. One of his Gentlemen
Is gone to inform him of your coming, Sir.

Laz. There's no way left to compaſs this Fiſh-head,
But by being preſently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard, Sir.

Laz. When I have taſted of this ſacred Diſh,
Then ſhall my Bones reſt in my Father's Tomb
In peace; then ſhall I die moſt willingly,
And as a Diſh be ſerv'd to ſatisfie
Death's hunger, and I will be buried thus:
My Bier ſhall be a Charger born by four,
The Coffin where I lye a Powd'ring-Tub,
Beſtrew'd with Lettice, and cool Sallad Herbs;
My winding Sheet of Tanſies; the black Guard
Shall be my ſolemn Mourners; (9) and inſtead
Of Ceremonies, printed burial Prayers,
A wholſom Dirge in Rhime, ſhall bury me. In-

(8) *O thou moſt* itching kindly *Appetite,*] There is great Humour in the Pomp of *Lazarillo*'s Stile, but here, I believe, it has been a little degraded by the Epithet *kindly*. As *itching* expreſſes the troubleſome Effects of the Appetite, ſo *kindly* may be thought well adapted to the pleaſing Effects of it; but as the change of a ſingle Letter gives a much more pompous Word, it ſeems highly probable that *Kingly* was the true Reading, for *Lazarillo* had before made the whole glory of a Prince to conſiſt in ſatiating his Royal Maw.

(9) ——— *and inſtead*
Of Ceremonies, wholſom *burial Prayers,*
A printed *Dirge in Rhime ſhall bury me.*] If he would have no Ceremonies nor Prayers, it is probable that we ſhould read *fulſome,* or

Inſtead of Tears let them pour Capon Sauce
Upon my Hearſe, and Salt inſtead of Duſt,
Manchets for Stones, for others glorious Shields
Give me a Voider; and above my Hearſe
For a Trutch Sword, my naked Knife ſtuck up.
[*The Count diſcovers himſelf.*

Boy. Maſter, the Count's here.

Laz. Where? my Lord,
I do beſeech you. *Count.* You are very welcome, Sir,
I pray you ſtand up, you ſhall dine with me.

Laz. I do beſeech your Lordſhip, by the love
I ſtill have born t' your honourable Houſe.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you ſhall dine with me,
I pray you riſe.

Laz. Perhaps your Lordſhip takes me
For one of theſe ſame Fellows, that do as
'T were reſpect Victuals.

Count. Oh Sir, by no means.

Laz. Your Lordſhip' as often promis'd, that whenſoe'er I
Should affect Greatneſs, your own Hand ſhould help
To raiſe me.

Count. And ſo much ſtill aſſure yourſelf of.

Laz. And though I muſt confeſs I've ever ſhun'd
Popularity, by th' Example of others, yet
I do now feel myſelf a little ambitious,
Your Lordſhip's great, and though young, yet you are
A Privy Counſellor. *Count.* I pray you, Sir, leap into
The matter,
What would y' have me do for you?

Laz. I would intreat your Lordſhip to make me

or perhaps, as *wholſom* is a Word proper to *Lazarillo*, the following Tranſpoſition may have been the Original,

——— ——— ——— *inſtead*
Of Ceremonies, printed *burial Pray'rs*,
A wholſom *Dirge in Rhime ſhall bury me.*

A *Dirge* in this Senſe may ſignify Verſes ſetting forth the wholſomneſs and Excellency of good Eating. *Dirge* is derived from the Latin Word *Dirige*, which begins a part of the Popiſh Litany. The more I conſider this latter Conjecture, the more probable it appears: I ſhall therefore venture it into the Text.

Known

Known to the Duke.

Count. When, Sir?

Laz. Suddenly, my Lord,
I would have you preſent me to him this Morning.

Count. It ſhall be done, but for what Virtues would you
Have him take notice of you?

Laz. Your Lordſhip ſhall know
That preſently. *Count.* 'Tis pity of this Fellow,
He's of good Wit, 'nd ſufficient Uuderſtanding,
When he's not troubled with this greedy Worm.

Laz. 'Faith, you ma' intreat him to take notice of me
For any thing; for being an excellent Farrier,
For playing well at Span-counter, or ſticking Knives
In Walls, for being impudent, or for nothing;
Why may not I be a Favourite on the ſudden?
I ſee nothing againſt it. *Count.* Not ſo, Sir,
I know you 've not the Face to be
A Favourite on the ſudden. *Laz.* Why then you ſhall
Preſent me as a Gentleman well qualified,
Or one extraordinary ſeen in divers
Strange Myſteries.

Count. In what, Sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus.

Enter Intelligencer.

Count. Yonder's my old Spir't, that hath haunted me
Daily, e'er ſince I was a Privy-Counſellor,
I muſt be rid of him. I pray you ſtay there,
I am a little buſie, I will ſpeak with you
Preſently. *Laz.* You ſhall bring me in, and after
A little other Talk, taking me by
The Hand, you ſhall utter theſe Words to the Duke:
May it pleaſe your Grace, to take note of a Gentleman,
Well read, and deeply learn'd, and throughly grounded
In th' hidden Knowledge of all Sallads and
Pot-herbs whatever. *Count.* 'Twill be rare; if you will
Walk before, Sir, I'll overtake you inſtantly.

Laz. Your Lordſhip's ever. [*Exit.*

Count. This Fellow is a kind of an Informer,

One

One that ſtill lives in Ale-houſes and Taverns,
And becauſe he perceives ſome worthy Men
In this Land, with much Labour 'nd great Expence,
To 've diſcover'd things dangerouſly hanging
Over the State; he thinks t' diſcover as much
Out of the talk of Drunkards in Tap-houſes:
He brings me Informations, pick'd out
Of broken Words, i' Mens common talk, which he,
With his malicious miſ-application,
Hopes will ſeem dangerous; he doth beſides,
Bring me the Names of all th' young Gentlemen
In the City, that uſe Ordinaries, or Taverns,
Talking (t' my thinking) only as the freedom
Of their Youth teach them, without further ends,
For dangerous and ſeditious Spirits;
He is beſides, an arrant Whore-maſter,
As any is in *Milan*, of a Lay-man;
I will not meddle with the Clergy: He
(10) Is parcel Lawyer, and i' my Conſcience much
Of their Religion, I muſt put upon him
Some piece of Service. Come hither, Sir, what have you
To do with me? *Int.* Little my Lord, I only come
T' know how your Lordſhip would employ me.
Count. Obſerv'd you
That Gentleman that parted from m' but now?
Int. I ſaw him now, my Lord.
Count. I was ſending for you,
I've talk'd with this Man, and find him dangerous.
Int. Is your Lordſhip in good earneſt?
Count. Hark you, Sir,

(10) *Is* parcel *Lawyer*———] I have been long miſtaken in our Authors Uſe of the Word *Parcel*, and have in the *Chances* given a wrong Interpretation of it: There an old Woman is ſaid to be *parcel Drunk*, and elſewhere *parcel Bawd*, and finding *Skinner* (probably led by the like Expreſſions) giving *partly* as one of the Senſes of *parcel*, I thought it applicable in thoſe Places: But am now convinc'd that it has every where the ſame Meaning, when taken adverbially, *parcel* from *Particelle*; it means *partly*, as *partly a Lawyer*, *partly a Bawd*, *partly Drunk*. *Maſſenger* our Authors Contemporary and Rival often uſes it in this Senſe.

There

There may perhaps be ſome within Ear-ſhots.
[*He whiſpers with him.*

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your Life, the Duke
Hath ſent the Fiſh-head to my Lord?
Boy. Sir, if he have not
Kill me, do what you will with me. *Laz.* How
Uncertain is the State of all mortal Things?
I have theſe Croſſes from my Cradle, from
My very Cradle, inſomuch that I do
Begin t' grow deſperate: Fortune, I do deſpiſe the
Do thy worſt.—Yet when I do better gather
Myſelf together, I find it's rather th' part of
A wiſe Man, to prevent the Storms of Fortune
By ſtirring, than t' ſuffer 'em, by ſtanding ſtill,
To pour themſelves upon his naked Body;
I will about it. *Count.* Who's within there? Let

Enter a Serving-man.

This Gentleman out at the back Door,
Forget not my Inſtructions, if you find
Any thing dangerous; trouble not yourſelf
To find out me, but carry your Informations
To the Lord *Lucio*, he is a Man grave,
And well experienced in theſe buſineſſes.
Int. Your Lordſhip's Servant.
[*Exit Intelligencer and Serving-Man.*
Laz. Your Lordſhip's Servant. Will't pleaſe your Lordſhip to walk?
Count. Sir, I was coming,
I'll overtake you. *Laz.* I will attend you
Over-againſt th' Lord *Gondarino*'s Houſe.
Count. You ſha'n't attend there long. *Laz.* Thither muſt I
To ſee my Love's Face, the chaſte Virgin Head
Of a dear Fiſh, yet pure and undeflowred,
Not known of Man; no rough bred Country Hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no Pandar's withered Paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd Lawyer's greaſie Fiſt, hath

Once

Once flubbered thee; no Lady's supple Hand
Wash'd o'er with Urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
(11) With her too nimble Talons; no Court-hand,
Whom his own natural Filth, or change of Air, hath
Bedeck'd with Scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter Grace:
Oh let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the Flower of thy Virginity. [*Exit* Laz.

Count. This Day I am for Fools, I am all theirs,
Though like to our young wanton cocker'd Heirs,
Who do affect those Men above the rest,
In whose base Company they still are best:
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the Company:
(12) But for a Fool our Wisdom oft amends,
As Enemies do teach us more than Friends. [*Exit* Count.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino *and his Servants.*

Serv. MY Lord!
Gond. Ha!
Serv. Here 's one hath brought you a Present.

(11) *With her* two *nimble* Talents; ——] Mr. *Sympson* concurs with me in reading *too nimble*, but there seems a still greater Corruption than that; her *Fingers* are certainly here call'd *too nimble*, and tho' *Talents* be intelligible, yet *Talons* seems a much more easy as well as more comic Word. On turning to Mr. *Theobald* I find that he too reads *Talons*.

(12) *But* for *a Fool, our Wisdom oft amends,*] The Comma here was plac'd wrong by the Editors who do not seem to have known the Construction of the Passage; which is indeed a little difficult, the Particle *for* having a Meaning common indeed in our Authors but not so in modern Writings. *For* is here the same as *because*, as in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Lov'd *for* we did, *i. e.* because we did. See Note 29th on that Play. Without this the Passage here is not intelligible: He loves to be with a Fool, because the sight of his Folly teaches Wisdom. Mr. *Theobald* not taking it in this Sense conjectures,

——— *But 'fore a Fool.*

If the Reader will be so good to turn to the Note referr'd to in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, he will be sufficiently convinc'd that *for* is right.

Gond.

Gond. From whom? From a Woman? if it be from a Woman, bid him carry it back, and tell her she's a Whore; what is it?

Serv. A Fish Head, my Lord.

Gond. What Fish Head?

Serv. I did not ask that, my Lord.

Gond. Whence comes it?

Serv. From the Court.

Gond. O 'tis a Cods Head.

Serv. No, my Lord, 'tis some strange Head, it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I do owe him Money for Silks, stop his Mouth with that.

[*Exit Servant.*

Was there e'er any Man that hated his Wife
Aft'r Death but I? and for her sake all Women,
(13) Women that were created only for
The preservation of little Dogs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Count's Sister being overtaken
I' th' Streets with a great Hail-storm, is light at
Your Gate, and desires room 'till the Storm
Be overpast. *Gond.* Is she a Woman? *Serv.* Ay,
My Lord, I think so. *Gond.* I've none for her then:
Bid her get her gone, tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My Lord, she is now coming up.

Gond. She shall not
Come up; tell her any thing; tell her I have but
One great Room in my House, and I'm now

(13) *Women that were created for*] The Quarto reads,

——*were created* only *for*,

And this Omission puzzled me with regard to the Measure; and in eight Places out of ten where the Measure was all confus'd, the Quarto tho' printed as Prose, as well as the later Editions, has had some small Difference in the Arrangement of the Words, or the Omission or Addition of some expletive as to the Sense, but which clear'd up the Measure. These are too numerous to be all pointed out to the Reader, but are a strong Proof to me that I am right in restoring that familiar Measure which our Authors much more rarely lay aside than *Shakespear* did.

In it at the close Stool.

Serv. She's here, my Lord.

Gond. O Impudence of Women; I can keep
Dogs out o' my House, or I can defend my House
Against Thieves, but I cannot keep out Women.

Enter Oriana, *a Waiting-Woman, and a Page.*

Now, Madam, what hath your Ladyship to say
To me? *Ori.* My Lord, I was bold to crave the help
O' your House against the Storm.

Gond. Your Ladyship's Boldness
In coming will be Impudence in staying;
For you are most unwelcome.

Ori. Oh, my Lord!

Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true.

Ori. Y'are merry, my Lord. *Gond.* Let me laugh to Death
If I be, or can be whilst thou art here;
Or liv'st; or any of thy Sex. *Ori.* I commend your Lordship.

Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me?
I give you no such Cause: Thou art a filthy
Impudent Whore; a Woman, a very Woman.

Ori. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy Father was drunk.

Ori. Your Lordship hath a good Wit.

Gond. How? what? have I good Wit?

Ori. Come, my Lord,
I've heard before o'your Lordship's merry vein
In jesting 'gainst our Sex, which I being desirous
To hear, made me rather chuse your Lordship's House,
Than any other; but I know I'm welcome.

Gond. Let me not live if you be: Methinks it doth not
Become you to come to my House, being a Stranger
To you; I have no Woman in my House
To entertain you, nor to shew you your Chamber;
Why should you come to me? I have no Galleries,
Nor Banqueting-houses, no nor bawdy Pictures

To

To ſhew your Ladyſhip. *Ori.* Believe me, this
Your Lordſhip's Plainneſs makes me think myſelf
More welcome, than if you had ſworn by all
The pretty Court Oaths that are, I had been welcomer
Than your Soul to your Body. *Gond.* Now ſhe's in,
(14) Talking of Treaſon will not get her out,
I'd ſooner undertake to talk an Intelligencer
Out of the Room, and ſpeak more than he durſt hear,
Than talk a Woman out o' my Company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, The Duke being in the Streets, and the Storm continuing, is enter'd your Gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke! O now I know your Errand, Madam;
You've Plots and private Meetings i' hand: Why do you
Chuſe my Houſe? are you aſham'd to go to it
In the old coupling Place, though 't be leſs ſuſpicious
Here; for no Chriſtian will ſuſpect a Woman
To be in my Houſe? yet you may do it cleanlier
There, for there's care had of thoſe Buſineſſes;
And whereſoever you remove, your great
Maintainer and yourſelf ſhall have your Lodgings
Directly oppoſite, 'tis but putting on
(15) Your Night-gown, and your Slippers; Madam, yo' underStand me? *Ori.* Before I would not underſtand him,

But

(14) *Talking Treaſon will get her out*] Here two Syllables are wanting to the Meaſure, and one of them is abſolutely neceſſary to the Senſe, and Mr. *Theobald* had reſtor'd the Negative as well as I. I add alſo an Expletive and read,

Talking of *Treaſon will* not *get her out,*

This is exactly in our Author's Stile, and I am pretty ſure, the very Expreſſion *Talking of Treaſon* is uſed elſewhere by them, tho' I cannot now turn to the Place.

(15) *Your Night-Gown, and your Slippers; Madam, you underſtand me?*] To make out the Verſe here with the Context I'm forc'd to divide one Word into two Lines, this which gives the Meaſure a more comic Aſpect is done by our Authors indiſputably in

But now he ſpeaks Riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo *and* Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a ſtrange Hail-ſtorm.
Luc. 'Twas exceeding ſtrange.
Gond. Good Morrow to your Grace.
Duke. Good Morrow, *Gondarino.*
Gond. Juſtice, great Prince.
Duke. Why ſhould you beg
For Juſtice, I ne'er did you Wrong; what is
Th' Offender? *Gond.* A Woman.
Duke. I know your ancient Quarrel
Againſt that Sex; but, ſay, what hainous Crime
Hath ſhe committed?
Gond. She h'th gone abroad.
Duke. What? it cannot be.
Gond. She h'th done it.
Duke. How? I never heard
Of any Woman that did ſo before.
Gond. If ſhe have not laid by that Modeſty
That ſhould attend a Virgin, and, quite void
Of Shame, hath left the Houſe where ſhe was born,
As they ſhould never do; let me endure
The Pains that ſhe ſhould ſuffer.
Duke. Hath ſhe ſo?
Which is the Woman?
Gond. This, this.
Duke. How! *Arrigo: Lucio.*
Gond. Ay, then it is a Plot, no Prince alive
Shall force me make my Houſe a Brothel-Houſe;
Not for the Sin's, but for the Woman's ſake;
I will not have her in my Doors ſo long:
Will they make my Houſe as bawdy as their own are?
Duke. Is it not *Oriana?*
Lucio. 'Tis.
Duke. Siſter to Count *Valore?*

the comic Part of the School-maſter in *The Two noble Kinſmen.*

Upon this mighty Morr—*of mickle weight,*
Is—*now comes in which being glew'd together,*
Makes Morris.

Arri.

Arri. The very ſame.
Duke. She that I love?
Lucio. She that you love.
Duke. I do ſuſpect.
Lucio. So do I.
Duke. This Fellow to be but a Counterfeit,
One that doth ſeem to loath all Woman-kind,
To hate himſelf, becauſe he hath ſome part
Of Woman in him; ſeems not to endure
To ſee, or to be ſeen of any Woman,
Only, becauſe he knows it is their Nature
To wiſh to taſte that which is moſt forbidden:
And with this ſhew he may the better compaſs
(And with far leſs Suſpicion) his baſe ends.
Lucio. Upon my Life 'tis ſo.
Duke. And I do know,
(16) Before his late Wife gave him that Offence,
He was the greateſt Servant to that Sex
That ever was: What doth this Lady here
With him alone? Why ſhould he rail at her
To me?
Luc. Becauſe your Grace might not ſuſpect.
Duke. It was ſo; I do love her ſtrangely.
I would fain know the Truth; come counſel me.
[*They three whiſper.*

Enter Count, Lazarillo, *and his Boy.*

Count. It falls out better than we could expect, Sir,
That we ſhould find the Duke and my Lord *Gondarino*
Together, both which you deſire to be
Acquainted with. *Laz.* 'Twas very happy; Boy,
Go down into the Kitchen, and ſee if you
Can ſpy that ſame; I am now in ſome Hope;
I have methinks a kind of Fever on me, [*Exit Boy.*
A certain Gloomineſs within me, doubting

(16) *Before his* ſlain *Wife*——] I have ventur'd to alter this to *late Wife*; there not being the leaſt hint of his Wife's being *ſlain* by him or any other. *Lain* for *buried* might probably be allow'd, but I lay it down as a Rule, never to aſcribe to my Authors an Expreſſion that I ſhould be aſham'd to uſe myſelf.

As 't were, betwixt two Paſſions:
There's no young Maid upon her wedding Night,
When her Husband ſets firſt Foot in the Bed bluſhes, and
Looks pale again, oftner than I do now. There is
No Poet acquainted with more Shakings and Quakings,
Towards the latter end of his new Play,
When he's in that Caſe, that he ſtands peeping 'twixt
Curtains, ſo fearfully that a Bottle of Ale
Cannot be op'ned, but he thinks ſome Body hiſſes,
Than I am at this Inſtant.

Count. Are they in Conſultation? If they be,
Either my young Duke hath ſome Baſtard gotten,
And is perſuading my Knight yonder to
Father the Child, and marry the Wench, or elſe
Some Cock-pit 's to be built.

Laz. My Lord! What Nobleman's that?

Count. His Name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made
A Lord at the requeſt of ſome o' his Friends
For's Wife's ſake; he affects t' b' a great States-man,
And thinks 't conſiſts in Night-Caps, and Tooth-picks?

Laz. And what's that other?

Count. A Knight, Sir, that pleaſeth
The Duke to favour, and to raiſe to ſome
Extraordinary Fortunes, he can make
As good Men as himſelf, ev'ry Day i' th' Week,
And doth—*Laz.* For what was he raiſed?

Count. Truly, Sir,
I am not able to ſay directly, for what; but
For wearing of red Breeches as I take it;
He is a brave Man, he will ſpend three Knighthoods
At a Supper without Trumpets. *Laz.* My Lord
I'll talk with him, for I've a Friend, that would
(17) Gladly receive the Honour. *Count.* If he have
The Itch of Knighthood on him, let him repair
To that Phyſician, he'll cure him; but I
Will give you a Note; is your Friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

(17) *Gladly receive the* Humour.] I had the Concurrence of both my Aſſiſtants in reading *Honour* inſtead of *Humour*.

Count.

Count. It will be the worſe for him.
Laz. I hope that's not material. *Count.* Very much,
For there's an Impoſt ſet upon Knighthoods, and
Your Friend ſhall pay a Noble in the Pound.
Duke. I do not like Examinations,
We ſhall find out the Truth more eaſily,
Some other way leſs noted, and that Courſe
Should not be us'd, 'till we be ſure to prove
Something directly, for when they perceive
Themſelves ſuſpected, they will then provide
More warily to anſwer.
Luc. Doth ſhe know
Your Grace doth love her?
Duke. She hath ne'er heard it.
Luc. Then thus, my Lord. [*They whiſper again.*
Laz. What's he that walks
Alone ſo ſadly with his Hands behind him?
Count. The Lord of the Houſe, he that you deſire to be
Acquainted with, he doth hate Women for
The ſame Cauſe that I love them.
Laz. What is that?
Count. For that which Apes want; you perceive me, Sir?
Laz. And is he ſad? Can he be ſad that hath
So rich a Gem under his Roof, as that
Which I do follow. What young Lady 's that?
Count. Which? Have I mine Eye-ſight perfect, 'tis my Siſter:
Did I ſay the Duke had a Baſtard? What ſhould ſhe
Make here with him and 's Council? She hath no
Papers in her hand to petition to them,
She hath never a Husband in Priſon, whoſe Releaſe
She might ſue for: That's a fine Trick for a Wench;
To get her Husband clapt up, that ſhe may
More freely, and with leſs Suſpicion, viſit
The private Studies o' Men in Authority.
Now I diſcover their Conſultation,
Yon Fellow is a Pandar without all
Salvation; but let me not condemn her too
Raſhly, without weighing the Matter; ſhe
Is a young Lady, and ſhe went forth early

This Morning with a Waiting-woman, and a Page or ſo:
This is no Garden Houſe, in my Conſcience ſhe
Went forth with no diſhoneſt Intent; for ſhe
Did not pretend going to any Sermon
In the further end of the City, neither went ſhe
To ſee any odd old Gentlewoman, that mourns for
The Death of 'r Husband, or the loſs of 'r Friend, and
Muſt have young Ladies come to comfort her:
Thoſe are th' damnable Bawds; 'twas no ſet Meeting
Certainly, for there was no Wafer-woman with her
Theſe three Days on my Knowledge: I'll talk with her.
Good morrow, my Lord.

Gond. Y'are welcome, Sir; here's her
Brother come now to do a kind Office for
His Siſter; Is it not ſtrange? *Count.* I am glad
To meet yo' here, Siſter. *Ori.* I thank you, good Brother;
And if you doubt the Cauſe o' my coming, I
Can ſatisfie you. *Count.* No faith, I dare truſt thee,
I do ſuſpect thou 'rt honeſt; for it is
So rare a thing to b' honeſt, amonſt you,
That ſome one Man in an Age may perhaps ſuſpect ſome
Two Women to b' honeſt, but ne'er believe it verily.

Luc. Let your Return be ſudden. *Arri.* Unſuſpected
By them. *Duke.* It ſhall; ſo ſhall I beſt perceive
Their Love, if there be any: Farewel, Sirs.

Count. Let me intreat your Grace to ſtay a little,
To know a Gentleman, to whom yourſelf
Is much beholden; he hath made the Sport
For your whole Court theſe eight Years, on my Knowledge.

Duke. His Name?

Count. Lazarillo.

Duke. I heard of him this Morning, which is he?

Count. Lazarillo, pluck up thy Spirits, thy Fortune is
Now raiſing, the Duke calls for thee, and thou
Shalt be acquainted with him. *Laz.* He's going away,
And I muſt of Neceſſity ſtay here
On Buſineſs. *Count.* Tis all one, thou ſhalt know him firſt.

Laz. Stay a little,

If

If he ſhould offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I ſhould loſe that I ſeek for;
But if he ſhould I will not go with him.
Count. The Duke ſtays, *Lazarillo* wilt thou loſe
This Opportunity? *Laz.* How muſt I ſpeak to him?
Count. 'Twas well thought of; you muſt not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary Man, honeſt
Plain Senſe, but you muſt wind about him; for Example,
If he ſhould ask you what a clock it is,
You muſt not ſay, If 't pleaſe your Grace 'tis nine;
But thus;
Thrice three a clock, ſo pleaſe my Sovereign;
Or thus:
Look you how many Muſes there doth dwell
Upon the ſweet Banks of the learned Well,
And juſt ſo many Strokes the Clock hath ſtruck;
And ſo forth; and you muſt now and then enter into
A Deſcription.
Laz. I hope I ſhall do it.
Count. Come:
May it pleaſe your Grace to take note of a Gentleman,
Well ſeen and deeply read, and throughly grounded
In th' hidden Knowledge of all Sallets and
Pot-herbs whatever.
Duke. I ſhall deſire to know him
More inwardly.
Laz. I kiſs the Ox-hide of your Grace's Foot.
Count. Very well; will your Grace queſtion him a little?
Duke. How old are you?
Laz. Full eight and twenty ſeveral Almanacks
Have been compiled, all for ſeveral Years,
Since firſt I drew this Breath; four Prenticeſhips
Have I moſt truly ſerved in this World;
And eight and twenty times hath *Phœbus* Car
Run out his yearly Courſe ſince—
Duke. I underſtand you, Sir.
Luc. How like an ignorant Poet he talks?
Duke. You are eight and twenty Years old? What
Time of the Day do you hold it to be?

Laz.

Laz. About the time that Mortals whet their Knives
On Threſholds, on their Shoe-Soals, and on Stairs,
New Bread is grating, and the teſty Cook
Hath much to do now; now the Tables all—

Duke. 'Tis almoſt Dinner time?

Laz. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your Grace ſhall find him in your further Conference
Grave, wiſe, courtly, and Scholar-like, underſtandingly read
In the Neceſſities of the Life of Man;
He knows that Man is mortal by his Birth;
He knows that Man muſt die, and therefore live;
He knows that Man muſt live, and therefore eat.
And if 't ſhall pleaſe your Grace t' accompany yourſelf
With him, I doubt not, but that he will, at leaſt,
Make good my Commendations.

Duke. Attend us *Lazarillo*, we do want
Men of ſuch Action, as we have receiv'd you
Reported from your Honourable Friend.

Laz. Good my Lord ſtand 'twixt me and my Overthrow,
You know I'm ty'd here, and may not depart,
My gracious Lord, ſo weighty are the Buſineſſes o' mine own,
Which at this time do call upon me, that I
Will rather chuſe to die, than to neglect them.

Count. Nay, you'll perceive; beſides the Virtues that
I have already inform'd you of, he hath
A Stomach which will ſtoop t' no Prince alive.

Duke. Sir, at your beſt Leiſure; I ſhall thirſt to ſee you.

Laz. And I ſhall hunger for it.

Duke. 'Till then farewel all.

Gond. Count. Long Life attend your Grace.

Duke. I do not taſte
This Sport; *Arrigo*, *Lucio.*

Arrigo. Lucio. We attend.

[*Exeunt Duke*, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. His Grace is gone, and 'th left his *Helen* with me,
I am

I am no Pandar for him, neither can I
Be won with th' hope of Gain, or the itching
Desire of tasting my Lord's Leachery to him,
To keep her at my House, or bring her in
Disguise t' his Bed-Chamber.
(18) The Twines of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked Breast, will seem to me
More tickling than those Clasps, which Men adore,
The lustful, dull, ill-spirited Embraces
Of Women; the much praised *Amazons*,
Knowing their own Infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a People, and what Men
They take amongst them, they condemn to die,
Perceiving that their Folly made them fit
To live no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthless Presence of a Woman.
I will attend, and see what my young Lord
Will do with his Sister.

Enter Lazarillo's *Boy*.

Boy. My Lord, the Fish-head is gone again.
Count. Whither?
Boy. I know whither, my Lord.
Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo:* Sister, shall I
Confer with you in private, t' know the Cause
Of the Duke's coming hither, I know he makes you
Acquainted with his Business of State.
Ori. I'll satisfy you, Brother, for I see
Your'e jealous of me. *Gond*. Now there shall be some Course
Taken for her Conveyance. *Laz*. *Lazarillo*, thou art happy,
Thy Carriage hath begot Love, and that Love
Hath brought forth Fruits; thou 'rt here in Company
Of a Man honourable, that will help thee to
Taste of the Bounties of the Sea, and when
Thou hast so done thou shalt retire thyself

(18) *The* Twins *of Adders*,——] It has often happened before, that *Twines* and *twin'd* have been wrote for *twins* and *twinn'd*, but here the Reverse has happened. Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd in the Correction.

Unto

Unto the Court, and taſte the Delicates
Of th' Earth, and be great in thy Sovereign's Eyes.
Now no more ſhalt thou need to ſcramble for
Thy Meat, nor remove thy Stomach with the Court;
Thy Credit ſhall command thy Heart's Deſire, and
All Novelties ſhall be ſent as Preſents to thee.

Count. Good Siſter, when you ſee your own time, will you
Return home? *Ori.* Yes, Brother, and not before.

Laz. I will
Grow popular in this State, and overthrow
The Fortunes of a number, that live by
Extortion.

Count. Lazarillo, beſtir thyſelf nimbly and ſuddenly, and hear me with Patience.

Laz. Let me not fall from myſelf; *ſpeak, I am bound to hear.*

Count. (19) *So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear,*
The Fiſh-head is gone, and we know not where.

Laz. I will not curſe, nor ſwear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous Tongue, accuſe my Fate;
Though I might juſtly do it, nor will I
Wiſh myſelf uncreated, for this Evil:
Shall I intreat your Lordſhip to be ſeen
A little longer in the Company
Of a Man croſs'd by Fortune?

Count. Yes, I hate
To leave my Friend in his Extremities.

Laz. 'Tis noble in you, then I take your Hand,
And do proteſt, I do not follow this

(19) *So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear,*
The Fiſh-head is gone, and we know not whither.] As *where* is equally Senſe here, it adds much to the Humour to make this hobling comic Verſe rhime to the Grandeur of the Line above quoted from the moſt ſolemn Scene in all *Shakeſpear.* Mr. *Sympſon* asks, Is this a Burleſque upon *Hamlet*'s Ghoſt or not? I am quite clear that it is not, and have given, I believe, convincing Reaſons at Note 31, in that exceeding comic Character, *The little* French *Lawyer.* Sentiments and Expreſſions of acknowledged Dignity, when apply'd to a ridiculous Subject, only render it ſtill more ridiculous, and for that end only are us'd, burleſquing, as in this Place *Lazarillo* not *Hamlet.*

For

For any Malice or for private Ends,
But with a Love, as gentle and as chaſte,
As that a Brother to his Siſter bears:
And if I ſee this Fiſh-head yet unknown,
The laſt Words that my dying Father ſpake,
Before his Eye-ſtrings brake, ſhall not of me
So often be remembred, as our Meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my Ends are juſt,
Full of pure Love, and free from ſervile Luſt.

Count. Farewel, my Lord; I was intreated to invite
Your Lordſhip to a Lady's upſitting.

Gond. O my Ears! why, Madam, will not you follow
Your Brother? you are waited for by great Men,
He'll bring you to 'em. *Ori.* I am very well,
My Lord, you do miſtake me, if you think
I affect greater Company than yourſelf.

Gond. What Madneſs doth poſſeſs thee, that thou canſt
Imagine m' a fit Man to entertain
Ladies; I tell thee, I do uſe to tear
Their Hair, to kick them, and to twinge their Noſes,
If they be n't careful in avoiding me.

Ori. Your Lordſhip may deſcant upon your own
Behaviour as pleaſe you, but I proteſt,
So ſweet and courtly it appears in my Eye,
That I mean not to leave you yet. *Gond.* I ſhall
Grow rough.

Ori. A rough Carriage is beſt in a Man:
I'll dine with you, my Lord.

Gond. Why I will ſtarve thee,
Thou ſhalt have nothing. *Ori.* I have heard of
Your Lordſhip's Nothing, I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well thou ſhalt have Meat, I will ſend it to thee.

Ori. (20) I keep no State my Lord, neither do I mourn;
I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is ſuch a thing as this allow'd to live?
What Power hath let thee looſe upon the Earth

(20) I'll *keep no State, my Lord, neither do I mourn*;] *I'll*, inſtead of *I*, crept in from the Line below. *Mourn* here ſignifies keeping Houſe on account of mourning for any Relation dead.

To

To plague us for our Sins? Out of my Doors.

Ori. I would your Lordſhip did but ſee how well
This Fury doth become you, it doth ſhew
So near the Life, as it were natural.

Gond. O thou damn'd Woman, I will fly the Vengeance
That hangs above thee, follow if thou dar'ſt.

[*Exit* Gondarino.

Ori. I muſt not leave this Fellow, I will torment him to Madneſs,
To teach his Paſſions againſt kind to move:
The more he hates, the more I'll ſeem to love.

[*Exeunt* Oriana *and Maid.*

Enter Pandar and Mercer a Citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by Art ſhall be done, I wear not this black Cloke for nothing.

Mer. Perform this, help me to this great Heir by learning, and you ſhall want no black Clokes; Taffaties, Silk-grograns, Sattins and Velvets are mine, they ſhall be yours; perform what you have promis'd, and you ſhall make me a Lover of Sciences, I will ſtudy the learned Languages, and keep my Shop-book in Latin.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not fail you within this Hour at your Shop.

Mer. Let Art have her courſe. [*Exit Mercer.*

Enter Courtezan.

Pand. 'Tis well ſpoken. *Madona.*

Mad. Haſt thou brought me any Cuſtomers?

Pand. No.

Mad. What the Devil doſt thou in black?

Pand. As all ſolemn Profeſſors of ſettled Courſes do, cover my Knavery with it: Will you marry a Citizen, reaſonably Rich, and unreaſonably Fooliſh, Silks in his Shop, Money in his Purſe, and no Wit in his Head?

Mad. Out upon him, I could have otherwiſe than ſo, there was a Knight ſwore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty Shillings to have redeem'd his Cloke, to go to Church in.

Pand.

Pand. Then your Waſtecoat-waiter ſhall have him, call her in.

Mad. Franciſſina?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon.

Mad. Get you to the Church, and ſhrive yourſelf, For you ſhall be richly married anon.

Pand. And get you after her, I will work upon my Citizen whilſt he is warm, I muſt not ſuffer him to conſult with his Neighbours, the openeſt Fools are hardly cozened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino *flying the Lady.*

Gond. SAVE me ye better Powers, let me not fall
Between the looſe Embracements of a Woman:
Heav'n, if my Sins be ripe grown to a Head,
And muſt attend your Vengeance, I beg not to divert my Fate,
Or to reprieve a while thy Puniſhment;
Only I crave, and hear me equal Heav'ns,
Let not your furious Rod, that muſt afflict me,
Be that imperfect Piece of Nature,
That Art makes up, Woman, unſatiate Woman.
Had we not knowing Souls, at firſt infus'd
To teach a difference 'twixt Extremes and Goods?
Were we not made ourſelves, free, unconfin'd
Commanders of our own Affections?
And can it be, that this moſt perfect Creature,
This Image of his Maker, well-ſquar'd Man,
Should leave the Handfaſt, that he had of Grace,
To fall into a Woman's eaſy Arms.

Enter Oriana.

Ori. Now *Venus* be my ſpeed,
Inſpire me with all the ſeveral ſubtile
Temptations, that thou haſt already given,
Or haſt in ſtore hereafter to beſtow

Upon

Upon our Sex: Grant that I may apply
That Phyſick that's moſt apt to work upon him;
Whether he's ſooneſt mov'd with Wantonneſs,
Singing, and Dancing; or being paſſionate,
With Scorn; (21) or with ſad and ſerious Looks,
Cunningly-mingled Sighs, with Smiling, Liſping,
Kiſſing the Hand, making ſhort Curt'ſies; or
With whatſoever other nimble Power
He may be caught, do thou infuſe into me,
And when I have him, I will ſacrifice him
To thee.

Gond. It comes again; new Apparitions,
And tempting Spirits: Stand and reveal thyſelf,
Tell why thou follow'ſt me? I fear thee as
I fear the Place thou cam'ſt from, Hell. *Ori.* My Lord,
I am a Woman, and ſuch a one——

Gond. That I hate truly,
Thou'dſt better been a Devil.

Ori. Why, my unpatient Lord?

Gond. Dev'ls were once good, there they excell'd you, Woman.

Ori. Can ye be ſo uneaſy? can ye freeze, and
Such a Summer's Heat ſo ready to diſſolve ye?
Nay, gentle Lord, turn not away in ſcorn,
Nor hold me leſs fair than I am: Look on theſe Cheeks,
They've yet enough of Nature, true Complexion,
(22) If it be red and white; a Forehead high,
An eaſy melting Lip, a ſpeaking Eye,

(21) *Or with ſad and ſerious Looks, cunningly mingled* with *Sighs, with Smiling, Liſping,*] This Speech, all printed before as Proſe, I have found not the leaſt Difficulty in reſtoring to its Meaſure, till I came to this Paſſage; and here there is the greateſt Reaſon to believe a Monoſyllable added, more injurious to the Senſe than Meaſure: For what Cunning is there in mingling ſad Looks with Sighs? It does indeed require Cunning to mingle Sighs and Smiles together, ſo as to appear engaging and charming. I therefore read,

Cunningly-mingled Sighs, with Smiling, Liſping,
Kiſſing the Hand, &c.

(22) *If* to *be red and white*;——] The Conſtruction here ſeems a little difficult; I therefore read,

If it *be red and white*;——

i. e. If true Complexion conſiſt in red and white.

And

And ſuch a Tongue, whoſe Language takes the Ear
Of ſtrict Religion, and Men moſt auſtere:
(23) If theſe may hope to pleaſe you, look you here.
Gond. This Woman with Intreaty wou'd ſhow all;
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewel.
Ori. You're yet too harſh, too diſſonant,
There's no true Muſick in your Words, my Lord.
Gond. What ſhall I give thee to be gone?
(24) Here ſtay, an thou want'ſt Lodging, take my Houſe,
'Tis big enough, it is thine own, 'twill hold
Five leacherous Lords 'nd their Lackies without Diſcovery:
There's Stoves and bathing Tubs.
Ori. Dear Lord, you are
Too wild.
Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou ſha't,
'Bout ſix and twenty, 'tis a pleaſing Age;
Or I can help thee to a handſom Uſher;
Or if thou lack'ſt a Page, I'll give thee one,
Prithee keep Houſe and leave me.
Ori. I do confeſs I am too eaſy, too much
Woman, not coy enough to take Affection,
Yet I can frown and nip a Paſſion,
Even in the Bud: I can ſay
Men pleaſe their preſent Heats; then pleaſe to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my Chymick Power,
Draw Sonnets from the melting Lover's Brain;
Aymes, and *Elegies:* Yet to you, my Lord,
My Love, my better ſelf, I put theſe off.
Doing that Office, not befits our Sex,
Intreat a Man to Love; are ye not yet
Relenting? ha' ye Blood and Spirit in thoſe Veins?
Ye are no Image, though ye be as hard
As Marble: Sure ye've no Liver, if ye had,

(23) *If theſe may hope to pleaſe, look here.*] Former Editions. The Inſertion of two Relatives not only completes the comic Dignity of the Meaſure, but is rather preferable as to the Senſe.

(24) *Here's* ta, *and* tha *wants Lodging*,—] Theſe mangled Words Mr. *Sympſon* has happily cured: He reads,

Here ſtay, *an* thou *want'ſt Lodging*,——

'Twould send a lively and desiring Heat
To every Member; Is not this miserable?
A thing so truly form'd, shap'd out by Symmetry,
Has all the Organs that belong to Man,
And working too, yet to shew all these
Like to dead Motions moving upon Wiers?
Then good my Lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for, a Man.
Gond. Thou art a precious Piece of sly Damnation:
I will be deaf, I will lock up my Ears,
Tempt me not, I will not love; If I do——
Ori. Then I'll hate you. [*Aside.*
Gond. Let be be 'nointed with
Hony, and turn'd into the Sun, t' be stung
To Death with Horse-flies: Hear'st thou, thou Breeder, here
I'll sit, and, in despite of thee, say nothing.
Ori. Let me, with your fair Patience, sit beside you.
Gond. Madam, Lady, Tempter, Tongue, Woman, Air,
Look to me, I shall kick; I say again,
Look to me I shall kick. *Ori.* I cannot think
Your better Knowledge can use a Woman so uncivilly.
Gond. I cannot think I shall become a Coxcomb,
To ha' my Hair curl'd by an idle Finger,
My Cheeks turn Tabers, and be play'd upon,
Mine Eyes look'd Babies in, and my Nose blow'd to my Hand;
I say again, I shall kick, sure I shall.
Ori. 'Tis but your Outside that you shew, I know your Mind
Never was guilty of so great a Weakness;
Or could the Tongues of all Men join'd together,
Possess me with a Thought of your Dislike
My Weakness were above a Woman's to fall off
From my Affection, for one crack of Thunder:
O wou'd you'd love, my Lord.
Gond. I wou'd thou'dst sit
Still, and say nothing: What Madman let thee loose

To

To do more Miſchiefs than a Dozen Whirlwinds,
Keep thy Hands in thy Muff, and warm the idle
Worms in thy Fingers ends: Will ye be doing ſtill?
Will no Intreating ſerve ye? no lawful Warning?
I muſt remove and leave your Ladyſhip;
Nay never hope to ſtay me, for I will
Run from that ſmooth, bewitching, ſmiling, cozening,
That tempting, damning Face of thine, as far
As I can find any Land, where I will put
Myſelf into a daily Courſe of Curſes
For thee and all thy Family.

Ori. Nay, good my Lord, ſit ſtill, I'll promiſe Peace,
And fold mine Arms up, let but mine Eye diſcourſe;
Or let my Voice, ſet to ſome pleaſing Cord, ſound out
The ſullen Strains of my neglected Love.

Gond. Sing 'till thou crack thy Treble-ſtrings in Pieces,
And when thou'ſt done, put up thy Pipes and walk,
Do any thing, ſit ſtill and tempt me not.

Ori. I'd rather ſing at Doors for Bread, than ſing to
This Fellow, but for hate: If this ſhould be
Told in the Court, that I begin to wooe Lords,
What a Troop of th' untruſt Nobility
Should I have at my Lodging to morrow Morning?

SONG.

Come Sleep, and with thy ſweet Deceiving,
Lock me in Delight awhile,
Let ſome pleaſing Dreams beguile
All my Fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an Influence,
All my Powers of Care bereaving.

Though but a Shadow, but a Sliding,
Let me know ſome little Joy:
We that ſuffer long Annoy,
Are contented with a Thought
Through an idle Fancy wrought;
O let my Joys have ſome abiding.

Gond. Have you done your Waſſail? 'tis a handſome drowſy Ditty I'll aſſure ye; now I had as lief hear a Cat cry, when her Tail is cut off, as hear theſe Lamentations, theſe lowſy Love-days, theſe Bewailments: You think you have caught me, Lady, you think I melt now, like a Diſh of *May* Butter, and run all into Brine and Paſſion? yes, yes, I'm taken, look how I croſs my Arms, look pale, and dwindle, and would cry, but for ſpoiling my Face; we muſt part, nay, we'll avoid all Ceremony, no kiſſing, Lady, I deſire to know your Ladyſhip no more; death of my Soul, the Duke!

Ori. God keep your Lordſhip.

Gond. From thee and all thy Sex.

Ori. I'll be the Clerk, and cry *Amen*,
Your Lordſhip's ever aſſured Enemy, *Oriana:*
[*Exit* Oriana. *Manet* Gondarino.

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, *and* Lucio.

Gond. All the Day's good attend your Lordſhip.

Duke. We thank you, *Gondarino*, is it poſſible?
Can ev'n Belief lay hold on ſuch a Miracle?
To ſee thee, one that hath cloiſter'd up all Paſſion,
Turn'd wilful Votary, and forſworn converſe
With Women, in Company and fair Diſcourſe
With the beſt Beauty of *Milan?*

Gond. 'Tis true, and if your Grace, that hath the Sway
Of the whole State, will ſuffer this leud Sex,
Theſe Women, to purſue us to our Homes,
Not to be pray'd, not to be rail'd away,
But they will Wooe, and Dance, and Sing, and, in
A manner, looſer than they are by Nature (which
Should ſeem impoſſible) to throw their Arms
On our unwilling Necks. *Duke.* No more, I can
See through your Viſſor, diſſemble it no more.
Do not I know that thou haſt us'd all Art,
To work upon the poor Simplicity
Of this young Maid, that yet hath known none ill,

Thinks

(25) Thinks that Damnation will fright thoſe that wooe
From Oaths and Lies; But yet I think her chaſte,
And will from thee, before thou ſhalt apply
Stronger Temptations, bear her hence with me.
Gond. My Lord, I ſpeak not this to gain new Grace,
But howſoever you eſteem my Words,
My Love and Duty will not ſuffer me
To ſee you favour ſuch a Proſtitute,
And I ſtand by dumb; without Rack, Torture,
Or the Strapado, I unrip myſelf:
I do confeſs I was in company
With that ſame pleaſing Piece of Frailty,
That we call Woman; I do confeſs that after
A long and tedious Siege, I yielded.
Duke. Forward.
Gond. Faith, my Lord, to come quickly to the point, the Woman
You ſaw with me 's a Whore; an arrant Whore.
Count. Was ſhe not Count *Valore*'s Siſter?
Gond. Yes, that Count *Valore*'s Siſter is naught.
Duke. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo.
Gond. Not if it be diſtaſting to your Lordſhip,
But give me Freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embrac'd this Body, and grown to it
As cloſe as the hot youthful Vine to th' Elm.
Duke. Twice have I ſeen her with thee, twice my Thoughts
Were prompted by mine Eye, to hold thy Strictneſs
Falſe and impoſterous:
Is this your mewing up, your ſtrict Retirement,
Your Bitterneſs and Gall againſt the Sex?
Have I not heard thee ſay, thou'dſt ſooner meet
The *Baſilisk*'s dead-doing Eye, than meet
A Woman for an Object? Look it be true you tell me,

(25) Thinkeſt *that Damnation will fright thoſe that wooe From Oaths and Lies;*——] This is an odd Queſtion to *Gondarino*, but it ſeems only a Miſtake from adding a Letter to the Verb. *Thinks* is ſurely the true Reading, and it is the ſuppos'd Simplicity of the young Maid who *thinks* that the fear of Damnation will deter Men from Lying and falſly Swearing to them.

Or by our Country's Saint your Head goes off:
(26) O *Oriana* if thou prove a Whore,
No Woman's Face ſhall ever move me more.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Gondarino.

Gond. So, ſo 'tis as't ſhould be; are Women grown
So Mankind? Muſt they be wooing? I have
A Plot ſhall blow her up, ſhe flies, ſhe mounts;
I'll teach her Ladyſhip to dare my Fury,
I will be known, and fear'd, 'nd more truly hated
Of Women than an Eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again,
Good Gall be patient, for I muſt diſſemble.
Ori. Now my cold froſty Lord, my Woman-hater,
You that have ſworn an everlaſting Hate
To all our Sex: by my troth, good Lord,
And as I'm yet a Maid, methought 'twas excellent Sport
To hear your Honour ſwear out an Alphabet,
Chafe nobly like a General,
Kick like a reſty Jade, and make ill Faces:
Did your good Honour think I was in Love?

(26) *If thou prove a Whore, no Woman's Face ſhall ever* ſee *me more.*] All the foregoing Speech of the *Duke*'s is as true Meaſure as the general Run of our Authors Verſe; there is only one Hemiſtich, and one Verſe with ſome redundant Syllables; but here there is an Apoſtrophe to *Oriana* without a Name, and a Rhime without Verſe, I believe it an Omiſſion, and hope I only reſtore the Original in reading,

O Oriana, *if thou prove a Whore,*
No Woman's Face ſhall ever ſee *me more.*

In writing down this Note, a freſh Inſtance how extremely liable moſt Editors are to fall into the ſame Inattention which each of them have been too apt to think themſelves totally exempt from, and for that Reaſon to triumph over and deſpiſe all thoſe which they found guilty of it. The Sheet had like to have gone to the Preſs with the groſs Blunder, which the laſt Editions had made in the Line above. I was ſo intent upon reſtoring the Meaſure, that, till the laſt time of overlooking my Note, I did not perceive the Abſurdity of the Duke's reſolving that no Woman ſhould ever *ſee* him more; did he intend to ſhut himſelf in a Dungeon? Several Words occurr'd, as *tempt*, *catch*, *e'er enſlave*, *enſnare*, *entrap*, &c. but theſe were all too far from the Trace of the Letters, but not much farther than the true Word, for on turning to the old *Quarto*, I found it to be *move.*

Where

Where did I first begin to take that Heat?
From those two radiant Eyes, that piercing Sight?
Oh they were lovely, if the Balls stood right;
And there's a Leg made out 't a dainty Staff,
Where, th' Gods be thanked, there is Calf enough.

Gond. Pardon him, Lady, that is now a Convert:
Your Beauty, like a Saint, hath wrought this Wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been prick'd at the Heart? is the
Stomach come down; will't rail no more at Women,
And call 'em Devils, she Cats, and Goblins?

Gond. He that shall marry thee, had better spend
The poor Remainder of his Days in a
Dung-barge, for two Pence a Week, and find himself.
Down again, Spleen, I prithee down again.
Shall I find Favour, Lady? Shall at length
My true unfeigned Penitence get Pardon for
My harsh unseasoned Follies? I'm no more
An Atheist, no I do acknowledge that
Dread powerful Deity,
And his all-quick'ning Heats burn in my Breast:
Oh be not as I was, hard unrelenting;
But as I am, be Partner of my Fires.

Ori. Sure we have store of Larks, the Skies will not
Hold up long; I should have look'd as soon
For Frost in the Dog-days, or another Inundation,
As hop'd this strange Conversion above Miracle:
Let m' look upon your Lordship; is your
Name *Gondarino?* are you *Milan*'s General, that
Great Bugbear, Bloody-bones, at whose Name all Women,
From th' Lady to the Laundress, shake like a cold Fit?

Gond. Good Patience help me, this Fever will
Enrage my Blood again: Madam, I am
That Man; I'm even he that once did owe
Unreconciled Hate to you, and all
That bear the Name of Woman: I'm the Man
That wrong'd your Honour to the Duke: I'm
The Man that said you were Unchaste, and Prostitute,
Yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Ori. Your big Nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,

And my Contrition is as true as that,
Yet have I found a means to make all good again,
I do beſeech your Beauty, not for myſelf,
My Merits yet are in Conception;
But, for your Honour's Safety and my Zeal,
Retire a while, while I unſay myſelf
Unto the Duke, and caſt out that ill Spirit
I have poſſeſs'd him with, I have a Houſe
Convenient and private.

Ori. Lord, thou haſt wrong'd
My Innocence, but thy Confeſſion hath
Gained thee Faith.

Gond. By the true honeſt Service that I owe theſe Eyes
My Meaning is as ſpotleſs as my Faith.

Ori. The Duke doubt mine Honour? 'a may judge ſtrangely,
'Twill not be long, before I'll be enlarg'd again.

Gond. A Day or two.

Ori. Mine own Servants ſhall
Attend me.

Gond. Your Ladyſhip's Command is good.

Ori. Look you be true. [*Exit* Oriana.

Gond. Elſe let me loſe
The Hopes my Soul aſpires to: I will be
A Scourge t' all Females in my Life, and after
My Death the Name of *Gondarino* ſhall be
Terrible to th' mighty Women of the Earth:
They ſhall ſhake at my Name, and at the Sound of't
Their Knees ſhall knock together; and they ſhall
Run into Nunneries, for they and I are
Beyond all Hope irreconcilable:
For if I could endure an Ear with a Hole in't,
Or a pleated Lock, or a bare-headed Coachman
That ſits like a Sign where great Ladies are
To be ſold within, Agreement betwixt us
Were not to be deſpaired of. If I
Could be but brought to endure to ſee Women,
I'd have them come all once a Week and kiſs me,
As Witches do the Devil, in token of Homage.
I muſt not live here; I will to the Court,

And

And there purſue my Plot; (27) when it hath took,
Women ſhall ſtand in awe, but of my Look.

SCENE III.

Enter two Intelligencers, diſcovering Treaſon in the Courtiers Words.

1 *Int.* There take your Stands, be cloſe and vigilant;
Here will I ſet myſelf, and let him look
T' his Language, a ſhall know the Duke has more Ears
In Court than two.
2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a Tittle,
Let him ſpeak wiſely,
And plainly, and as hidden as a can,
Or I ſhall cruſh him, (28) a ſhall not ſcape by Characters,
Though a ſpeak Babel, I ſhall cruſh him; we have
A Fortune by this Service hanging over us, that
Within this Year or two I hope we ſhall
Be call'd to be Examiners, and wear
Politick Gowns garded with Copper-lace,
Making great Faces full of Fear and Office,
Our Labours may deſerve this. 1 *Int.* I hope it ſhall;
Why have not many Men been raiſed from
This worming Trade, firſt to gain good Acceſs
To great Men, then to have Commiſſions out
For ſearch, and laſtly, to be worthily nam'd

(27) *When it hath took, Women ſhall ſtand in awe but of my Look*] Here Verſes that rhim'd were neglected as well as all the foregoing that were blank. A thouſand ſuch Proofs occur of the great neglect of the Metre in former Editions. And which in many Places is perhaps irrecoverably loſt. The Intelligencers Account of themſelves ends in Rhime too, but was all printed as Proſe.

(28) ——*a ſhall not ſcape Characters*] This is a little difficult: If it is the true Reading the Senſe muſt be, that he ſhall not eſcape having Characters drawn of him. But beſides the Stiffneſs of this Interpretation, it does not well ſuit the Context. I read therefore,

——*a ſhall not ſcape* by Characters,
Let him ſpeak Babel, I ſhall cruſh him;

By *Characters* muſt here be underſtood, uſing Names of one thing for another, as the *Characters of a Cypher* do; for from *Writing* the Metaphor before is taken.

I'll quote him to a Tittle.

At

At a great Arraignment; yes, and why not we?
They that endeavour well deserve their Fee.
Close, close, a comes; mark well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarillo, *and his Boy.*

Laz. Farewel my Hopes, my Anchor now is broken,
Farewel my *quondam* Joys, of which no Token
Is now remaining, such is the sad Mischance,
Where Lady Fortune leads the slippery Dance.
Yet at the length, let me this Favour have,
Give me my Wishes, or a wished Grave.

Count. The Gods defend, so brave and valiant Maw
Should slip into the never satiate Jaw
Of black Despair; no, thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires, Hunger thy ancient Foe,
Shall be subdu'd; those Guts that daily tumble
Through Air and Appetite, shall cease to rumble:
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy Dish,
That noble part, the sweet Head of a Fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

2 *Int.* There, there's
A noble Piece of Treason; greater than
The Duke, mark that.

Count. But how, or where, or when this shall be compass'd,
Is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truly miserable, that might I
Be knock'd o'th' Head, with all my Heart I would
Forgive a Dog-killer.

(29) *Count.* Yet do I see through this Confusedness
Some little Comfort.

Laz. The Plot my Lord, as e'er you came of Woman,
Discover. 1 *Int.* Plots, dangerous Plots, I will deserve by this

Most

(29) *Yet do I see thro' this Confusedness some little Comfort.*] This when restor'd to its Measure is a high Burlesque Parody of all Poetic Sublimity whatever, and *Fletcher*, to whom alone this Play is ascrib'd, in the first Edition must have ridiculed himself as well as all grave Writers if every Quotation from *Shakespear* is a sneer upon him, as my Assistants Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympson* have been apt to imagine, and

to

Moſt liberally. *Count.* 'Tis from my Head again.
Laz. O that it would ſtand me, that I might fight
Or have ſome Venture for it, that I might
Be turn'd looſe, t' try my Fortune 'mongſt the whole
Fry in a College or an Inn of Court,
Or ſcramble with the Priſoners in the Dungeon,
Nay were it ſet down in the outward Court,
And all the Guard about it in a Ring,
With their Knives drawn, which were a diſmal Sight,
And after twenty leiſurely were told,
I to be let looſe only in my Shirt,
(30) To try by Valour, how much of the Spoil
I would recover from the Enemies Mouths.
I would accept the Challenge. *Count.*

to have been quite angry with *Fletcher* for it. The Lines above very much reſemble the following in *The Two Noble Kinſmen.*

——— *yet Couſin,*
Ev'n from the bottom of theſe Miſeries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two Comforts riſing.

Now would *Fletcher* ſneer himſelf at a Work that he certainly had a great if not the greateſt Share in? I ſhall here take an Opportunity of defending *Fletcher* for the Character of *Lazarillo.* I find few of my Friends quite reliſh it; they think the *Characature* too high, too much beyond Nature, ev'n ſo as rather to raiſe Diſguſt than Laughter. To this might be pleaded the Authority of *Ariſtophanes* in his *Characature* of *Socrates*, of *Plautus* in more than one of his Characters, of *Shakeſpear* in *Piſtol*, and of *Johnſon* and *Moliere* in the greateſt Part of their Plays, which are moſt of them form'd not of Characters of *real Perſons*, as thoſe in general of *Shakeſpear*, *Fletcher*, *Terence*, &c. are, but of the *Paſſions perſonated*; as the Paſſion of *Epicuriſm* or *nice Gluttony* is in this Play. Few People have ſeen how extremely high the ſeveral Paſſions, as *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Luſt*, *Epicuriſm*, &c. have been carried in real Life: I have heard of a Gentleman that dy'd not long ſince, whoſe Paſſion for Eating came not far ſhort of *Lazarillo*'s; and Poetry is always allowed a little to heighten the Features. Then as to the Sublimity of the Poetick Languague us'd by *Lazarillo*, it is certainly the very beſt that could be chole for high Burleſque; as the Dignity of the Stile is the higheſt Contraſt to the Ridiculouſneſs of the Sentiments. *Gondarino*, like *Lazarillo*, is a *Paſſion* perſonated and a very well drawn Character in *Ben Johnſon*'s manner, ſo that upon the whole I hope the Majority of Readers will join the Laugh at this exceedingly droll Play.

(30) *To try the Valour, how much of the Spoil*
I would recover from the Enemies Mouths.] This is ſcarcely Senſe,

Count. Let it go:
Hasn't thou been held to have some Wit in th' Court,
And to make fine Jests upon Country People
In Progress time? and wilt lose this Opinion,
For the cold Head of a Fish? I say, let it go:
I'll help thee to as good a Dish of Meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men should talk so prophanely:
But 't is not in the Power of loose words,
Of any vain or misbelieving Man,
To make me dare to wrong thy Purity.
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,
That hath so full an Eye, so sweet a Breath,
So soft and white a flesh: This doth not lye
In Almond Gloves, nor ever hath been wash'd
In artificial Baths; no Traveller
(31) That hath brought Doctor home with him, hath dar'd
With all his Waters, Powders, Fucuses,
To make thy lovely Corps sophisticate.

Count. I have it, 'tis now infus'd, be comforted.

Laz. Can there b' that little Hope yet left in Nature?
Shall I once more erect up Trophies?
Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear Saint,
And bless my Palate with the best of Creatures;
Ah good my Lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this Being?

Count. Sir, I have found by certain Calculation,
And settled Revolution of the Stars,
The Fish is sent by the Lord *Gondarino*
T' his Mercer, now it is a growing Hope

Sense, there are two ways of correcting it, as

To try by *Valour, how much of the Spoil*
I could *recover from the Enemies Mouths!*

Or

To try their *Valour! How much of the Spoil*
Would I recover from the Enemies Mouths?

I prefer the former. The two next Lines of the Count's Speech are restor'd from the old Quarto.

(31) *That hath brought Doctor home with him——*] *i. e.* has had a Doctor's Degree in some foreign University.

To

To know where 'tis. *Laz.* O it is far above
The good of Women, th' *Pathick* cannot yield
More pleasing Titillation.
Count. But how to compass it, search, cast about,
And bang your Brains, O *Lazarillo*, thou art
Too dull and heavy to deserve a Blessing.
Laz. My Lord, I'll not be idle; now *Lazarillo*,
O think, think, think.
Count. Yonder's my Informer,
And 's Fellow with Table-books, they nod at me;
Upon my Life, they have poor *Lazarillo*,
That beats his Brains 'bout no such weighty Matter,
In for Treason before this—— *Laz.* My Lord,
What do you think, if I should shave myself,
Put on Midwives Apparel, come in with
A Handkerchief, and beg a Piece for a
Great-belly'd Woman, or a sick Child? *Count.* Good,
Very good. *Laz.* Or corrupt the waiting Pretence
To betray the Reversion. 1 *Int.* There's another
Point in's Plot, corrupted with Money to betray;
Sure 'tis some Fort a means; mark, have a care.
Laz. And 'twere th' bare Vinegar 'tis eaten with,
It would in some sort satisfy Nature;
But might I once attain the Dish itself,
Though I cut out my Means through Sword and Fire,
Through Poison, or through any thing that may
Make good my Hopes.
2 *Int.* Thanks to the Gods, and our Officiousness,
The Plot's discover'd, Fire, Steel and Poison,
Ay burn the Palace, kill the Duke, and poison
His Privy-Council. *Count.* To the Mercers, let me see;
How if before we can attain the Means
To make up our Acquaintance, th' Fish be eaten?
Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands, that is
The most dejected, most unfortunate,
Most miserable, accurs'd, forsaken Slave
This Province yields: I will not sure out-live it,
No I will bravely die, and like a *Roman*;
And after Death, amidst the *Elysian* Shades
I'll meet my Love again. 1 *Int.* I will die bravely,

Like

Like a *Roman*; have a care, mark that,
When he hath done all, he will kill himſelf.
Count. Will nothing eaſe your Appetite but this?
Laz. No, could the Sea throw up his Vaſtneſs,
And offer free his beſt Inhabitants;
'Twere not ſo much as 'a bare Temptation to me.
Count. If you could be drawn to affect Beef,
Veniſon, or Fowl, it would be far the better.
Laz. I do beſeech your Lordſhips Patience,
I do confeſs that in this heat of Blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and groſſer Meats;
Not but I proteſt I honour a Chine of Beef,
And I do reverence a Loin of Veal,
But give me leave a little to adore this;
But my good Lord, would your Lordſhip, under Colour
Of taking up ſome Silks, go to the Mercer's,
I would in all Humility attend
Your Honour there, where we may be invited,
If Fortune ſtand propitious.
Count. Sir, you ſhall work me as you pleaſe.
Laz. Let it be ſuddenly, I do beſeech your Lordſhip,
'Tis now upon the Point of Dinner time.
Count. I am yours. [*Exeunt* Lazarillo *and Count.*
1 *Int.* Come, let's confer: *Imprimis*, he ſaith, like
A blaſphemous Villain, he's greater than the Duke;
This peppers him, and there were nothing elſe.
2 *Int.* Then he was naming Plots; did you not hear?
1 *Int.* Yes, but he fell from that unto Diſcovery,
T' corrupt by Money, and ſo attain. 2 *Int.* Ay, ay,
He meant ſome Fort or Citadel the Duke hath,
His very Face betray'd his Meaning, O
He's very ſubtle, and a dangerous Knave,
But if he deal a God's Name, we ſhall worm him.
1 *Int.* But now comes th' Stroke, the fatal Blow, Fire, Sword
And Poiſon: O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.
2 *Int.* What had become of this poor State had we
Not been? 1 *Int.* Faith it had lain buried in his
Own Aſhes; had not a greater Hand been in't.
2 *Int.* But note

The

The Rascal's Resolution, after th' Act's done,
Because he wou'd avoid all fear of Torture,
And cozen th' Law, he'd kill himself; was there ever
Th' like Danger brought to light in this Age? Sure we
Shall merit much, we shall be able to keep
Two Men a piece, and a two-hand Sword
Between us, we will live in Favour of
The State, betray our ten or twelve Treasons a Week,
And the People shall fear us; come, to the Lord *Lucio*,
The Sun shall not go down 'till he be hang'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. Look to my Shop, and if there come a Scholar
In black, let him speak with me; we that are
Shop-keepers in good Trade, are so pester'd, that
We scarcely can pick out an Hour for
Our Morning's Meditations; and howsoever
We are all accounted dull, and common jesting Stocks
For your Gallants, there are some of us do not
Deserve it; for, for my own part, I begin
To b' given to my Book:
I love a Scholar with my Heart, for questionless
There 're marvellous things to be done by Art: Why, Sir,
Some of them 'll tell you what's become of Horses,
And Silver Spoons, and will make Wenches dance
Naked unto their Beds: I'm yet unmarry'd,
And because some o' our Neighbours are said to be
Cuckolds, I'll ne'er be marry'd without the Consent of
Some of those Scholars, that know what will come of 't.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Are yo' busy, Sir? *Mer.* Never to you, Sir, nor
To any of your Coat. Sir, is there any thing
To b' done by Art, concerning the great Heir
We talk'd on? *Pan.* Will she, nill she; she shall come
Running into my House at th' farther Corner,
In St. *Mark's-street*, 'twixt three and four.

Mer.

Mer. 'Twixt three and four? ſhe's brave in Clothes, is ſhe not?

Pan. O rich! rich! (where ſhould I get Clothes to dreſs her in?

Help me Invention :) Sir, that her running thro'
The Street may b' leſs noted, and my Art
More ſhown, and your fear to ſpeak with her leſs,
She ſhall come in a white Waſtecoat, and——

Mer. What ſhall ſhe?

Pan. And perhaps torn Stockings, ſhe 'th left
Her old wont elſe.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my Lord *Gondarino* hath ſent you
A rare Fiſh-head. *Mer.* It comes right, all things ſuit right
With me ſince I began to love theſe Scholars,
You ſhall have't home with you againſt ſhe come ;
Carry it to this Gentleman's Houſe.

Pan. The fair white Houſe at the farther corner of
St. *Mark's-ſtreet*, make haſte, I muſt leave you too, Sir,
I have two Hours to ſtudy ; buy a new Accidence,
And ply your Book, and Sir, you ſhall want nothing
That all the Scholars in the Town can do for you.

[*Exit Pandar.*

Mer. Heav'n proſper both our Studies, what a dull Slave
Was I before I fell in love wi' this Learning? not
Worthy to tread upon the Earth, and what
Freſh Hopes it hath put in to me? I do hope
Within this twelve Month to be able by Art
To ſerve the Court with Silks, and not undo myſelf;
To truſt Knights, and yet get in my Money again ;
To keep my Wife brave, and yet ſhe keep no Body elſe ſo.

Enter Count and Lazarillo.

Your Lordſhip is moſt honourably welcome,
In regard of your Nobility ; but moſt
Eſpecially in regard of your Scholarſhip:

Did

Did your Lordſhip come openly? *Count.* Sir, this Cloke
Keeps m' private; beſides no Man will ſuſpect me
To b' in the Company of this Gentleman,
With whom I will deſire you to be
Acquainted; he may prove a good Cuſtomer to you.
Laz. F'r plain Silks and Velvets.
Mer. Are you Scholaſtical?
Laz. Something addicted to the Muſes.
Count. I hope they will not diſpute.
Mer. You have no Skill in the Black Art.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a Gentleman enquires haſtily
For Count *Valore.*
Count. For me? what is he?
Pren. One of your Followers, my Lord, I think.
Count. Let him come in.
Mer. Shall I talk with you in private, Sir?

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter to the Count; he reads.

Count. Count, come to the Court, your Buſineſs calls you thither:
I will go, farewel, Sir; I'll ſee your Silks
Some other time: Farewel, *Lazarillo.*
Mer. Will not your Lordſhip take a piece of Beef with me?
Count. Sir, I have greater Buſineſs than Eating;
I'll leave this Gentleman with you.
[*Exeunt Count and Meſſenger.*
Laz. Now, now, now, now; now do I feel that ſtrange
Struggling within me, that I think I could
Propheſy. *Mer.* The Gentleman is meditating.
Laz. Hunger,
Valour, Ambition, Love are alike pleaſing,

(32) *No, no, no, no; Now———*] Former Editions. This Meditation of *Lazarillo*'s ſeems deſignedly flung in to ſhew that a Man may run mad with the Paſſion of Hunger as well as that of Love, Ambition, &c. and this is a Key to *Lazarillo*'s Character. The *Umbrana*'s Head is become his Miſtreſs, and he is run mad with the thoughts of it.

And let our Philoſophers ſay what they will,
Are all one kind of heat, only Hunger is
The ſafeſt: for Ambition's apt to fall;
Love 'nd Valour 're not free from Dangers; only
Hunger, begotten of ſome old limber Courtier,
In paned Hoſe, and nurs'd by an Attorney's Wife;
Is now ſo thriv'n, that he need not fear
To be of the great Turk's Guard: he is ſo free
From all Quarrels and Dangers,
So full of Hopes, Joys, Ticklings, that my Life
Is not ſo dear to me as his Acquaintance.

Enter Lazarillo's *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, the Fiſh-head is gone.
Laz. Then be thou henceforth dumb
With thy ill-boding Voice.
O Farewel, *Milan*, farewel, Noble Duke;
Farewel my Fellow-Courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a ſcrambling Meal
In Corners, behind Araſſes, on Stairs;
And in the Action oftentimes have ſpoil'd
Our Doublets and our Hoſe with liquid Stuff:
Farewel you luſty Archers of the Guard,
To whom I now do give the Bucklers up,
And never more with any of your Coat
Will eat for Wagers; now you happy be,
When this ſhall light upon you, think on me:
You Sewers, Carvers, Uſhers of the Court,
Sirnamed gentle for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my laſt farewel,
May you ſtand ſtifly in your proper Places,
And execute your Offices aright.
Farewel you Maidens with your Mothers eke,
Farewel you courtly Chaplains that be there,
All good attend you, may you never more
Marry your Patron's Lady's Waiting-woman,
But may you raiſed be by this my Fall,
May *Lazarillo* ſuffer for you all.
Mer. Sir, I was hearkning to you.
Laz. I will hear nothing, I will break my Knife,

The

The Enſign of my former happy State,
Knock out my Teeth, have them hung at
A Barber's, and enter into Religion. *Boy.* Why, Sir?
I think I know whether 't is gone. *Laz.* See the
Raſhneſs of Man in's Nature, whither? I do
Unſay all that I've ſaid, go on, go on: Boy,
I humble myſelf and follow thee: farewel, Sir.
Mer. Not ſo, Sir, you ſhall take a piece of Beef with me.
Laz. I cannot ſtay.
Mer. By my fay but you ſhall, Sir,
In regard o' your love to Learning, and your skill
In the black Art. *Laz* I do hate Learning, and I have
No skill in black Art; I would I had.
Mer. Why your deſire is ſufficient to me,
You ſhall ſtay. *Laz.* The moſt horrible and deteſted
Curſes that can b' imagin'd, light upon
All Profeſſors of that Art; may they be drunk,
And when they go to conjure, reel i' th' Circle,
May th' Spirits by them rais'd tear 'em in pieces;
And hang their Quarters on old broken Walls
And Steeple tops. *Mer.* This Speech of yours
Shews you to have ſome skill i' th' Science, wherefore
In civility I may not ſuffer you
To depart empty. *Laz.* My Stomach 's up I can't
Endure it, I will fight in this Quarrel as ſoon
As for my Prince. Room, make way:
[*Draws his Rapier.*
Hunger commands, my Valour muſt obey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. IS the Duke private?
Arri. He is alone, but I think your Lordſhip may enter. [*Exit Count.*

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arri. The Count is new gone in; but the Duke will
Come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.
Gond. I will attend him here.
Arri. I muſt wait without the Door. [*Exit* Arrigo.
Gond. Doth he hope to clear his Siſter? ſhe will come
No more to my Houſe, to laugh at me: I 've ſent her
To an Habitation, where when ſhe ſhall be
Seen, it will ſet a gloſs upon her Name;
Yet on my Soul I have beſtow'd her 'mongſt
The pureſt hearted Creatures of her Sex,
And the freeſt from Diſſimulation; for
Their Deeds are all alike, only they dare ſpeak
What the reſt think: The Women of this Age,
If there be any degrees of Compariſon
Amongſt their Sex, are worſe by far than thoſe
Of former times; for I have read of Women,
Of that Truth, Spirit, and Conſtancy, that were they
Now living, I ſhould endure to ſee them;
But I fear the Writers of the time belied them,
For how familiar a thing is it with
The Poets of our Age, to extol their Whores
Which they call Miſtreſſes, with heav'nly Praiſes?
But thank their Furies, and their craz'd Brains, beyond
Belief: Nay, how many that would fain ſeem ſerious,
Have dedicated grave Works to Ladies, toothleſs,
(33) Hollow-ey'd, Hair-ſhedding, purple-fac'd, their Nails
Apparently coming off, and th' Bridges of
Their Noſes broken down, and have call'd them the
Choice handy-works of Nature, Patterns of
Perfection, and the wonderment of Women.
Our Women 'gin to ſwarm like Bees in Summer;
As I came here, there was no pair of Stairs, no Entry,
No Lobby, but was peſtred with them; methinks

(33) *Hollow-ey'd* their *Hair ſhedding*———] Former Editions. The Expreſſion here was render'd leſs Poetical, by the inſertion of the Relative *their* and the omiſſion of a Hyphen. The removal of this was the chief thing neceſſary to make the whole Speech run in comic Verſe; and ſurely it appears vaſtly more humorous when rang'd as ſuch, eſpecially where he recites the Poets Encomiums four Lines below this.

There

There might be ſome Courſe taken to deſtroy them.

Enter Arrigo, *and an old deaf Country Gentlewoman, Suitor to the Duke.*

Arri. I do accept your Money, walk here, and when
The Duke comes out, y' ſhall have fit opportunity
To deliver your Petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily, I pray you who's he that walks there?

Arri. A Lord, and a Soldier, one in good Favour with
The Duke; if you could get him to deliver your Petition———

Gentlew. What do you ſay, Sir?

Arri. If you could get him to deliver your Petition
For you, or to ſecond you, 'twere ſure.

Gentlew. I hope I ſhall live to requite your Kindneſs.

Arri. You have already. [*Exit* Arrigo.

Gentlew. May it pleaſe your Lordſhip———

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To conſider the Eſtate———

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor diſtreſſed Country Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not pleaſe my Lordſhip.

Gentlew. Firſt and foremoſt, I have had great Injury,
Then I've been brought up to the Town three times.

Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the Town.

Gentlew. I thank your good Lordſhip heartily; though I cannot
Hear well, I know it grieves you; and here we have been
Belay'd, and ſent down again, and fetch'd up again,
And ſent down again, to my great charge; and now
At laſt they 've fetch'd me up, and five of my Daughters———

Gond. Enough to damn five Worlds.

Gentlew. Handſome young Women, though I ſay it, they
Are all without, and if it pleaſe your Lordſhip
I'll call them in.

Gond. Five Women! how many of my Senſes ſhould I
Have left me then? call in five Devils firſt,

No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of Injury,
And give thee Anſwers; whiſper in thine Ear,
And make thee underſtand through thy *French* hood:
And all this with tame Patience.

Gentlew. I ſee your Lordſhip does believe that they are
Without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at
Our Injury: here's a Paper 'll tell you more.
Gond. Away.
Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me
Tell 't *viva voce*, as they ſay.
Gond. Oh no, no, no, no, I have heard it before.
Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough Injury,
For a poor Gentlewoman to receive.
Gond. Never, never; but that it troubles my Conſcience
T' wiſh any good t' theſe Women, I could afford them
T' be valiant and able, that it might
Be no diſgrace for a Soldier to beat them.
Gentlew. I hope your Lordſhip will
Deliver my Petition to his Grace,
And you may tell him withal———
Gond. What? I'll deliver
Any thing 'gainſt myſelf, to be rid on thee.
Gentlew. That yeſterday about three a Clock i' th' Afternoon,
I met my Adverſary. *Gond.* Give me thy Paper, he can
Abide no long Tales. *Gentlew.* 'Tis very ſhort, my Lord;
And I demanding of him——— *Gond.* I'll tell him that
Shall ſerve thy turn. *Gentlew.* How?
Gond. I'll tell him that
Shall ſerve thy turn, begone: Man never doth
Remember how great his Offences are, 'till he
Do meet with one of you, that plagues him for them:
Why ſhould
Women, above all other Creatures that were
Created for the Benefit of Man,
Have th' uſe of Speech? Or why ſhould any Deed
Of theirs, done by their fleſhly Appetites,
B' diſgraceful to their Owners? Nay, why ſhould not

An

An Act done by any Beast I keep, 'gainst my
Consent, disparage me as much as that
Of theirs?
Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.
Gond. Again? yet more Torments?
Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.
Gond. Keep off.
Gentlew. A small Gratuity for your Kindness.
Gond. Hold away. *Gentlew.* Why then
I thank your Lordship, I'll gather them up again,
And I'll be sworn 't is the first Money that was
Refus'd since I came to the Court.
Gond. What can she
Devise to say more? *Gentlew.* Truly I would have
Willingly parted with them to your Lordship.
Gond. I believe it, I believe it.
Gentlew. But since it is thus——
Gond. More yet.
Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an Answer.
Gond. Do, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have
Any thing, thou shalt have thy Answer from him;
And he were best to give thee a good one at first,
For thy deaf Importunity will conquer
Him too in the End.
Gentlew. God bless your Lordship and all those that favour
A poor distressed Country Gentlewoman. [*Exit Gentlew.*
Gond. All the Diseases o' Man light on them that do,
And upon me when I do. A Week of such Days
Would either make me stark mad, or else tame me:
Yonder other Woman, that I've sure enough,
Shall answer for thy Sins: Dare they incense me still?
I'll make them fear as much t' be ignorant
Of me and my Moods, as Men are to be ignorant
Of the Law they live under. Who is there?
My Blood grew cold, I began to fear my Suiters
Return; it is the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaste, tho' she be young and free,

And is not of that forc'd Behaviour
That many others are; and that this Lord,
Out of the boundleſs Malice to the Sex,
Hath thrown this Scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me againſt my Will, with
This good old Country Gentlewoman; I beſeech
Your Grace t' view favourably the Petition
Of a wrong'd Gentlewoman. *Duke.* What, *Gondarino*,
Are you become a Petitioner f'r your Enemies?

Gond. My Lord they are no Enemies of mine,
I confeſs th' better to cover my Deeds, which ſometimes
Were looſe enough, I pretended it, as 't is
Wiſdom to keep cloſe our Incontinence;
But ſince you have diſcover'd me, I will
Do more put on that Vizard, but will 's freely
Open my Thoughts to you, as to my Confeſſor.

Duke. What ſay you to this?

Count. He that confeſſes he did once diſſemble,
I'll never truſt his Words: Can you imagine
A Maid, whoſe Beauty could not ſuffer her
To live thus long untempted, by the nobleſt,
Richeſt, and cunningſt Maſters in that Art,
And yet have ever held a fair Repute;
Could in one Morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her Virtue, and turn Whore?

Gond. I would I had ſome other Talk in hand,
Than to accuſe a Siſter to her Brother:
Nor do I mean it for a publick Scandal,
Unleſs by urging me you make it ſo.

Duke. I will read this at better leiſure:
Where is the Lady?

Count. At his Houſe.

Gond. No,
She is departed thence.

Count. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excus'd,
If what I ſpeak betray her Chaſtity,
And both increaſe my Sorrow, and your own?

Count. Fear me not ſo, if ſhe deſerve the Fame
Which ſhe hath gotten, I would have it publiſh'd,

Brand

Brand her myſelf, and whip her through the City:
I wiſh thoſe of my Blood that do offend,
Should be more ſtrictly puniſh'd than my Foes.
Let it be prov'd.

Duke. Gondarino, thou ſhalt prove it,
Or ſuffer worſe than ſhe ſhould do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the Faults
Of one I love more dearly than myſelf,
Since opening hers, I ſhall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where ſhe now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and Wantonneſs,
(34) That are true Friends in deed, though not in ſhew,
Have enter'd on her Heart; there ſhe doth bathe,
And ſleek her Hair, and practiſe cunning Looks,
To entertain me with; and hath her Thoughts
As full of Luſt, as ever you did think
Them full of Modeſty.

Duke. Gondarino,
Lead on, we'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Here hope I t' meet my Citizen, and hopes he
To meet his Scholar; I'm ſure I'm grave enough
T' his Eyes, and Knave enough to deceive him: I am
Believed to Conjure, to raiſe Storms and Devils,
By whoſe Power I can do Wonders;
Let him believe ſo ſtill, Belief hurts no Man;
I have an honeſt black Cloke for my Knavery,
And a general Pardon for his Foolery, from
This preſent Day, 'till th' Day o' his Breaking. Is't not
A Miſery, and the greateſt of our Age,
To ſee a handſome, young, fair enough, and well mounted
Wench,
Humble herſelf, in an old ſtammel Petticoat,
Standing poſſeſs'd of no more Fringe than th' Street
Can allow her: Her upper Parts ſo poor

(34) *That are true Friends* indeed.] Former Editions.

And

And wanting, that we may ſee her Bones through her Bodice:
Shoes ſhe would have, if our Captain were come over,
And is content the while t' devote herſelf
To antient Slippers.
Theſe Premiſſes well conſider'd, Gentlemen,
Will move, they make me melt I promiſe ye,
They ſtir me much; and were 't not for my ſmooth,
Soft, ſilken Citizen, I'd quit this tranſitory
Trade, and get me an everlaſting Robe,
Sear up my Conſcience, and turn Serjeant.
But here he comes, is mine as good as Prize:
Sir *Pandarus* be my ſpeed: Ye 're moſt fitly met, Sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. And you as well encounter'd; what of this Heir?
Have your Books been propitious? *Pan.* Sir, 'tis done,
She's come, ſhe's in my Houſe, make yourſelf apt
For Courtſhip, ſtroke up your Stockings, loſe not
An Inch of your Legs goodneſs; I am ſure
Ye wear Socks. *Mer.* There your Books fail ye, Sir,
In truth I wear no Socks. *Pan.* I would you had, Sir,
It were the ſweeter Grace f'r your Legs; get on
Your Gloves, are they perfum'd? *Mer.* A pretty waſh,
I will aſſure you. *Pan.* 'Twill ſerve: Your Offers muſt
Be full of Bounty, Velvets to furniſh a Gown, and Silks
For Petticoats, and Foreparts; Shag for Lining;
Forget not ſome pretty Jewel to faſten after
Some little Complement? If ſhe deny this Courteſie,
Double your Bounties, be not wanting in
Abundance: Fulneſs of Gifts,
Link'd with a pleaſing Tongue, will win an Anchorite,
Sir, y' are my Friend, and Friend t' all that profeſs
Good Letters; I muſt n't uſe this Office elſe;
It fits not for a Scholar, and a Gentleman.
Thoſe Stockings are of *Naples*, they are Silk.
Mer. Ye are again beſide your Text, Sir, they
Are of the beſt of Wooll, and they're clipped Jerſey.
Pan. Sure they are very dear. *Mer.* Nine Shillings, by
My love to Learning. *Pan.* Pardon my Judgment, we
Scholars

Scholars uſe no other Objects but our Books.

Mer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave Breaſt,
That makes me equally admire it with
Your Scholarſhip. *Pan.* Sir, but that in Modeſty
I'm bound not t' affect mine own Commendation,
I would enquire it of you.

Mer. Sure you are very honeſt; and yet ye have
A kind of modeſt fear to ſhew it: do not
Deny 't, that Face of yours is a worthy,
A learned, modeſt Face.

Pand. Sir, I can bluſh.

Mer. Virtue and Grace are always pair'd together:
But I will leave to ſtir your Blood, Sir, and now
T' our Buſineſs.

Pand. Forget not my Inſtructions.

Mer. I apprehend you, Sir, and I will gather
Myſelf together with my beſt Phraſes, and ſo
I ſhall diſcourſe in ſome ſort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded, Sir, and like a Scholar.

Mer. The Muſes favour me, as my Intents
Are virtuous; Sir, ye ſhall be my Tutor, 'tis
Never too late, Sir, to love Learning. When
I can once ſpeak true Latin——

Pand. What do you intend, Sir?

Mer. Marry I'll then beggar all your bawdy Writers,
And undertake, at Peril o' my own Invention,
All Pageants, Poeſies for Chimneys, Speeches
For the Duke's Entertainment, whenſoever and whatſoever;
Nay, I will build, at mine own Charge, an Hoſpital,
To which ſhall retire all diſeas'd Opinions,
All broken Poets, all Proſe-men that are fall'n
From ſmall Senſe to meer Letters; and 't ſhall be lawful
F'r a Lawyer, if he be a civil Man,
Tho' he have undone others and himſelf
By th' Language, to retire to this poor Life,
And learn t' be honeſt. *Pand.* Sir, ye are very good,
And very charitable; ye are a true Pattern
For the City, Sir. *Mer.* Sir, I do know ſufficiently,
Their Shop-books cannot ſave them, there is a farther
end——

Pand.

Pand. Oh, Sir, much may be done by Manuſcript.
Mer. I do confeſs it, Sir, provided ſtill
They be Canonical, and I have
Some worthy Hands ſet to 'em for probation:
But we forget ourſelves. *Pand.* Sir, enter when
You pleaſe, and all good Language tip your Tongue.
Mer. All that love Learning pray for my good Succeſs.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. Whereabouts are we?
Boy. Sir, by all Tokens this is the Houſe,
Bawdy I'm ſure, becauſe of the broken Windows,
The Fiſh-head is within, if ye dare venture,
Here you may now ſurpriſe it. *Laz.* The Miſery
Of Man may fitly be compar'd to a Didapper,
Who when ſhe's under Water, paſt our Sight,
And indeed ſeems no more t' us, riſes again,
Shakes but herſelf, and is the ſame ſhe was;
So is it ſtill with tranſitory Man:
This Day, oh but an Hour ſince, and I
Was mighty, mighty in Knowledge, mighty in
My Hopes, mighty in bleſſed Means, and was
So truly happy, that I durſt have ſaid,
Live *Lazarillo*, and be ſatisfy'd;
But now— *Boy.* Sir, ye are yet afloat, and may recover,
Be not your own Wreck, here lies the Harbour, go in
And ride at Eaſe. *Laz.* Boy, I'm receiv'd to be
A Gentleman, a Courtier, and a Man
Of Action, modeſt, and wiſe, and be it ſpoken
(35) With reverence, Child, abounding virtuous;
And wouldſt thou have a Man of theſe choice Habits,
Covet the Cover of a Bawdy-houſe?
Yet if I go not in, I am but——— *Boy.* What, Sir?
Laz. Duſt Boy, but Duſt, and my Soul unſatisfy'd,
Shall haunt the Keepers of my bleſſed Saint,

(35) *With* thy *Reverence,* ——] Former Editions.

And

And I'll appear. *Boy.* An Ass to all Men; Sir,
These are no Means to stay your Appetite,
You must resolve to enter. *Laz.* Were not the House
Subject to Martial Law—— *Boy.* If that be all, Sir,
Ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here
That the Court's ignorant of, only the more Eyes
Shall look upon you here, for there they wink
One at anothers Faults.

Laz. If I do not?

Boy. Why then ye must beat fairly back again,
Fall to your physical Mess of Porridge, and
The twice sack'd Carcase of a Capon: Fortune
May favour you so much, to send the Bread to it;
But it is a meer Venture, and Money may
Be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live;
Pretend some Love to the Gentlewoman, screw
Myself into Affection, and so
Be satisfy'd. *Pand.* This Fly is caught, is mesh'd
Already, I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle yourself in your Cloak by any means,
'Tis a receiv'd thing among Gallants, to walk
To their Leachery, as though they had the Rheum,
'Twas well you brought not your Horse.

Laz. Why, Boy?

Boy. Faith, Sir, it is the Fashion of our Gentry,
To have their Horses wait at Door like Men,
While th' Beasts their Masters are at rack and manger
Within, 'twould have discover'd much. *Laz.* I will.
Lay by these Habits, Forms, (36) and grave Respects
Of what I am, and be no more myself;

Only

(36) *and grave Respects of what I am and be myself*] Most of the Play being printed as Prose, I have, as I have often mention'd, little Difficulty in restoring a Comic Measure to the whole, with the Allowances which are necessary to the Measure of those Plays which are printed as such in their first Editions. But wherever there is a visible Deficiency in the Sense, the Passage is almost always more particularly hard to be restor'd to its Measure without some great Change; which is a Proof of the Original being only restor'd, in ranging the whole as Metre, which the Reader cannot very well see without a minute Examination of the old Editions compar'd with the present. Here the addition

Only my Appetite, my Fire, my Soul,
My Being, my dear Appetite ſhall go
Along with me,
Arm'd with whoſe Strength I fearleſs will attempt
The greateſt Danger dare oppoſe my Fury:
I am reſolv'd where-ever that thou art,
Moſt ſacred Diſh, hid from unhallow'd Eyes,
To find thee out.
Be'ſt thou in Hell, rapt by *Proſerpina*
To be a Rival in black *Pluto*'s Love.
Or mov'ſt thou in the Heav'ns, a Form divine,
Laſhing the lazy Sphere;
Or if thou be'ſt return'd to thy firſt Being,
Thy Mother Sea, then will I ſeek thee forth.
Earth, Air, nor Fire,
Nor the black Shades below ſhall bar my ſight,
So daring is my powerful Appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may ſave this long Voyage, and take
A ſhorter cut; you have forgot yourſelf,
The Fiſh-head 's here, your own Imaginations
Have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous Fury, good my Boy.

Boy. Faith, Sir, term it what you will, you muſt uſe other Terms before you can get it.

(37) *Laz. The Looks of my ſweet Love are fair,*
Freſh and feeding as the Air.

Boy. Sir, you forget yourſelf.

Laz.

dition of two Syllables will make the Metre compleat, and they are equally neceſſary to the Senſe; for how could *Lazarillo* change himſelf in all outward reſpects, and yet continue to be himſelf, and then again except his Appetite which ſhould ſtay with him. The Duke below when diſguis'd ſays, *We're not ourſelves*, but without this Confirmation 'twas evident at firſt ſight that a *Negative* was omitted. There are two very evident ways of reſtoring both Senſe and Meaſure as,

Of what I am, and be no more myſelf.

Or,

Of what I am, and will not be myſelf.

I rather prefer the former.

(37) *The Looks of my ſweet Love are fair.*] Mr. *Sympſon* asks what means this Stuff? I was much ſurpris'd at the Queſtion, as it had always ſtruck me as one of the moſt laughable Burleſques in the whole Play.

Laz. Was never seen so rare a Head,
Of any Fish alive or dead.
Boy. Good Sir, remember; this is the House, Sir.
Laz. Cursed be he that dare not venture,
Boy. Pity yourself, Sir, and leave this Fury.
Laz. For such a Prize, and so I enter. [*Ex.* Laz. *and Boy.*
Pand. Dun's i'th' Mire, get out again how he can:
My honest Gallant, I'll shew you one Trick more
Than e'er the Fool your Father dream'd of yet.
Madona Julia?

Enter Madona Julia, *a Whore.*

Jul. What News my sweet Rogue, my dear
Sins-broker, what good News?
Pand. There is a kind of ignorant thing,
Much like a Courtier, now gone in.
Jul. Is he gallant?
Pand. He shines not very gloriously,
Nor does he wear one Skin perfum'd to keep
The other sweet; his Coat is not in *Or*,
Nor does the World run yet on Wheels with him:
He's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him,
Like to a Boat ty'd to a tall Ship's Tail:
Give him Entertainment,
Be light and flashing like a Meteor,
Hug him about the Neck, give him a Kiss,
And lisping cry, good Sir, and he's thine own,
As fast as he were tyed to thine Arms by
Indenture. *Jul.* I dare do more than this, if he be of the true Court Cut;
I'll take him out a Lesson worth the Learning;
But we are but their Apes: What is he worth?

Play. *Lazarillo*, as I have often mention'd, being evidently in Love with his *Umbrana*, every where addresses it as his Mistress, in a high Banter upon all the warm and poetic Flights of Lovers, and indeed of all sublime Writing in Poetry: And as he generally assumes the Tragic and Epic Stile here, like the change of the Measure in the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of the *Greeks*, he breaks out into the *Lyric*, begins it with high rapture, but ends with such inimitable Drollery, that I can scarce write my Note for laughing at it.

Pand.

Pand. Be he rich, or poor; if he will take thee with him,
Thou may'ſt uſe thy Trade from Conſtables, and Marſhals:
Who hath been here ſince I went out? *Jul.* There is
A Gentlewoman ſent hither by a Lord,
She's a Piece o' dainty Stuff my Rogue, ſmooth and ſoft, as
New Satten; ſh' was ne'er gumm'd yet Boy, nor fretted.
Pand. Where lies ſhe? *Jul.* She lies
Above, towards the Street, not to be ſpoke with,
But by my Lord that ſent her, or ſome from him,
We have in Charge from his Servants.

Enter Lazarillo.

Pand. Peace, he comes out again upon Diſcovery;
Up wi' all your Canvas, hale him in;
And when thou haſt done it, clap him aboard bravely,
My valiant Pinnace.
Jul. Be gone, I ſhall do Reaſon with him.
Laz. Are you the ſpecial Beauty of this Houſe?
Jul. Sir, you have given it a more ſpecial Regard
By your good Language, than theſe black Brows can merit.
Laz. Lady, you are fair.
Jul. Fair, Sir; I thank ye?
All the poor Means I've left to be thought grateful,
Is but a Kiſs, and ye ſhall have it, Sir.
Laz. Ye have a very moving Lip.
Jul. Prove it again, Sir,
'T may be your Senſe was ſet too high, and ſo
O'er-wrought itſelf. *Laz.* 'Tis ſtill the ſame; how far
May y' hold the Time ſpent, Lady?
Jul. Four a clock, Sir.
Laz. I have not eat to Day. *Jul.* You will have
The better Stomach to your Supper, Sir;
In the mean time I'll feed you with Delight.
Laz. 'Tis not ſo good upon an empty Stomach:
If it might be without the trouble of
Your Houſe I'd eat.
Jul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready.
Laz. The Day?
Jul. 'Tis *Friday*, Sir.

Laz.

Laz. I do eat little Fleſh upon theſe Days.
Jul. Come Sweet, ye ſhall not think on Meat; I'll drown it
With a better Appetite.
Laz. I feel it work more ſtrangely, I muſt eat.
Jul. 'Tis now too late to ſend; I ſay ye ſhall not think
On Meat, if ye do, by this Kiſs I'll be angry.
Laz. I could be far more ſprightful, had I eaten,
More laſting.
Jul. What will you have, Sir? Name but the Fiſh,
My Maid ſhall bring it, if it may be got.
Laz. Methinks your Houſe ſhould not be ſo unfurniſh'd,
As not to have ſome pretty Modicum.
Jul. It is ſo now; but could ye ſtay till Supper?
Laz. I have offended highly ſure, and much,
And my Afflictions make it manifeſt,
I will retire henceforth, and keep my Chamber,
Live privately, and die forgotten.
Jul. Sir, I muſt crave your Pardon, I'd forgot myſelf;
I have a Diſh of Meat within, and 'tis
A Fiſh: I think this Dukedom holds not a daintier;
'Tis an *Umbrana*'s Head.
Laz. This Kiſs is yours, and this.
Jul. Ho? Within there? Cover the Board, and ſet
The Fiſh-head on it.
Laz. Now am I ſo truly
Happy, ſo much above all Fate and Fortune,
That I ſhould much deſpiſe that Man, durſt ſay,
Remember *Lazarillo*, thou art mortal.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the Villain, lay hold on him.
Laz. Gentlemen,
Why am I thus treated? What is the nature of
My Crime? 2 *Int.* Sir, though you have carry'd it
A great while privately, and (as you think)
Well; yet we have ſeen you, Sir, and we
Do know thee *Lazarillo*, for a Traitor.

Laz. The Gods defend our Duke.
2 *Int.* Amen, Sir, Sir,
This cannot ſave that ſtiff-Neck from the Halter.
Jul. Gentlemen, I'm glad you have
Diſcover'd him, he ſhould not have eaten
Under my Roof for twenty Pounds; and ſurely
I did not like him, when he call'd for Fiſh.
Laz. My Friends, will ye let me have that little Favour
1 *Int.* Sir, ye ſhall have the Law, and nothing elſe.
Laz. To let me ſtay the eating of a Bit or two,
For I proteſt I am yet faſting.
Jul. I'll have no Traitor come within my Houſe.
Laz. Now could I wiſh myſelf I'd been a Traitor,
I've Strength enough for to endure it, had I
But Patience: Man, thou art but Graſs, thou art
A Bubble, and muſt periſh.
Then lead along, I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have loſt my Hopes, welcome my Fall.
2 *Int.* Away, Sir.
Laz. As thou haſt hope of Man, ſtay but
This Diſh this two Hours, I doubt not but I
Shall be diſcharg'd: By this Light I will marry thee.
Jul. You ſhall marry me firſt then.
Laz. I do contract myſelf unto thee now
Before theſe Gentlemen.
Jul. I will preſerve it 'till you be hang'd or quitted.
Laz. Thanks, thanks.
2 *Int.* Away, away, you ſhall thank her at th' Gallows.
Laz. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exeunt* Laz. 2 *Int. and Guard.*
Jul. If he live I will have him,
If he be hang'd there is no Loſs in it. [*Exit.*

Enter Oriana *and her Waiting-woman, looking out at a Window.*

Ori. Haſt thou provided one to bear my Letter
To my Brother?
Wait. I've enquir'd, but they of the Houſe will
Suffer no Letter or Meſſage to be carry'd
From you, but ſuch as the Lord *Gondarino*

Shall

Shall be acquainted with: Truly, Madam, I ſuſpect
The Houſe to be no better than it ſhould be.
Ori. What doſt thou doubt?
Wait. Faith I am loth to tell it, Madam. *Ori.* Out with it,
'Tis not true Modeſty to fear to ſpeak
That thou doſt think. *Wait.* I think it to be one of
Theſe Bawdy-houſes. *Ori.* 'Tis no matter Wench,
We are warm in it,
Keep thou thy Mind pure, and upon my Word,
That Name will do thee no Hurt: I can't force myſelf
Yet to fear any thing; when I do get out,
I'll another Encounter with my Woman-Hater.
Here will I ſit.
I may get ſight of ſome of my Friends, it muſt
Needs be a Comfort to them t' ſee me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, *Count, and* Arrigo.

Gond. Are w' all ſufficiently diſguis'd? For this Houſe
Where ſhe attends me, is not to be viſited
In our own Shapes.
Duke. We are not ourſelves.
Arri. I know the Houſe t' be ſinful enough, yet I
Have been here heretofore, and durſt now,
But for diſcovering of you, appear here
In my own Likeneſs.
Duke. Where is *Lucio?*
Arri. My Lord, he ſaid th' Affairs of the Common-wealth
Would not ſuffer him to attend always.
Duke. Some great ones queſtionleſs that he will handle.
Count. Come, let us enter.
Gond. See how Fortune ſtrives
To revenge my Quarrel upon theſe Women,
She's in the Window, were it not to undo her,
I ſhould not look upon her.
Duke. Lead us, *Gondarino.*
Gond. Stay, ſince you force me to diſplay my Shame,
Look there; and you, my Lord, know you that Face?
Duke. Is't ſhe?

Count. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest Virtue ever was
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it:
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous, when she did deserve most Scandal:
'Tis she that itches now, and in the height
Of her intemperate Thoughts, with greedy Eyes
Expects my coming to allay her Lust:
Leave her, forget she is thy Sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duke. I am as full of this as thou canst be,
The Memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wandering Thought
From any Woman.

Count. This will not down with me, I dare not trust
This Fellow. *Duke.* Leave her here, that only shall be
Her Punishment, never to be fetcht from hence;
But let her use her Trade to get her living.

Count. Stay, good my Lord, I do believe all this,
As great Men as I have had known Whores to their Sisters,
And have laught at it: I would fain hear how
She talks, since she grew thus light:
Will your Grace make him shew himself to her, as if
He were now come to satisfie her longing!
Whilst we, unseen of her, o'er-hear her Wantonness,
Let's make our best of 't now, we shall have good Mirth.

Duke. Do it, *Gondarino.*

Gond. I must; Fortune assist me but this once.

Count. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam, *Oriana.*

Ori. Who's that? oh! my Lord?

Gond. Shall I come up?

Ori. Oh you are merry, shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What's the Confession of the Lye you made
To th' Duke, which I can scarce believe, yet you
Had Impudence enough to do? Did it not gain you
So much Faith with me, as that I was willing
To be at your Lordship's bestowing, 'till you had

Recovered

Recovered my Credit, and confeſs'd
Yourſelf a Lyar, as y' pretended to do?
I confeſs I began to fear you, and deſir'd to be out of
Your Houſe, but your own Followers forc'd me hither.
Gond. 'Tis well ſuſpected,
Diſſemble ſtill, for there are ſome may hear us.
Ori. More Tricks yet, my Lord? what Houſe this is
I know not, I do only know myſelf:
'T were a great Conqueſt, if yo' could faſten a ſcandal
Upon me: faith my Lord, give me leave to write to
My Brother?
Duke. Come down.
Count. Come down.
Arri. If it pleaſe your Grace,
There is a back Door.
Count. Come meet us there then.
Duke. It ſeems you are acquainted with the Houſe.
Arri. I have been in it.
Gond. She ſaw you, and diſſembled.
Duke, Sir, we ſhall know that better.
Gond. Bring me unto her, If I prove her not
To be a Strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her Sex. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. NOW whilſt the young Duke follows his Delights,
We that do mean to practiſe in the State,
Muſt pick our Times, and ſet our Faces in,
And nod our Heads as it may prove moſt fit
For the main good of the dear Common-wealth:
Who's within there?

Enter a Serrvant.

Serv. My Lord? *Luc.* Secretary, fetch
The Gown I uſe to read Petitions in,
And the Standiſh I anſwer *French* Letters with;
And call in th' Gentleman that attends: [*Exit Servant.*

Little know they that do not deal in State,
How many things there are to be obſerv'd,
Which ſeem but little; yet by one of us
(Whoſe Brains do wind about the Common-wealth)
Neglected, cracks our Credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and a Servant.

Sir, but that I do preſume upon your ſecreſie,
I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly
Attir'd without a Tooth-pick in a Ribband,
Or a Ring in my Band-ſtring.

Gent. Your Lordſhip ſent for me?

Luc. I did: Sir, your long Practice in the State,
Under a great Man, hath led you t' much Experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your Modeſty to excuſe it;
In ſhort, Sir, and in private, I deſire
Your direction, I take my Study already
To b' furniſh'd after a grave and a wiſe method.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

Luc. My Book-ſtrings are ſuitable,
(38) And of a teaching Colour.

Gent. How is this?

Luc. My Standiſh of Wood, ſtrange and ſweet, and my fore-flap
Hangs in the right place, and as near to *Machiavel*'s,
As can be gathered by Tradition.

Gent. Are there ſuch Men as will ſay nothing abroad,
And play the Fools in their Lodgings? this Lord muſt
Be follow'd: And hath your Lordſhip
Some new-made Words to ſcatter in your Speeches
In publick, to gain note, that the Hearers may
Carry them away, and diſpute of them at Dinner?

Luc. I have, Sir: and beſides, my ſeveral Gowns
And Caps agreeable to my ſeveral Occaſions.

(38) *And of a* reaching *Colour.*] *Reaching* is the Word in all the Editions, but as I can affix no humourous Idea ſuitable to the Context, I believe *teaching* the true Word, *an inſtructive and Scholar-like Colour* is the Stile of this Machiavillian Stateſman.

Gent.

Gent. 'Tis well, and you have learn'd to write a bad Hand,
That the Readers may take pains for it. *Luc.* Yes, Sir,
And I give out I have the Palſie. *Gent.* Good,
'Twere better though if you had it: your Lordſhip hath
A Secretary that can write fair, when you purpoſe
T' be underſtood.

Luc. Faith, Sir, I have one, there he ſtands, he hath been
My Secretary theſe ſeven Years, but he hath
Forgot to write. *Gent.* If he can make
A writing Face, 'tis not amiſs, ſo he
Keep his own Counſel: your Lordſhip hath no hope
Of th' Gout? *Luc.* Uh, little, Sir, ſince the Pain in
My right Foot left me. *Gent.* 'Twill be ſome ſcandal to
Your Wiſdom, though I ſee your Lordſhip knows
Enough in publick Buſineſs.

Luc. I'm not employ'd though
To my deſert in Occaſions Foreign, nor
Frequented f'r Matters Domeſtical. *Gent.* Not frequented?
What Courſe takes your Lordſhip? *Luc.* The readieſt way,
(39) My Door ſtands wide, my Secretary knows
I'm not deny'd to any. *Gent.* In this (give me leave)
Your Lordſhip's out of the way; make a back Door
To let out Intelligencers; ſeem to be ever buſie,
And put your Door under Keepers, and you ſhall have
A Troop of Clients ſweating to come at you.

Luc. I've a back Door already, I will henceforth
Be buſie; Secretary, run and keep
The Door. [*Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Luc. I hope ſo.

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord, there're ſome require acceſs to you, about

(39) *My Door ſtands* wind ——] Whatever is the true Reading, it is to expreſs his Door's being conſtantly open; *to ſtand Wind* or expos'd always to the Wind may give this Senſe, but the more obvious Expreſſion *ſtands wide* is more probably the true Reading, and this Mr. *Sympſon* concurs in.

Weighty Affairs of State.

Luc. Already?

Gent. I told you ſo.

Luc. How weighty is the Buſineſs?

Secr. Treaſon, my Lord. *Luc.* Sir,
My Debts to you for this are great. *Gent.* I'll leave
Your Lordſhip now. *Luc.* Sir, my Death muſt b' ſudden,
If I requite you not; at th' back Door, good Sir.

Gent. I'll be your Lordſhip's Intelligencer for once.
[*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord.

Luc. Let 'em in, and ſay I'm at my Study.

Enter Lazarillo, *and two Intelligencers,* Lucio *being at his Study.*

1 *Int.* Where is your Lord?

Secr. At his Study, but he will have you brought in.

Laz. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

2 *Int.* Treaſon, horrible Treaſon, I hope to have
The leading of thee to Priſon, and prick thee on
I'th' Arſe with a Halbert; to have him hanged that
Salutes thee, and call all thoſe in queſtion that
Spit not upon thee.

Laz. My Thread is ſpun, yet might I but call for
This Diſh of Meat at th' Gallows, 'ſtead of a Pſalm,
It were to be endur'd; the Curtain opens, now
My End draws on. [*Secretary draws the Curtain.*

Luc. Gentlemen, I am not
Empty of weighty Occaſions at this time;
I pray you your Buſineſs.

1 *Int.* My Lord, I think we have diſcover'd one of
The moſt bloody Traitors ever the World held.

Luc. Signior *Lazarillo,* I am glad ye are one
Of this diſcovery, give me your Hand.

2 *Int.* My Lord, that is the Traitor.

Luc. Keep him off,
I would not for my whole Eſtate have touch'd him.

Laz.

Laz. My Lord.

Luc. Peace, Sir, I know the Devil's at your Tongue's end,
To furnish you with Speeches: what are the Particulars
You charge him with?

[*They deliver a Paper to* Lucio, *who reads*

Both Int. We conferr'd Notes, and have extracted th
Which we will justify upon our Oaths.

Luc. That he'd be greater than the Duke, that he had
Cast Plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to
Betray him, that he would burn the City, kill
The Duke, and poison the Privy-Council.
And lastly kill himself.
Though thou deserv'st
Justly to be hang'd, with silence yet I allow thee
To speak, be short.

Laz. My Lord, so may my greatest Wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never Treason in my Thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the Overthrow
Of any Creatures but of brutish Beasts,
Fowls, Fishes, and such other human Food,
As is provided for the good of Man.
If stealing Custards, Tarts, and Florentines
By some late Statute be created Treason,
How many Fellow-Courtiers can I bring,
Whose long Attendance and Experience
Hath made them deeper in the Plot than I?

Luc. Peace, such hath ever been the Clemency of
My gracious Master the Duke, in all his Proceedings,
That I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly,
That Malice would long e'er this have hid her
Self in her Den, and have turn'd her own Sting
Against her own Heart: But I well perceive, that
So forward is the Disposition
Of deprav'd Nature, that it doth not only seek
Revenge, where it hath received Injury,
But many times thirst after their Destruction,
Where it hath met with Benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord——

2 *Int.* Let's gag him.

Luc. Peace again,
But many times thirſt after their Deſtruction,
Where it hath met with Benefits; there I left:
Such, and no better are the Buſineſs
That we have now in hand.

1 *Int.* He's excellently ſpoken.

2 *Int.* He'll wind a Traitor, I warrant him.

Luc. But ſurely methinks, ſetting aſide the touch
Of Conſcience, and all inward Convulſions.

2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd, I know by that Word.

Laz. Your Lordſhip may conſider——

Luc. Hold thy Peace:
Thou can'ſt not anſwer this Speech; no Traitor
Can anſwer it: But becauſe you cannot
Anſwer this Speech, I take it you've confeſs'd
The Treaſon.

1 *Int.* The Count *Valore* was the firſt that diſcover'd
Him, and can witneſs it; but he left the matter
To your Lordſhip's grave Conſideration.

Luc. I thank his Lordſhip, carry him away ſpeedily
To the Duke.

Laz. Now, *Lazarillo*, thou art tumbled down
The Hill of Fortune, with a violent Arm;
All Plagues that can be, Famine and the Sword,
Will light upon thee; black Deſpair will boil
In thy deſpairing Breaſt; no Comfort by,
Thy Friends far off, thy Enemies are nigh.

Luc. Away with him, I'll follow you; look
You pinion him, and take his Money from him,
Leſt h' ſwallow a Shilling, and kill himſelf.

2 *Int.* Get thou on before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino *and* Arrigo.

Duke. Now, *Gondarino*, what can you put on now
That may deceive us?
Have ye more ſtrange Illuſions, yet more Miſts,
Through which the weak Eye may be led to Error?

What

What can ye ſay that may do Satisfaction
Both for her wronged Honour, and your Ill?
Gond. All I can ſay, or may, is ſaid already:
She is unchaſte, or elſe I have no Knowledge,
I do nor breathe, nor have the uſe of Senſe.
Duke. Dare ye be (40) yet ſo wilful-ignorant
Of your own Nakedneſs? Did not your Servants,
In mine own hearing, confeſs
They brought her to that Houſe we found her in,
Almoſt by force; and with a great diſtruſt
Of ſome enſuing Hazard?
Count. He that hath begun ſo worthily,
It fits not with his Reſolution
To leave off thus, my Lord? I know theſe are
But idle Proofs. What ſays your Lordſhip to them?
Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy Siſter's
Not honeſt.
Count. You are yourſelf, my Lord; I like your Settledneſs.
Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in
Th' dark hidden ways of Women: Thou dar'ſt affirm
With Confidence, a Lady of fifteen
May be a Maid. *Count.* (41) If it were not ſo,
I have a Siſter would ſit near my Heart.
Gond. Let her ſit near her Shame, it better fits her:

(40) ——*yet ſo wilful, ignorant*] Former Editions. The compound Word *wilful-ignorant* ſeems much preferable,

(41) *Sir if it were not ſo, I have a Siſter would ſet near my Heart.*] Thus all the Editions, but ſurely the Sentiment is not very natural: Would the Count, who upon the Suppoſition of his Siſter's being guilty, had ſaid he would

Brand her himſelf, whip her about the City,

anſwer here, that though ſhe were not a Maid, ſhe would ſit near his Heart. The natural Anſwer is; If I durſt not affirm that a Lady of fifteen might be a Virgin, my Siſter would not ſit ſo near my Heart as ſhe now does. I cannot change the Words ſo as to give this Senſe without taking rather too great Liberties, and therefore ſhall not inſert my Conjecture in the Text: I have reſtor'd the Meaſure, which I cannot preſerve if I inſert a Negative without the following Changes.

——*If it were not ſo,*——
My Siſter would not ſit ſo near my Heart,

Call

Call back the Blood (42) that made your Stream in nearneſs,
And turn the Current to a better uſe;
'Tis too much mudded, I do grieve to know it.
Duke. Dar'ſt thou make up again, dar'ſt thou t' Face,
Knowing we know thee;
Haſt thou not been diſcover'd openly?
Did not our Ears hear her deny thy Courtings?
Did we not ſee her bluſh with modeſt Anger,
To be ſo overtaken by a Trick?
Can ye deny this, Lord?
Gond. Had not your Grace and her kind Brother here
Been within Level of her Eye, you ſhould have had
A hotter Volley from her, more full of Blood and Fire,
Ready to leap the Window where ſhe ſtood.
So truly ſenſual is her Appetite.
Duke. Sir, Sir, theſe are but Words and Tricks, give me The Proof.
Count. What need a better Proof than your Lordſhip?
I'm ſure ye have lain with her, my Lord.
Gond. I have
Confeſs'd it, Sir.
Duke. I dare not give thee Credit without Witneſs.
Gond. Does your Grace think we carry Seconds with us,
To ſearch us, and ſee fair Play: your Grace hath been
Ill-tutor'd in the buſineſs; but if you hope
To try her truly, and ſatisfy yourſelf
What Frailty is, give her the Teſt:
Do not remember, Count, ſhe is your Siſter;
Nor let my Lord the Duke believe ſhe's fair;
But put her to it without Hope or Pity,
Then ye ſhall ſee that golden Form fly off,
That all Eyes wonder at for pure and fixt,
And under't baſe bluſhing Copper; Metal
Not worth the meaneſt Honour:
You ſhall behold her then, my Lord, tranſparent,

(42) ——*that made* our *Stream*——] Either we muſt make the Count ſpeak theſe two Lines, or read *your* for *our*, as I have reform'd the text.

Look

Look through her Heart, and view the Spirits how
They leap; and tell me then I did belie
The Lady. *Duke.* It shall be done:
Come, *Gondarino*, bear us Company,
We do believe thee: She shall die, and thou
Shalt see it.

Enter Lazarillo, *two Intelligencers and Guard.*

How now my Friends, who have you guarded hither?
2 *Int.* So please your Grace, we have discovered
A Villain and a Traitor: The Lord *Lucio* hath
Examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace
For Judgment.
Count. My Lord, I dare absolve him from
All Sin of Treason: I know his most Ambition
Is but a Dish of Meat,
Which he hath hunted with so true a Scent,
That he deserves the Collar, not the Halter.
Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up? the poor Man
Had more need have some warm Meat,
To comfort his cold Stomach. *Count.* Your Grace shall have
The Cause hereafter, when you shall laugh more freely:
But these are call'd Informers; Men that live
By Treason, as Rat-catchers do by Poison.
Duke. Would there were no heavier Prodigies hung o'er us,
Than this poor Fellow, I durst redeem all Perils
Ready to pour themselves upon this State,
With a cold Custard.
Count. Your Grace might do it without Danger to your Person.
Laz. My Lord, if ever I intended Treason
Against your Person, or the State, unless
It were by wishing from your Table some Dish
Of Meat, which I must needs confess was not
A Subject's Part; or coveting by stealth
Sups from those noble Bottles, that no Mouth,
Keeeping Allegiance true, should dare to taste:
I must confess, with more than covetous Eye,

I have beheld thoſe dear concealed Diſhes,
That've been brought in by cunning Equipage,
To wait upon your Grace's Palate:
I do confeſs, out of this preſent heat,
I have had Stratagems and Ambuſcados,
But, God be thanked, they have never took.

Duke. Count,
This Buſineſs is your own; when you have done,
Repair to us. [*Exit Duke.*

Count. I will attend your Grace: *Lazarillo*,
You are at Liberty, be your own Man again;
And if you can be Maſter of your Wiſhes,
I wiſh it may be ſo.

Laz. I humbly thank your Lordſhip:
I muſt be unmannerly, I've ſome preſent Buſineſs,
Once more I heartily do thank your Lordſhip.
[*Exit* Lazarillo.

Count. Now even a Word or two to you, and ſo farewel;
You think you have deſerv'd much of this State
By this Diſcovery: Y'are a ſlaviſh People,
Grown ſubject (43) to the common Curſe of all Men.
How much unhappy were that noble Spirit,
(44) Could work by ſuch baſe Engines? What Miſery
Would not a knowing Man put on with willingneſs, ere he ſee himſelf grown
Fat and full fed, by fall of thoſe you riſe by?
I diſcharge ye my Attendance; our healthful State

(43) —— *to the common* Courſe *of all Men.*] Where is the Crime of being ſubject to the common *Courſe* of all Men? The true Word is almoſt certainly *Curſe*, which Intelligencers are generally the ſubject of. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in this.

(44) *Could work by ſuch* baſer Gains?——] This ſeems ſcarcely intelligible. The Meaſure and Senſe both require us to read *baſe* for *baſer*. Two ways occur which will give the Senſe required by the Context either,

Could work for *ſuch* baſe *Gains*,——

Or,

—— *by ſuch* baſe *means*,——

I prefer the latter. After this was wrote I receiv'd Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture, *baſe Engines*, which is better than either of mine, and moſt probably the true Reading; I have therefore inſerted it in the Text.

Needs

Needs no ſuch Leeches to ſuck out her Bood.
1 *Int.* I do beſeech your Lordſhip.
2 *Int.* Good my Lord.
Count. Go learn to be more honeſt; when I ſee
You work your means from honeſt Induſtry.
[*Exeunt Informers.*
I will be willing to accept your Labours;
'Till then I will keep back my promis'd Favours:
Here comes another Remnant of Folly:

Enter Lucio.

I muſt diſpatch him too. Now, my Lord *Lucio*,
What Buſineſs brings you hither?
Luc. Faith, Sir, I'm diſcovering
What will become of that notable Piece of Treaſon,
Intended by that Varlet *Lazarillo*;
I've ſent him to the Duke for Judgment.
Count. Sir, you have
Perform'd the Part of a moſt careful Stateſman,
And let me ſay it to your Face, Sir, of
A Father to this State: I would wiſh you to
Retire, and inſconce yourſelf in Study;
For ſuch 's your daily Labour, and our Fear, that
Your Loſs of an Hour may breed our Overthrow.
Luc. Sir, I will be commanded by your Judgment,
And though I find it a Trouble ſcant to be waded through,
By theſe weak Years; yet for the dear Care of
Th' Commonwealth, I will bruiſe my Brains, and
Confine myſelf to much Vexation. *Count.* Go,
And may'ſt thou knock down Treaſon like an Ox.
Luc. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, *and* Franciſſina.

Mer. Have I ſpoke thus much i' the Honour of Learning? learn'd
The Names of the ſeven liberal Sciences,
Before my Marriage; and ſince, have in haſte
Written Epiſtles congratulatory to th' nine Muſes,
And is ſhe prov'd a Whore and a Beggar?
Pan. 'Tis true,

You

You are not now to be taught, that no Man can
Be learned of a ſudden; let not your firſt Project
Diſcourage you, what you have loſt in this,
You may get again in Alchymie.
Fran. Fear not, Husband,
I hope to make as good a Wife, as the beſt
Of your Neighbours have, and as honeſt.
Mer. I'll go home;
Good Sir, don't publiſh this; as long as it runs
Amongſt ourſelves, it is good honeſt Mirth:
You'll come home to Supper; I mean to have all
Her Friends, and mine, as ill as't goes.
Pan. Do wiſely, Sir,
And bid your own Friends, your whole Wealth will ſcarce
Feaſt all hers, neither is it for your Credit
T' walk the Streets with a Woman ſo noted; get you
Home and provide her Clothes; let her come
An Hour hence with an Hand-basket, and ſhift herſelf,
She'll ſerve to ſit at the upper end of the Table,
And drink to your Cuſtomers.
Mer. Art's juſt, and will make me amends.
Pan. No doubt, Sir.
Mer. The chief note of a Scholar, you ſay, is
To govern his Paſſions; wherefore I do take
All patiently; in ſign of which, my dear Wife,
I do kiſs thee, make haſte home after me,
I ſhall be in my Study. [*Exit Mercer.*
Pan. Go, avaunt;
My new City-Dame, ſend me what you promis'd me
For Conſideration, and may'ſt thou prove a Lady.
Fran. Thou ſhalt have it, his Silks ſhall fly for it.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lazarillo *and his Boy.*

Laz. How ſweet's a Calm after a Tempeſt? What is there
Now that can ſtand betwixt me and Felicity?
I've gone through all my Croſſes conſtantly;
Have confounded my Enemies, and know where
To have my Longing ſatisfy'd: I have

My

My way before me, there's the Door, and I
May freely walk to my Delights: Knock, Boy.
Jul. [*Within.*] Who's there?
Laz. Madona, my Love, not guilty,
Not guilty, open the Door.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Art thou come, Sweet-heart?
Laz. Yes, to thy ſoft Embraces, and the reſt
Of my o'erflowing Bliſſes;
Come, let us in and ſwim in our Delights;
A ſhort Grace as we go, and ſo to Meat.
Jul. Nay, my dear Love, you muſt bear with me in this;
We'll to the Church firſt.
Laz. Shall I be ſure of it then?
Jul. By my Love you ſhall.
Laz. I am content, for I now wiſh to hold off
Longer, to whet my Appetite, and do
Deſire to meet more Troubles, ſo I might conquer them;
And as a holy Lover that hath ſpent
The tedious Night with many a Sigh and Tears,
Whilſt he purſu'd his Wench, and hath obſerv'd
The Smiles and Frowns, not daring to diſpleaſe
When he at laſt, hath with his Service won
Her yielding Heart; that ſhe begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his Neck, and woees him more
Than ever he deſir'd her Love before;
(45) He then begins to flatter his Deſert,
And growing wanton, needs will caſt her off;

(45) *Then begins*——] The Relative *He* being omitted, hurt both Senſe and Meaſure. Moſt of my Friends ſeem to think there is too much of *Lazarillo*'s Paſſion for his Fiſh, as well as that the Paſſion itſelf is carry'd too high. I have before given Reaſons to juſtify the Extravagance of the Paſſion, which might poſſibly have been carry'd ev'n to Madneſs, by ſome Perſon of our Author's Age, and as to the long Continuance of it, the Diſtreſſes ſeem extremely ingeniouſly contriv'd to riſe by a juſt Gradation, and his Marrying a Whore at laſt to obtain his Delight, is a moſt inimitably humorous Concluſion of his Character.

Try her, pick Quarrels, to breed freſh Delight,
And to increaſe his pleaſing Appetite.

Jul. Come Mouſe, will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee let me be deliver'd of
The Joy I am ſo big with, I do feel
That high Heat in me, that I begin to doubt
Whether I be mortal:
How I contemn my Fellows in the Court,
With whom I did but Yeſterday converſe?
And in a lower, and an humbler Key,
Did walk and meditate on groſſer Meats?
There are they ſtill poor Rogues, ſhaking their Chops,
And ſneaking after Cheeſes, and do run
Headlong in Chaſe of every Jack of Beer
That croſſeth them, in hope of ſome Repaſt
That it will bring them to; whilſt I am here,
The happieſt Wight that ever ſet his Tooth
To a dear Novelty: Approach my Love,
Come, let us go to knit the true Love's Knot,
That never can be broken.

Boy. That's to marry a Whore.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taſte the Gift,
Which Fates have ſent my Fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to repent upon a full Stomach; but I ſee, 'tis but a Form in Deſtiny, not to be alter'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arrigo *and* Oriana.

Ori. Sir, what may be the Current of your Buſineſs,
That thus you ſingle out your Time and Place?

Arri. Madam, the Buſineſs now impos'd upon me,
Concerns you nearly, I wiſh ſome worſer Man
Might finiſh it.

Ori. Why are ye changed ſo?
Are ye not well, Sir?

Arri. Yes, Madam, I am well,
Wou'd you were ſo.

Ori. Why, Sir, I feel myſelf in perfect Health.

Arri. And yet ye cannot live long, Madam.

Ori. Why, good *Arrigo?*

Arri.

Arri. Why? ye muſt die.
Ori. I know I muſt, but yet Fate calls not on me.
Arri. It does;
This Hand the Duke commands ſhall give you Death.
Ori. Heav'n, and the Pow'rs divine, guard well the Innocent.
Arri. Lady, your Prayers may do your Soul ſome good.
But ſure your Body cannot merit by 'em:
You muſt prepare to die.
Ori. What's my Offence? What have theſe Years committed,
That may be dangerous to the Duke or State?
Have I conſpir'd by Poiſon, have I giv'n up,
My Honour to ſome looſe unſettled Blood
That may give Action to my Plots? Dear Sir,
Let m' not die ignorant of my Faults.
Arri. Ye ſhall not.
Then, Lady, you muſt know, you're held unhoneſt;
The Duke, your Brother, and your Friends in Court,
With too much Grief condemn ye; though to me
The Fault deſerves not to be paid with Death.
Ori. Who's my Accuſer?
Arri. Lord *Gondarino.*
Ori. Arrigo, take theſe Words, and bear them to th' Duke,
It is the laſt Petition I ſhall ask thee.
Tell him the Child this preſent Hour brought forth
To ſee the World, has not a Soul more pure,
More white, more Virgin than I have;
Tell him Lord *Gondarino*'s Plot I ſuffer for,
And willingly; but tell him it had been
A greater Honour, to have ſav'd than kill'd;
But I have done: Strike, I am arm'd for Heav'n.
Why ſtay you? Is there any Hope?
Arri. I would not ſtrike.
Ori. Have you the Pow'r to ſave?
Arri. With Hazard of my Life, if't ſhould be known.
Ori. You will not venture that?
Arri. I will, Lady;
There is that means yet to eſcape your Death,
If you can wiſely apprehend.

Ori. Ye dare not be ſo kind?

Arri. I dare, and will, if you dare but deſerve't.

Ori. If I ſhould ſlight my Life, I were to blame.

Arri. Then, Madam, this is the Means, or elſe you die: I love you.

Ori. I ſhall believe it, if you ſave my Life.

Arri. And you muſt lie with me.

Ori. I dare not buy my Life ſo.

Arri. Come, ye muſt reſolve, ſay yea or no.

Ori. Then no; nay, look not ruggedly upon me,
I am made up too ſtrong to fear ſuch Looks:
Come, do your Butcher's Part: Before I'd wiſh Life,
With the dear Loſs of Honour, I dare find means
To free myſelf.

Arri. Speak, will ye yield?

Ori. Villain, I will not; Murderer, do thy worſt,
Thy baſe unnoble Thoughts dare prompt thee to;
I am above thee, Slave.

Arri. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair Perſuaſions?

Ori. No, nor by———

Arri. Peace, know your Doom then;
Your Ladyſhip muſt remember
You are not now at home, where you dare feaſt all
That come about you; but that you are fallen
Under my Mercy, which ſhall be but ſmall;
If thou refuſe to yield: Hear what I've ſworn
Unto myſelf; I will enjoy thee, though't be
Between the parting of thy Soul and Body;
Yield yet and live.

Ori. I'll guard the one, let Heav'n guard the other.

Arri. Are you ſo reſolute then?

Duke. [*from above.*] Hold, hold, I ſay.

Ori. What I? yet more Terror to my Tragedy?

Arri. Lady, the Scene of Blood is done; Ye're now
As free from Scandal as from Death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou Woman, which wert born to teach Men Virtue,

Fair,

Fair, ſweet, and modeſt Maid, forgive my Thoughts,
My Treſpaſs was my Love. Seize *Gondarino*,
And let him wait our Dooms. *Gond.* I do begin
A little to love this Woman; I could endure her
Already twelve Miles off. *Count.* Siſter,
I'm glad you have brought your Honour off ſo fairly,
Without Loſs: You've done a Work above your Sex,
The Duke admires it: give him fair Encounter.
Duke. Beſt of all Comforts, may I take this Hand,
And call it mine?
Ori. I am your Grace's Handmaid.
Duke. Would ye had ſaid myſelf: Might it not be ſo, Lady?
Count. Siſter, ſay I, I know you can afford it.
Ori. My Lord, I am your Subject, you may command me,
Provided ſtill your Thoughts be fair and good.
Duke. Here I am yours, and when I ceaſe to be ſo,
Let Heav'n forget me: Thus I make it good.
Ori. My Lord, I am no more mine own.
Count. So, this Bargain was well driven.
Gond. Duke,
Thou'ſt ſold away thyſelf to all Perdition;
Thou art this preſent Hour becoming Cuckold:
Methinks I ſee thy Gaul grate through thy Veins,
And Jealouſy ſeize on thee with her Talons.
I know that Woman's Noſe muſt be cut off,
She cannot 'ſcape it.
Duke. Sir, we have Puniſhment for you.
Ori. I do beſeech your Lordſhip, for the Wrongs
This Man hath done me, let me pronounce his Puniſhment.
Duke. Lady, I give't to you, he is your own.
Gond. I do beſeech your Grace, let me be baniſh'd
With all the Speed that may be.
Count. Stand ſtill, you ſhall attend her Sentence.
Ori. Lord *Gondarino*, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet ſince it ſprung from no peculiar Hate
To me, but from a general Diſlike
Unto all Women, you ſhall thus ſuffer for it;
Arrigo, call in ſome Ladies to aſſiſt us;
Will your Grace make your State?

Gond. My Lord, I do
Beſeech your Grace for any Puniſhment
Saving this Woman; let me be ſent upon
Diſcovery of ſome Iſland; I do deſire
But a ſmall *Gondola*, with ten *Holland* Cheeſes,
And I will undertake it. *Ori.* Sir, you muſt be content,
Will ye ſit down? Nay, do it willingly:
Arrigo, tie his Arms cloſe to the Chair,
I dare not truſt his Patience.

Gond. Mayſt thou be quickly old and painted; mayſt thou
Doat on ſome ſturdy Yeoman of the Wood-yard,
And he be honeſt; mayſt thou be barred ev'n
The lawful lechery of thy Coach, for want
Of Inſtruments; and laſtly, be thy Womb unopen'd.

Duke. This Fellow hath a pretty Gaul.

Count. My Lord,
I hope to ſee him purg'd yet e'er he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your Ladyſhips are welcome: I muſt deſire
Your helps, though you are no Phyſicians,
To do a ſtrange Cure upon this Gentleman.

Ladies. In what we can aſſiſt you, Madam, ye may command us.

Gond. Now do I ſit like a Conjurer in my Circle,
And theſe the Devils that are rais'd about me,
I'll pray that they may have no Power upon me.

Ori. Ladies, fall off in Couples then with a ſoft
Still march, with low demeanours, charge this Gentleman,
I'll be your Leader. *Gond.* Let me be quarter'd, Duke,
Quickly, I can endure it;
Theſe Women long for Man's Fleſh, let them have it.

Duke. Count, have you ever ſeen ſo ſtrange a Paſſion?
What would this Fellow do, if he ſhould find himſelf
In Bed with a young Lady? *Count.* 'Faith my Lord,
If he could get a Knife, ſure he would cut her Throat,
Or elſe he'd do as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*,
Swing out her Soul: He has the true hate
Of a Woman in him.

Ori.

Ori. Low with your Curtſies, Ladies. [ye,

Gond. Come not too near me, I've a Breath will poiſon
My Lungs are rotten, and my Stomach's raw:
I'm given much to belching: hold off, as you love ſweet Airs;
Ladies, by your firſt Night's Pleaſure I conjure you,
As you would have your Husbands proper Men,
Strong Backs, and little Legs, as you'd have 'em hate
Your Waiting-women.

Ori. Sir, we muſt court ye, 'till we have obtain'd
Some little Favour from thoſe gracious Eyes,
'Tis but a Kiſs a piece.

Gond. I pronounce Perdition to ye all;
Ye are a parcel of that damned Crew
That fell with *Lucifer*, and here ye ſtaid
On Earth to plague poor Men; vaniſh, avaunt,
I'm fortified againſt your Charms; Heav'n grant me
But Breath and Patience.

1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiſs then? *Gond.* No,
Sear my Lips with hot Irons firſt, or ſtitch them
Up like a Ferret's: oh that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come, ye little Rogue, thou art too maidenly
By my troth, I think I muſt box thee 'till thou be'ſt bolder;
The more bold, the more welcome: I prithee kiſs me,
Be not afraid. [*She ſits on his Knee.*

Gond. If there be any here
That yet have ſo much of the Fool left in them,
As t' love their Mothers, (46) let them on her, and loath
Them too. 2 *Lady.* What a ſlovenly little Villain
Art thou, why doſt thou not ſtroak up thy Hair?
I think thou ne'er comb'ſt it; I muſt have it lie
In better order; ſo, ſo, ſo, let me ſee

(46) ——let *them on her, and* loath *them too.*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read,

Set them on her, and loo 'em to.

But I cannot aſſent to the Change, for where's the Propriety of ſetting People to worry her becauſe they love their Mothers. The old Text is indeed obſcure, but intelligible and perfectly in *Gondarino*'s Character. If there be any here that are ſuch Fools to retain a Love ev'n for their Mothers, let them be perſecuted by this Woman, and they will loath them, *i. e.* their Mothers alſo.

Thy Hands, are they waſh'd?
Gond. I would they were looſe for thy ſake.
Duke. She tortures him admirably.
Count. The beſt that ever was.
2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are, poor Golls, why doſt not
Get thee a Muff?
Arri. Madam, here's an old Country Gentlewoman
At the Door, that came nodding up for Juſtice,
She was with th' Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would
Now again come to the Speech of him, ſhe ſays.
Ori. O let her in, for ſport's ſake, let her in.
Gond. Mercy, O Duke, I do appeal to thee:
Plant Canons there, and diſcharge them againſt
My Breaſt rather: nay, firſt
Let this She-Fury ſit ſtill where ſhe does,
And with her nimble Fingers ſtroke my Hair,
Play with my Fingers ends, or any thing,
Until my panting Heart have broke my Breaſt.
Duke. You muſt abide her Cenſure.

[*The Lady riſes from his Knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I ſee her come,
Unbutton me, for ſhe will ſpeak.
Gentlem. Where is he, Sir?
Gond. Save me, I hear her.
Arri. There he is in State
To give you Audience.
Gentlew. How does your Lordſhip?
Gond. Sick of the Spleen.
Gentlem. How?
Gond. Sick.
Gentlew. Will you chew a Nutmeg, you ſhall not refuſe it,
'Tis very comfortable. *Gond.* Nay, now thou art come I know it is
The Devil's Jubilee, Hell is broke looſe:
My Lord, if ever I have done you Service,
Or have deſerv'd a Favour of your Grace,

Let

Let me be turn'd upon ſome preſent Action,
Where I may ſooner die than languiſh thus;
Your Grace hath her Petition, grant it her,
And eaſe me now at laſt.

Duke. No, Sir, you muſt endure.

Gentlew. For my Petition,
I hope your Lordſhip hath remembred me.

Ori. 'Faith I begin to pity him;
Arrigo, take her off, bear her away,
Say her Petition 's granted.

Gentlew. Whither d' you draw me, Sir?
I know it is not my Lord's pleaſure I
Should be thus us'd, before my buſineſs be
Diſpatch'd?

Arri. You ſhall know more of that without.

Ori. Unbind him, Ladies, but before he go,
This he ſhall promiſe; for the Love I bear
To our own Sex, I would have them ſtill
Hated by thee, and injoin thee as a Puniſhment,
Never hereafter willingly to come
I' the preſence or the ſight of any Woman,
Nor never to ſeek wrongfully the publick
Diſgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have ſworn,
And do; when I meditate with them,
For their good, or their bad, may Time call back
This Day again; and when I come in their Companies,
May I catch the Pox by their Breath,
And have no other Pleaſure for it.

Duke. Ye are moſt merciful.

Ori. My Lord, I ſhew'd my Sex the better.

Count. All is o'er-blown, Siſter; y'are like to have
A fair Night of it, and a Prince in your Arms:
Let's go, my Lord.

Duke. Thus through the doubtful Streams of Joy and Grief,
True Love doth wade, and finds at laſt Relief.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE
NICE VALOUR:
OR, THE
PASSIONATE MADMAN.
A
COMEDY.

PROLOGUE,

At the Reviving of this Play.

IT's grown in Fashion of late, in these Days
To come and beg a Suffrage to our Plays;
'Faith, Gentlemen, our Poet ever writ
Language so good, mixt with such sprightly Wit,
He made the Theatre so Sovereign
With his rare Scenes, he scorn'd this crouching Vein:
We stabb'd him with keen Daggers when we pray'd
Him write a Preface to a Play well made.
He could not write these Toys, 'twas easier far
To bring a Felon to appear at th' Bar,
So much he hated Baseness; which this Day,
His Scenes will best convince you of in's Play.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DUKE of Genoua.
Shamont, *his Favourite, a ſuperſtitious Lover of Reputation.*
A Paſſionate Lord, the Duke's diſtracted Kinſman.
A Soldier, Brother to Shamont.
Lapet, *the cowardly Monſieur.*
A Gallant of the ſame Temper.
Pultrot, Mombazon, } *Two Muſhroom Courtiers.*
Two Brothers to the Lady affecting the paſſionate Lord.
Four Courtiers.
Jeſter.
A Prieſt, Six Women, } *In a Mask.*
Galoſhio, *a Clown.*

W O M E N.

Lady, Siſter to the Duke, Shamont's *Beloved.*
Lapet's *Wife.*
A Lady, perſonating Cupid, *Miſtreſs to the mad Lord.*

SCENE, *GENOUA.*

THE

THE NICE VALOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Shamont, *and four Gentlemen.*

DUKE.

O *Shamont*, welcome; we have miſs'd thee long,
Though abſent but two Days: I hope your Sports
Anſwer your Time and Wiſhes.

Sham. Very nobly, Sir;
We found Game worthy your delight, my Lord,
It was ſo Royal.

Duke. I've enough to hear on't;
Prithee beſtow't upon me in Diſcourſe.

1 *Gent.* What is this Gentleman, Coz? you are a Courtier,
Therefore know all their Inſides.

2 *Gent.* No farther than the Taffaty goes, good Coz,
For the moſt part, which is indeed the beſt part
Of the moſt general Inſide; marry thus far
I can with boldneſs ſpeak this one Man's Character,
And upon Honour paſs it for a true one;
He has that ſtrength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his Sovereign's power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to Valour, that he hates

The

The Man from *Cæsar*'s time, or farther off,
That ever took Disgrace unreveng'd:
And if he chance to read his abject Story,
He tears his Memory out; and holds it virtuous,
Not to let Shame have so much life amongst us;
There is not such a curious piece of Courage
Amongst Man's Fellowship, or one so jealous
Of Honour's Loss, or Reputation's Glory,
There's so much perfect of his growing Story.

1 *Gent.* 'Twould make one dote on Virtue, as you tell it.

2 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe it, Coz.

3 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him? what is he, Brother?

4 *Gent.* Don't you yet know him? a vain-glorious Coxcomb,
(1) As proud as he that fell for't:
(2) Set but aside his Valour, no Virtue
Which is indeed, not fit for any Courtier,
And we his Fellows are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of Favour too,
For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into:
Give me a Man, were I a Sovereign now,
Has a good stroke at *Tennis*, and a stiff one,
Can play at *Æquinoctium* with the Line,
As even as the thirteenth of *September*,
When Day and Night lie in a Scale together:
Or may I thrive, as I deserve, at *Billiards*;
No otherwise at *Chess*, or at *Primero*:
These are the Parts requir'd, why not advanc'd?

(1) *As proud as he that fell for't*:] *i. e.* As proud as *Lucifer* who fell through Pride.

(2) *Set but aside his Valour no Virtue:*
Which is indeed not fit for any Courtier.] The old Folio points thus,
Set but aside his Valour, no Virtue
Which is indeed, not fit for any Courtier,
And we his Fellows, &c.] This latter is better Sense, and therefore restor'd to the Text, but as the Construction from the Position of the Words is a little stiff, and the Measure not compleat, perhaps the Original might have run,
Set but aside his Valour, which indeed
No Virtue is, not fit for any Courtier.

Duke.

Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excellent Pleasure,
And I'm right glad 'twas thine. How fares our Kinsman?
Who can resolve us best?

1 *Gent.* I can, my Lord.

Duke. There, if I had a Pity without bounds,
It might be all bestow'd——A Man so lost
In the wild ways of Passion, that he's sensible
Of nought but what torments him?

1 *Gent.* True, my Lord;
He runs through all the Passions of Mankind,
And shifts 'em strangely too: One while in Love,
And that so violent, that, for want of Business,
He'll court the very Prentice of a Laundress,
Tho' she have kib'd Heels: and in's Melancholy again,
He will not brook an Empress, tho' thrice fairer
Than ever *Maud* was; or higher spirited
Than *Cleopatra*, or your *English* Countess.
Then on a sudden he's so merry again,
Out-laughs a Waiting-Woman before her first Child:
And in the turning of a Hand, so angry——
H'as almost beat the Northern Fellow blind
That is for that Use only; if that Mood hold, my Lord,
Ha'd need of a fresh Man; I'll undertake,
He shall bruise three a Month.

Duke. I pity him dearly,
And let it be your Charge, with his kind Brother,
To see his Moods observ'd; let every Passion
Be fed ev'n to a Surfeit, which in time
May breed a Loathing; let him have enough
Of every Object, that his Sense is wrapt with;
And being once glutted, then the taste of Folly
Will come into his Relish. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* I shall see
Your Charge, my Lord, most faithfully effected:
And how does noble *Shamont?*

Sham. Never ill Man,
Until I hear of Baseness, then I sicken;
I am the healthfull'st Man i' th' Kingdom else.

Enter Lapet.

1 *Gent.* Be arm'd then for a Fit, here comes a Fellow
Will make you ſick at Heart, if Baſeneſs do't.
Sham. Let me be gone. What is he?
1 *Gent.* Let me tell you firſt,
It can be but a Qualm; pray ſtay it out, Sir;
Come, y'ave born more than this.
Sham. Born! Never any thing
That was injurious.
2 *Gent.* I am far from that.
Sham. He looks as like a Man as I have ſeen one:
What would you ſpeak of him? Speak well I prithee,
Ev'n for Humanity's Cauſe.
1 *Gent.* You'd have it Truth though?
Sham. What elſe, Sir? I have no Reaſon to wrong
Heav'n
To favour Nature; let her bear her own Shame
If ſhe be faulty.
1 *Gent.* Monſtrous faulty there, Sir.
Sham. I'm ill at eaſe already.
1 *Gent.* Pray bear up, Sir.
Sham. I prithee let me take him down with Speed then,
Like a wild Object that I would not look upon.
1 *Gent.* Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.
Sham. That may be noble;
I'm kept too long from his Acquaintance.
1 *Gent.* Oh Sir,
(3) Take heed of raſh Repentance, y'are too forward
To find out Virtue where it never ſettled:
Take the Particulars firſt, of what he endures;
Videlicet, Baſtinadoes by the great.
Sham. How!
1 *Gent.* Thumps by the Dozen, and your Kicks by
wholeſale.

(3) *Take heed of raſh Repentance,*—] *i. e. Repentance* on account of Raſhneſs. I ſhould not have thought an Explanation neceſſary but that Mr. *Sympſon* would have diſcarded the Word, and read *Acquaintance* for *Repentance*.

Sham.

Sham. No more of him.

1 *Gent.* The Twinges by the Noſtril he ſnuffs up,
And holds it the beſt Remedy for ſneezing.

Sham. Away.

1 *Gent.* H'as been thrice ſwitch'd from ſeven a Clock till nine,
Yet with a Cart-Horſe Stomach, fell to Breakfaſt,
Forgetful of his Smart.

Sham. Nay, the Diſgrace on't;
There is no Smart but that: Baſe things are felt
More by their Shames than Hurts. Sir, I know you not,
But that you live an Injury to Nature:
I'm heartily angry with you.

Lap. Pray give your Blow or Kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er ſaw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to ſay to you, for I know you not.

Sham. Why wouldſt thou take a Blow?

Lap. (4) I would not, Sir,
Unleſs 'twere offer'd me; if from a Friend,
I'd take't in Friendſhip; and if from an Enemy,
I would be loth t' deny it from a Stranger.

(4) *I would not, Sir,*
Unleſs 'twere offer'd me; and if from an Enemy,
I'd be loth to deny it from a Stranger.] The conjunctive Particle *and* in the middle Line ſeems plainly to denote the loſs of ſome Sentence previous to it, and the Humour ſeems greatly to ſuffer by that Loſs. As to the Sentiment it may, I believe, be reſtor'd, but as ſeveral Expreſſions will give it, it is impoſſible to gueſs how near we ſhall come to the old Reading. I propoſe,

I would not, Sir,
Unleſs 'twere offer'd me; if from a Friend
I'd take't in Friendſhip, *and if from an Enemy*
I would be loth to deny it from a Stranger.

The third Line might be,

I'd take it kindly——

Or,

I'd take it friendly——

Or any other Words that would expreſs the Senſe. As it appears highly probable that this was the Sentiment, I think the Reader would blame me, ſhould I leave the Text uncorrected meerly from the impoſſibility of aſcertaining the original Words.

Sham. What, a Blow?
Endure a Blow? And ſhall he live that gives it?
Lap. Many a fair Year——Why not, Sir?
Sham. Let me wonder!
As full a Man to ſee to, and as perfect——
I prithee live not long——
Lap. How!
Sham. Let me intreat it:
Thou doſt not know what wrong thou doſt Mankind,
To walk ſo long here; not to die betimes.
Let me adviſe thee, while thou haſt to live here,
Ev'n for Man's Honour ſake, take not a Blow more.
Lap. You ſhould adviſe them not to ſtrike me then, Sir,
For I'll take none I aſſure you, 'leſs they are given.
Sham. How fain would I preſerve Mens Form from Shame,
And cannot get it done? however, Sir,
I charge thee live not long.
Lap. This is worſe than beating.
Sham. Of what Profeſſion art thou, tell me, Sir,
Beſides a Taylor? for I'll know the Truth.
Lap. A Taylor? I'm as good a Gentleman——
Can ſhew my Arms and all.
Sham. How black and blue they are?
Is that your Manifeſtation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to Duſt, aſſume not wrongfully
The Name of Gentleman, becauſe I'm one
That muſt not let thee live.
Lap. I have done, I have done, Sir.
If there be any harm, beſhrew the Herald,
I'm ſure I ha' not been ſo long a Gentleman,
To make this Anger: I have nothing no where,
But what I dearly pay for. [*Exit.*
Sham. Groom begone;
I never was ſo Heart-ſick yet of a Man.

Enter Lady, the Duke's Siſter, and Lapet's *Wife.*

1 *Gent.* Here comes a Cordial, Sir, from th' other Sex,
Able to make a dying Face look chearful.
Sham. The bleſſedneſs of Ladies——

Lady.

Lady. Y' are well met, Sir,

Sham. The Sight of you has put an Evil from me,
Whose Breath was able to make Virtue sicken.

Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was't, Sir?

Sham. A thing that takes a Blow, lives, and eats after it,
In very good Health; you ha' not seen the like, Madam,
A Monster worth your Sixpence, lovely Worth.

Lady. Speak low, Sir; by all likelihoods 'tis her Husband,
That now bestow'd a Visitation on me. Farewel, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sham. Husband? Is't possible that he has a Wife?
Would any Creature have him? 'tis some forc'd Match,
If he were not kick'd to th' Church o' th' Wedding Day,
I'll never come at Court. Can be no otherwise;
Perhaps he was rich; speak, Mistress *Lapet*, was't not so?

Wife. Nay, that's without all question.

Sham. O ho, he would not want Kickers enough then;
If you are wise, I much suspect your Honesty,
For Wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon Merit: If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his Society;
Nay, if it were not Boldness in the Man
That honours you, to advise you, troth his Company
Should not be frequent with you.

Wife. 'Tis good Counsel, Sir.

Sham. Oh, I am so careful where I reverence,
So just to Goodness, and her precious Purity,
I'm as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved Stain might fall
Upon her sanctify'd Whiteness, as of the Sin
That comes by Wilfulness.

Wife. Sir, I love your Thoughts,
And honour you for your Counsel and your Care.

Sham. We are your Servants.

Wife. He's but a Gentleman o' th' Chamber; he might have kist me;
Faith, where shall one find less Courtesie than at Court?
Say, I have an Undeserver to my Husband,
That's ne'er the worse for him: Well strange-lip'd Men,
'Tis but a Kiss lost, there'll more come again. [*Exit.*

Enter the Paſſionate Lord, the Duke's Kinſman, makes a Congee or two to nothing.

1 *Gent.* Look, who comes here, Sir; his Love-fit's upon him:
I know it, by that ſet Smile, and thoſe Congees.
How courteous he's to nothing? which indeed
Is the next kin to Woman, only Shadow 's
The eldeſt Siſter of the Twain, becauſe 'tis ſeen too;
See how it kiſſes the Fore-finger ſtill,
Which is the laſt Edition, and being come
So near the Thumb, every Cobler has got it.

Sham. What a ridiculous Piece Humanity
Here makes itſelf?

1 *Gent.* Nay good, give leave a little, Sir,
Y'are ſo preciſe a Manhood——

Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unſeemlineſs in an Image
So near the Godhead, 'tis an Injury
To glorious Eternity.

1 *Gent.* Pray uſe Patience, Sir.

Paſ. I do confeſs it freely, precious Lady,
And Love's Suit is ſo, the longer it hangs
The worſe it is; better cut off, ſweet Madam;
Oh, that ſame drawing in your neather Lip there,
Fore-ſhews no Goodneſs, Lady; make you queſtion on't?
Shame on me, but I love you.

1 *Gent.* Who is't, Sir,
You are at all this Pains for? May I know her?

Paſ. For thee, thou faireſt, yet the falſeſt Woman,
That ever broke Man's Heart-ſtrings.

1 *Gent.* How? How's this, Sir?

Paſ. What, the old Trick of Ladies? Man's Apparel?
Will't ne'er be left among'ſt you? Steal from Court in't?

1 *Gent.* I ſee the Fit grows ſtronger.

Paſ. Pray let's talk a little.

Sham. I can endure no more.

1 *Gent.* Good, let's alone a little:

You

(5) You are ſo exact a Work: Love light things ſomewhat, Sir.

Sham. Th' are all but Shames.

1 *Gent.* What is't you'd ſay to me, Sir?

Paſ. Can you be ſo forgetful to enquire it, Lady?

1 *Gent.* Yes truly, Sir.

Paſ. The more I admire your Flintineſs:
What Cauſe have I given you, illuſtrious Madam,
To play this ſtrange part with me?

1 *Gent.* Cauſe enough,
Do but look back, Sir, into your Memory,
Your Love to other Women. Oh lewd Man,
'T has almoſt kill'd my Heart, you ſee I'm chang'd with it,
I ha'loſt the Faſhion of my Sex with Grief on't,
When I have ſeen you courting of a Dowdy,
Compar'd with me, and kiſſing your Fore-finger
To one o'th' Black-guard's Miſtreſſes: Would not this
Crack a poor Lady's Heart, that believ'd Love,
And waited for the Comfort? But 'twas ſaid, Sir.
A Lady of my Hair cannot want pitying,
The Country's coming up, farewel to you, Sir.

Paſ. Whither intend you, Sir?

1 *Gent.* A long Journey, Sir:
The Truth is, I'm with Child, and go to travel.

Paſ. With Child? I never got it.

1 *Gent.* I heard you were buſie
At the ſame time, Sir, and was loth to trouble you.

Paſ. Why, are not you a Whore then, excellent Madam?

1 *Gent.* Oh, by no means, 'twas done, Sir, in the State
Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
It lies upon your Falſhood.

Paſ. Does it ſo?

(5) *You are ſo exact a* Work: *Love light things ſomewhat, Sir.*] It ſeems probable that *Worth* was the true Word inſtead of *Work*, as *Shamont* calls the Lady before—*lovely Worth*, and one of the Gentlemen in the firſt Page of the Play ſays of *Shamont*,

There is not ſuch a curious Piece of Courage.

Notwithſtanding this, *Work* being good Senſe may ſtill be the true Reading. The Advice to *Shamont* to love light things a little, is to laugh and divert himſelf at the Abſurdities and Phrenſies of Men. Mr. *Sympſon* thought it obſcure and that it wanted Explanation.

You ſhall not carry her though, Sir, ſhe's my Contract.
Sham. I prithee, thou four Elements ill brued,
Torment none but thyſelf; away I ſay
Thou Beaſt of Paſſion, as the Drunkard is
The Beaſt of Wine; Diſhonour to thy making,
Thou Man in Fragments.
Paſ. Hear me, precious Madam.
Sham. Kneel for thy Wits to Heav'n.
Paſ. Lady, I'll father it,
Who-e'er begot it: 'Tis the Courſe of Greatneſs.
Sham. How Virtue groans at this?
Paſ. I'll raiſe the Court, but I will ſtay your Flight.
Sham. How wretched is that Piece? [*Exit Paſ. Lord.*
1 *Gent.* He's the Duke's Kinſman, Sir.
Sham. That cannot take a Paſſion away, Sir,
Nor cut a Fit but one poor Hour ſhorter,
He muſt endure as much as the pooreſt Beggar,
That cannot change his Money; there's the Equality
In our impartial Eſſence. What's the News now?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your worthy Brother, Sir, 'has left his Charge,
And come to ſee you.

Enter Shamont's *Brother, a Soldier.*

Sham. Oh the nobleſt welcome
That ever came from Man, meet thy Deſervings:
Methinks I've all Joy's Treaſure in mine Arms now.
Sold. You are ſo fortunate in Prevention, Brother,
You always leave the Anſwerer barren, Sir,
You comprehend in few Words ſo much Worth——
Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: come thou'rt welcome,
So I include all; take eſpecial Knowledge pray,
Of this dear Gentleman, my abſolute Friend,
(6) That loves a Soldier far above a Miſtreſs,
Tho' excellently faithful to 'em both.
But love to Manhood, owns the purer Troth. [*Exeunt.*

(6) *That loves a Soldier far above a Miſtreſs,*
Thou *excellently faithful to 'em both.*] The Emendation here of *Thou* to *Tho'* (altho' the old Reading was not abſolute Nonſenſe, ſuppoſing the Points alter'd) is ſo eaſy that I cannot fear the Reader's Concurrence.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Shamont's *Brother, a Soldier, and a Lady the Duke's Sister.*

Lady. THERE should be in this Gallery--oh they're here,
Pray ye sit down, believe me, Sir, I'm weary.
Sold. It well becomes a Lady to complain a little
Of what she never feels: Your walk was short, Madam,
You can be but afraid of Wearineſs,
(7) Which well implies the softneſs of your Sex;
As for the thing itself, you never came to't.
Lady. You're wond'rouſly well read in Ladies, Sir.
Sold. Shall I think such a Creature as you, Madam,
Was ever born to feel Pain, but in Travel?
There's your full Portion,
Beſides a little Tooth-ach in the breeding,
Which a kind Husband too takes from you, Madam.
Lady. But where do Ladies, Sir, find such kind Huſbands?
Perhaps you have heard
The Rheumatick Story of some loving Chandler now,
Or some such melting Fellow, that you talk
So prodigal of Mens Kindneſs; I confeſs, Sir,
Many of thoſe Wives are happy, their Ambition
Does reach no higher, than to Love and Ignorance,
Which makes an excellent Husband, and a fond one:
Now, Sir, your great ones aim at Height and Cunning,
And so are oft deceiv'd, yet they muſt venture it;
For 'tis a Lady's Contumely, Sir,
To have a Lord an Ignorant; then the World's Voice
Will deem her for a Wanton, e'er she taste on't:

(7) *Which well* employs *the softneſs of your Sex;*] What is it that employs the Softneſs of the Sex, Wearineſs, or the Fear of it? 'Tis scarcely Senſe in either Light, and Mr. *Sympſon* seems to have hit of the true Reading *implies.*

But

(8) But to deceive a wise Man, to whose Circumspection
The World resigns itself with all its Envy,
'Tis less Dishonour to us then to fall,
Because his believ'd Wisdom keeps out all.

Sold. Would I were the Man, Lady, that should venture
His Wisdom to your Goodness.

Lady. You might fail
In the return, as many Men have done, Sir:
I dare not justifie what is to come of me,
Because I know it not, though I hope virtuously;
Marry what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good Man's Hand, which if he take
Upon my Word for good, it shall not cozen him.

Sold. No, nor hereafter?

Lady. It may hap so too, Sir:
A Woman's Goodness, when she is a Wife,
Lies much upon a Man's desert, believe it, Sir;
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
(9) 'Tis first in him, if she were ever good;
That makes one, knowing not a Husband yet,
Or what he may be, promise no more Virtues,
Than I may well perform; for that were Cozenage.

Sold.

(8) *But to deceive a wise Man, to whose Circumspection*
The World resigns itself, with all his *Envy;*
'Tis less Dishonour to us, than *to fall,*] This Passage is all Obscurity, by the fault of two Particles *his* in the second, and *than* in the third Line; the latter is printed right *then* in the old Folio; the former should be *its Envy* relating to the World, which would asperse a Lady marry'd to an ignorant Lord, tho' she were Chaste; but resigning itself and all its prying Envy to the Circumspection of a wise One, a Woman, if she deceiv'd him, would be uncensur'd tho' she *then* fell.

But to deceive a wise Man, to whose Circumspection
The World resigns itself with all its *Envy,*
'Tis less Dishonour to us then *to fall,*
Because his believ'd Wisdom keeps out all.

(9) *'Tis first in him if she were ever good,*
That makes one; knowing not a Husband yet
Or what he may be, I promise no more Virtues,
Than I may well perform,——] It is evident by this Pointing that the Editors took *That makes one* in the second Line to relate to the former Sentence, and they set me upon Difficulties how to make it do so; but finding no means of connecting it with the least Propriety; I add a Semi-colon

Sold. Happy were he that had you with all fears,
That's my Opinion, Lady.

Enter Shamont *and a Servant liſt'ning.*

Serv. What ſay you now, Sir?
Dare you give Confidence to your own Eyes?
Sham. Not yet I dare not.
Serv. No?
Sham. Scarce yet, or yet,
Although I ſee 'tis he. Why can a thing,
That's but myſelf divided, be ſo falſe?
Serv. Nay, do but mark how the Chair plays his part too:
How amorouſly 'tis bent.
Sham. Hell take thy bad Thoughts,
For they are ſtrange ones. Never take delight
To make a Torment worſe. Look on 'em, Heav'n,
For that's a Brother: ſend me a fair Enemy,
And take him; for a fouler Fiend there breathes not:
I will not ſin to think there's Ill in her,
But what's of his producing.
Yet Goodneſs, whoſe Incloſure is but Fleſh,
Holds out oft-times but ſorrily. But as black, Sir,
As ever Kindred was: I hate mine own Blood,
Becauſe it is ſo near thine. Live without Honeſty,
And mayſt thou die with an unmoiſt'ned Eye,
And no Tear follow thee. [*Ex.* Sham. *and Serv.*
Lady. (10) Your're wond'rous merry, Sir;
I would your Brother heard you. *Sold.* Or my Siſter,
I would not out o' th' way, let fall my Words, Lady,
For the preciſeſt Humour.

Enter

Semi-colon to the end of the firſt Line where the Sentence is compleat, and ſtriking out the Semi-colon from the ſecond, and the Pronoun *I* (which hurts the Meaſure as well as Senſe) from the third, the whole runs eaſy, *that* ſignifying the ſame as *which* or *which Conſideration*.

'Tis firſt in him, if ſhe were ever good;
That makes one, knowing not a Husband yet,
Or what he may be, promiſe no more Virtues
Than I may well perform.——

(10) *You're wondrous merry, Sir; I would your Brother heard you* Sold. Oh *my Siſter,*
I would not out o' th' way, let fall my Words, Lady,
For the preciſeſt Humour.] The Metre of the firſt Line is eaſily rectify'd

Enter Paſſionate Lord.

Paſ. Yea, ſo cloſe.
Sold. They're merry, that's the worſt you can report on 'em:
They're neither dangerous, nor immodeſt.
Paſ. So, Sir.
Shall I believe you, think you?
Sold. Who's this, Lady?
Lady. Oh the Duke's Couſin, he came late from Travel, Sir.
Sold. Reſpect belongs to him.
Paſ. For as I ſaid, Lady,
They're merry, that's the worſt you can report of 'em:
They're neither dangerous, nor immodeſt.
Sold. How's this?
Paſ. And there I think I left.
Sold. Abuſes me.
Paſ. Now to proceed, Lady; perhaps I ſwore I lov'd you,
If you believe me not, you're much the wiſer.
Sold. He ſpeaks ſtill in my Perſon, and derides me.
Paſ. For I can cog with you.
Lady. You can all do ſo:
We make no queſtion of Mens promptneſs that way.
Paſ. And ſmile, and wave a Chair with comely Grace too,
Play with our Taſſel gently, and do fine things,
That catch a Lady ſooner than a Virtue.
Sold. I never us'd to let Man live ſo long
That wrong'd me.

rectify'd, but how comes he to call the Lady his Siſter, he ſeems to know nothing ev'n of his Brother's Inclinations to make her ſo, but courts her for himſelf. The firſt Folio reads *O* without the *h* inſtead of which *r* is the real Letter omitted. She ſays,

—— *I wiſh your Brother heard you,*

He not aſhamed of his complimental Gallantry anſwers,

——Or *my Siſter either,*

for I would not be put out of my way, or have let fall my Words without uttering them for the preciſeſt Humour. Mr. *Sympſon* concurred in the Correction.

Paſ.

Paſ. Talk of Battalions,(11) wooe you in a Skirmiſh;
Diſcharge my Mind to you, Lady; and being ſharp ſet,
Can court you at half Pike; or name your Weapon,
We cannot fail you, Lady.

Enter a Gentleman.

Sold. Now he dies,
Were all ſucceeding Hopes ſtor'd up within him.
1 *Gent.* Oh fy, i' th' Court, Sir?
Sold. I moſt dearly thank you, Sir.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis Rage ill ſpent upon a paſſionate Mad-man.
Sold. That ſhall not privilege him for ever, Sir.
A Mad-men call you him? I've found too much Reaſon
Sound in his Injury to me, to believe him ſo.
1 *Gent.* If ever Truth from Man's Lips may be held
In Reputation with you, give this Confidence;
And this his Love-fit, which we obſerve ſtill,
By's flattering and his fineneſs; at ſome other time,
He'll go as ſlovenly as Heart can wiſh.
The Love and Pity that his Highneſs ſhews to him,
Makes every Man the more reſpectful of him:
Has never a Paſſion, but is well provided for,
As this of Love, he is full fed in all
His ſwinge, as I may term it; have but Patience,
And ye ſhall witneſs ſomewhat.
Sold. Still he mocks me;
Look you, in Action, in Behaviour, Sir;
Hold ſtill the Chair, with a grand miſchief to you,

(11) ——*wooe you in a Skirmiſh*;
Divine *my Mind to you*,——] *Divine* ſo intirely loſes the Metaphor and conſequently the Humour, that it is moſt probable a Corruption. We ſhould not very willingly ſtrike out a Word when we hav'n't one to ſupply its Place ſomewhat near the Trace of the Letters; but as we know that Words are ſometimes totally chang'd by the inattention of the Tranſcriber or Printer, ſo when the Context not only points out but demands a Word very unlike what has been hitherto in the Text, we ought to ſubmit. This I take to be the preſent Caſe, and I therefore read,
——*wooe you in a Skirmiſh*;
Diſcharge *my Mind to you*,——

Or

Or I'll let ſo much ſtrength upon your Heart, Sir——

Paſ. I feel ſome Power has reſtrain'd me, Lady
If it be ſent from Love, ſay, I obey it,
And ever keep a Voice to welcome it.

SONG.

Thou Deity, ſwift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above,
Little in Shape, but great in Power,
Thou that mak'ſt a Heart thy Tower,
And thy Loop-holes Ladies Eyes,
(12) *From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe.*
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver
Stick faſt in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy Power would I adore,
And call upon thee to ſhoot more,
Shoot more, ſhoot more.

Enter one like a Cupid, *offering to ſhoot at him.*

Paſ. I prithee hold though, ſweet Celeſtial Boy;
I'm not requited yet with Love enough,
For the firſt Arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal Archer, *Cupid*,
Shoot this Lady, and twenty more for me.

Lady. Me, Sir?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis nothing but Device, fear it not, Lady;
You may be as good a Maid after that Shaft, Madam,
As e'er your Mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the Boy that draws it, has no ſting yet.

Cup. 'Tis like the miſerable Maid that draws it---[*Aſide.*
That ſees no comfort yet, ſeeing him ſo Paſſionate.

Paſ. Strike me the Dutcheſs of *Valois* in Love with me,
With all the ſpeed thou canſt, and two of her Women.

Cup. You ſhall have more. [*Exit.*

Paſ. Tell 'em I tarry for 'em.

(12) *From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe.*] *i. e.* not only thoſe who are fooliſhly fond, but the wiſe alſo: As it will bear this Senſe I let it ſtand without putting a more obvious Antitheſis to *wiſe*, *fools*.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Who would be angry with that walking trouble now?
That hurts none but itſelf?
Sold. I am better quieted.
Paſ. I'll have all Woman-kind ſtruck in time for me
After thirteen once:
I ſee this *Cupid* will not let me want,
And let him ſpend his forty Shafts an hour,
They ſhall be all found from the Duke's Exchequer;
He's come already.

Enter again the ſame Cupid, *two Brothers, ſix Women, Maſquers,* Cupid's *Bow bent all the way towards them, the firſt Woman ſinging and playing, a Prieſt.*

SONG.

Oh turn thy Bow,
Thy Power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid *turn away thy Bow:*
They be thoſe golden Arrows,
Bring Ladies all their Sorrows,
And till there be more Truth in Men,
Never ſhoot at Maid again.

Paſ. (13) What a Felicity of Whores are here?
And all my Concubines ſtruck bleeding new:
A Man can in his Life-time make but one Woman,
But he may make his fifty Queans a Month.
Cup. Have you remembred a Prieſt, honeſt Brothers?
1 *Bro.* Yes, Siſter, and this is the young Gentleman,
Make you no queſtion of our Faithfulneſs.
Bro. (14) Your growing Shame, Siſter, provokes our Care.

Prieſt.

(13) *What a* Felicity *of Whores are here?*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks *Felicity* ſtands as a deſign'd Miſtake for *Multiplicity.* But he does not obſerve the common conciſeneſs of Poetry, which inſtead of ſaying, What a Felicity is it to have ſuch a Number of Whores here? expreſſes it by two Words *Felicity of Whores.* The very Nerves and almoſt the Eſſence of Poetry conſiſts in this Conciſeneſs.

(14) His *growing Shame,*———] *Growing Shame* plainly means the Siſter's being with Child; the Change therefore of *his* to *your,* unleſs we change *Siſter* and make them ſpeak to the Prieſt, which would be

Prieſt. He muſt be taken in this fit of Love, Gentlemen.

1 *Bro.* What elſe, Sir, he ſhall do't.

2 *Bro.* Enough.

1 *Bro.* Be chearful, Wench. [*A Dance*, Cupid *leading*.

Paſ. Now by the ſtroke of Pleaſure, a deep Oath,
Nimbly hopt Ladies all; what height they bear too?
A ſtory higher than your common Statures;
A little Man muſt go up ſtairs to kiſs 'em:
What a great ſpace there is
Betwixt Love's dining Chamber and his Garret?
I'll try the utmoſt height——the Garret ſtoops methinks;
The Rooms are made all bending, I ſee that,
And not ſo high as a Man takes 'em for.

Cup. Now if you'll follow me, Sir, I've that power
To make 'em follow you.

Paſ. Are they all ſhot?

Cup. All, all, Sir, every Mother's Daughter of 'em.

Paſ. Then there's no fear of following; if they be once ſhot
They'll follow a Man to th' Devil—As for you, Sir——
[*Exit with the Lady and the Maſquers.*

Sold. Me, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Nay, ſweet Sir.

Sold. A noiſe, a threatning, did you not hear it, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Without regard, Sir, ſo would I hear you.

Sold. This muſt come to ſomething, never talk of that, Sir.
You never ſaw it otherwiſe.

1 *Gent.* Nay, dear Merit,———

Sold. Me above all Men?

1 *Gent.* Troth you wrong your Anger.

Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable Letcher.

1 *Gent.* Oh fy, ſweet Sir.

Sold. That devours Womens Honeſties by Lumps,
And never chew'ſt thy Pleaſure.

be rather more natural as it would be in the two Lines above, and the whole might perhaps have run thus.

Yes, Siſter. This is the young Gentleman [meaning the Mad-man]
Make you no queſtion of our Faithfulneſs.

2 Bro. *Her growing Shame, Sir, provokes all our Care.*

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* What do you mean, Sir?

Sold. What does he mean t'engroſs all to himſelf? There's others love a Whore as well as he, Sir.

1 *Gent.* Oh, if that be part o' th' Fury, we have a City Is very well provided for that Caſe;
Let him alone with her, Sir, we have Women
Are very charitable to proper Men,
And to a Soldier that has all his Limbs;
Marry the Sick and Lame gets not a Penny:
Right Women's Charity, and the Husbands follow't too:
Here comes his Highneſs, Sir.

Enter Duke and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool myſelf. [*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that?

1 *Gent.* The Brother of *Shamont.*

Duke. He's Brother then
To all the Court's Love, they that love diſcreetly,
And place their friendlineſs upon Deſert:
As for the reſt, that with a double Face
Look upon Merit much like (15) Fortune's Viſage,
That looks two ways, both to Life's Calms and Storms;
I'll ſo provide for him, chiefly for him,
He ſhall not wiſh their Loves, not dread their Envies.
And here comes my *Shamont.*

Enter Shamont.

Sham. That Lady's Virtues are my only Joys;
And he to offer to lay Siege to them?

Duke. Shamont.

Sham. Her Goodneſs is my Pride. In all Diſcourſes,
As often as I hear raſh-tongu'd Gallants
Speak rudely of a Woman, preſently
I give in but her Name, and th'are all ſilent:
Oh who would loſe this Benefit?

Duke. Come hither, Sir.

(15) ——Fortune's *Viſage,*] *Fortune* like *Janus* being double-viſag'd, the one Face looking on the Calms, the other on the Storms of Life, is a Picture, I believe, quite new, but equal if not ſuperior to the ancient claſſical Portraitures of this fickle Deity.

Sham. 'Tis like the Gift of Healing, but diviner;
For that but cures Diſeaſes in the Body,
This works a Cure on Fame, on Reputation;
The nobleſt piece of Chirurgery upon Earth.

Duke. *Shamont*; he minds me not.

Sham. A Brother do't?

Duke. *Shamont*, I ſay.
[*Gives him a touch with his Switch.*

Sham. Ha?
If he be mortal, by this Hand he periſhes; [*Draws.*
Unleſs it be a ſtroke from Heav'n, he dies for't.

Duke. Why how now, Sir? 'twas I.

Sham. The more's my Miſery.

Duke. Why, what's the matter prithee?

Sham. Can you ask it, Sir?
No Man elſe ſhould; ſtood forty Lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him;
It could not be you, Sir, excuſe him not,
Whate'er he be, as you are dear to Honour,
That I may find my Peace again.

Duke. Forbear, I ſay,
Upon my love to Truth, 'twas none but I.

Sham. Still miſerable?

Duke. Come, come, what ails you, Sir?

Sham. Never ſat Shame cooling ſo long upon me,
Without a Satisfaction in Revenge,
And Heav'n has made it here a Sin to wiſh it.

Duke. Hark you, Sir?

Sham. Oh you've undone me.

Duke. How?

Sham. Cruelly undone me;
Iv'e loſt my Peace and Reputation by you:
Sir, pardon me, I can ne'er love you more. [*Exit.*

Duke. What Language call you this, Sirs?

1 *Gent.* Truth, my Lord,
I've ſeldom heard a Stranger.

2 *Gent.* He is a Man of moſt curious Valour,
Wondrous preciſe, and punctual in that Virtue.

Duke. But why to me ſo punctual? my laſt Thought
Was moſt entirely fix'd on his Advancement.

Why,

Why, I came now to put him in Possession
Of his fair Fortunes; what a Mis-conceiver 'tis?
And from a Gentleman of our Chamber meerly,
Make him Vice-Admiral: I was settled in't.
I love him next to Health. Call him, Gentlemen;
Why would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd? [*Exit* 1 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Troth, I think we should, my Lord;
And there's a Fellow walks about the Court
Would take a hundred of 'em.

Duke. I hate you all for it,
And rather praise his high pitch'd Fortitude,
Tho' in extreams for Niceness: Now I think on't,
I would I'd never done't——Now, Sir, where is he?

Enter 1 *Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* His Suit is only, Sir, to be excus'd.

Duke. He shall not be excus'd, I love him dearlier:
Say we intreat him; go, he must not leave us.
[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*
So virtue bless me, I ne'er knew him parallell'd;
Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.

Enter two Gentlemen and Shamont.

2 *Gent.* With much fair Language we have brought him.

Duke. Thanks——
Where is he? 2 *Gent.* Yonder, Sir.

Duke. Come forward, Man.

Sham. Pray pardon me, I'm asham'd to be seen, Sir.

Duke. Was ever such a touchy Man heard of?
Prithee come nearer.

Sham. More into the Light?
Put not such Cruelty into your Requests, my Lord;
First to disgrace me publickly, and then draw me
Into Mens Eye-sight, with the Shame yet hot
Upon my Reputation.

Duke. What Disgrace, Sir?

Sham. What?
Such as there can be no Forgiveness for,
That I can find in Honour.

Duke. That's moſt ſtrange, Sir.
Sham. Yet I have ſearch'd my Boſom to find one,
And wreſtled with my Inclination,
But 'twill not be; would you had kill'd me, Sir.
With what an eaſe had I forgiven you then?
But to endure a ſtroke from any Hand
Under a puniſhing Angel, which is Juſtice,
Honour diſclaim that Man, for my part chiefly.
Had it been yet the Malice of your Sword,
Though it had cleft me, 't had been noble to me;
You ſhould have found my Thanks paid in a Smile,
If I had fell unworded; but to ſhame me,
With the Correction that your Horſe ſhould have,
Were you ten thouſand times my Royal Lord,
I cannot love you, never, nor deſire
To ſerve you more.
If your Drum call me, I am vow'd to Valour,
But Peace ſhall never know me yours again,
Becauſe I've loſt mine own, I ſpeak to die, Sir:
Would you were gracious that way to take off Shame,
With the ſame ſwiftneſs as you pour it on:
And ſince it is not in the power of Monarchs
To make a Gentleman, which is a ſubſtance,
Only begot of Merit, they ſhould be careful
Not to deſtroy the worth of one ſo rare,
Which neither they can make; nor loſt, repair. [*Exit.*
Duke. Y'ave ſet a fair light, Sir, before my Judgment,
Which burns with wondrous clearneſs; I acknowledge it,
And your Worth with it: but then, Sir, my Love,
My Love——What, gone again?
1 *Gent.* And full of Scorn, my Lord.
Duke. That Language will undo the Man that keeps it,
Who knows no diff'rence 'twixt Contempt and Manhood.
Upon your love to Goodneſs, Gentlemen,
Let me not loſe him long. How now?

Enter a Huntſman.

Huntſ. The Game's at height, my Lord.
Duke. Confound both thee and it, hence break it off;
He hates me, brings me News of any Pleaſure:

I felt

I felt not ſuch a Conflict, ſince I cou'd
Diſtinguiſh betwixt Worthineſs and Blood. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the two Brothers, 1 *Gentleman, with thoſe that were the Maſquers, and the* Cupid.

1 *Gent.* I Heartily commend your Project, Gentlemen,
'Twas wiſe and virtuous.

1 *Bro.* 'Twas for the Safety
Of precious Honour, Sir, which near Blood binds us to:
He promis'd the poor eaſie Fool there Marriage,
There was a good Maiden-head loſt i'th' Belief on't,
Beſhrew her haſty Confidence.

1 *Gent.* Oh no more, Sir,
You make her weep again; alas poor *Cupid*,
Shall ſhe not ſhift herſelf?

1 *Bro.* Oh by no means, Sir;
We dare not have her ſeen yet: All the while
She keeps this Shape, it is but thought Device,
And ſhe may follow him ſo without Suſpicion,
To ſee if ſhe can draw all his wild Paſſions
To one Point only, and that's Love, the main Point:
So far his Highneſs grants, and gave at firſt
Large Approbation to the quick Conceit,
Which then was quick indeed.

1 *Gent.* You make her bluſh infooth.

1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the Flag of Shame, than Grace, Sir.

1 *Gent.* They both give but one kind of Colour, Sir:
If it be baſhfulneſs in that kind taken,
It is the ſame with Grace; and there ſhe weeps again.
In truth y'are too hard, much, much too bitter, Sir,
Unleſs you mean to have her weep her Eyes out,
To play a *Cupid* truly.

1 *Bro.* Come, ha' done then,
We ſhould all fear to ſin firſt; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd, though entertain'd in Mirth,
It muſt be wept out, if it e'er come forth.

1 *Gent.* Now 'tis ſo well, I'll leave you.
1 *Bro.* (16) 'Faith fully welcome, Sir;
Go *Cupid* to your Charge; he's your own now,
If he want Love, none will be blam'd but you.
Cup. The ſtrangeſt Marriage, and unfortunat'ſt Bride
That ever human Memory contain'd;
I cannot be myſelf for't. [*Exit.*

Enter the Clown.

Clown. Oh Gentlemen!
1 *Bro.* How now, Sir, what's the Matter?
Clown. His melancholy Paſſion is half ſpent already,
Then comes his angry Fit at the very Tail on't,
Then comes in my Pain, Gentlemen; h'as beat me
E'en to a Cullis. I am nothing, right worſhipful,
But very Pap, and Jelly: I've no Bones,
(17) My Body's all one Bruiſe, they talk of Ribs
And Chines moſt freely abroad i' the World, why, I
Have no ſuch thing; whoever lives to ſee me
Dead, Gentlemen, ſhall find me all one Mummy
Good to fill Gallipots, and long dildo Glaſſes:
I ſhall not have a Bone to throw at a Dog.
Omnes. Alas poor Vaſſal, how he goes?
Clown. Oh, Gentlemen,
I am unjointed, do but think o'that:
My Breaſt is beat into my Maw, that what I eat
I'm fain to take't in all at Mouth with Spoons;
A lamentable hearing; and 'tis well known,
My Belly is driven into my Back. I earn'd
Four Crowns a Month moſt dearly, Gentlemen,
And one he muſt have when the Fit's upon him,

(16) Faithfully *welcome, Sir.*] Mr. *Sympſon* very juſtly divides *faithfully* into two Words. *'Faith fully welcome.*

(17) *My Body's all one* Buſineſs,] I can't fix any Idea to *Buſineſs* here that does not make it a meer Expletive. I am not ſo ſatisfied with my Conjecture *Bruiſe* as not to wiſh to ſee a better, tho' as it ſeems preferable to the old Reading, it muſt take its Place till it has ſufficient Reaſon for reſigning it again. Since this was wrote I receiv'd Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture.

——*all o'er Bruiſes*

But *one Bruiſe* is more Poetical as well as more Comic.

The

The Privy-purse allows it, and 'tis Thriftiness,
He would break else some forty Pounds in Casements,
And in five hundred Years undo the Kingdom:
I have cast it up to a Quarrel
1 *Bro.* There's a Fellow
Kickt about Court, I would he had his Place, Brother,
But for one fit of his Indignation.
2 *Bro.* And suddenly I've thought upon a Means for't.
1 *Bro.* I prithee how?
2 *Bro.* 'Tis but preferring, Brother,
This Stockfish to his Service, with a Letter
Of Commendations, the same way he wishes it,
And then you win his Heart; for o' my Knowledge
He has laid wait this half Year for a Fellow
That will be beaten, and with a safe Conscience
We may commend the Carriage of this Man in't;
Now Servants he has kept, lusty tall Feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themselves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to stay,
And get good Wages of him, and the Service too
Is ten times milder, Brother, I would not wish it else;
I see the Fellow has a sore crush'd Body,
And the more need he has to be kick'd at ease.
Clown. I sweat Gentlemen, a Kick of ease, send me
To such a Master. 2 *Bro.* No more I say,
We have one for thee a soft-footed
One that wears Wool in's Toes.
Clown. Oh Gentlemen,
Soft Garments may you wear, Master,
Soft Skins may y' wed,
But plump as Pillows, both for White and Red.
And now will I reveal a Secret to you,
Since you provide for my poor Flesh so tenderly,
H'as hir'd meer Rogues out of his Chamber Window,
To beat the Soldier, Monsieur *Shamont*'s Brother.
1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, Sir.
Clown. For no Cause, Gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing Shoulder-points,
With longer Taggs than his.
2 *Bro.* Is not that somewhat?

Birlakin Sir, the difference of long Taggs
Has coſt many a Man's Life, and advanc'd other ſome,
Come follow me.

Clown. See what a Gull am I:
Oh every Man in his Profeſſion;
I know a Thumb now as judiciouſly
As the proudeſt he that walks, I'll except none;
(18) Come to a Tagg, how ſhort I fall?——I'm gone.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lapet.

Lap. I have been ruminating with myſelf,
What Honour a Man loſes by a Kick.
Why; what's a Kick? the fury of a Foot,
Whoſe Indignation commonly is ſtamp'd
Upon the hinder Quarter of a Man,
Which is a Place very unfit for Honour,
The World will confeſs ſo much;
Then what Diſgrace I pray does that Part ſuffer,
Where Honour never comes, I'd fain know that?
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the Pow'r
To move moſt Gallants to take Kicks in time,
And ſpurn out the Duelloes out o' th' Kingdom.
For they that ſtand upon their Honour moſt,
When they conceive there is no Honour loſt,
As by a Table that I have invented
For that Purpoſe alone, ſhall appear plainly,
Which ſhews the Vanity of all Blows at large,
And with what Eaſe they may be took of all ſides,
Numbering but twice o'er the Letters Patience
From *P. A.* to *C. E.* doubt not but in ſmall time
To ſee a Diſſolution of all blood-ſhed,

(18) *Come to a Tagg, how ſhort fall? 'm gone.*] Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, he don't clearly underſtand this, and propoſes to read,

Come to a Tagg? how ſhort! I fall, am gone.

This to me renders it much more difficult; the Pronoun *I* is I believe all that is neceſſary to be added.

Come to a Tagg, how ſhort I *fall?*

i. e. When you come to talk of Taggs, how ſhort I fall in Knowledge? I never dreamt that the difference of Taggs could have coſt Men their Lives. Then at going out he ſays by way of ſhewing his Expedition.

——— ———*I'm gone.*

If

If the reform'd *Kick* do but once get up;
For what a lamentable Folly 'tis,
If we obſerve't, for every little Juſtle,
Which is but the ninth part of a ſound Thump,
In our meek Computation, we muſt fight forſooth, yes,
If I kill, I'm hang'd; if I be kill'd myſelf,
I die for't alſo: Is not this trim Wiſdom?
Now for the *Con*, a Man may be well beaten,
Yet paſs away his fourſcore Years ſmooth after:
I had a Father did it, and to my Power
I will not be behind him.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Oh well met.
Lap. Now a fine *Punch* or two, I look for't duly.
Sham. I've been to ſeek you.
Lap. Let me know your Lodging, Sir.
I'll come to you once a Day, and uſe your Pleaſure, Sir.
Sham. I'm made the fitteſt Man for thy Society;
I'll live and die with thee; come ſhew me a Chamber.
There is no Houſe but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I've took a Blow, Sirrah.
Lap. I would you had indeed: why, you may ſee, Sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my Book's out.
Sham. Since I did ſee thee laſt, I've took a Blow.
Lap. Pha, Sir, that's nothing, I ha' took forty ſince.
Sham. What? and I charg'd thee thou ſhouldſt not?
Lap. Ay Sir, you might charge your Pleaſure;
But they will give't me, whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk without my Peace, I've no Companion now;
Prithee reſolve me, for I cannot ask
A Man more beaten to Experience,
Than thou art in this kind, what manner of Blow
Is held the moſt diſgraceful, or diſtaſteful?
For thou doſt only cenſure 'em by the Hurt,
Not by the ſhame they do thee; yet having felt
Abuſes of all kinds, thou may'ſt deliver,
Though't be by chance, the moſt injurious one.
Lap. You put me to't, Sir; but to tell you Truth,
They're

They're all as one with me, little Exception.

Sham. That little may do much, let's have it from you.

Lap. With all the ſpeed I may; firſt then, and foremoſt, I hold ſo reverently of the *Baſtinado*, Sir, That if it were the deareſt Friend i' th' World, I'd put it into his Hand.

Sham. Go too, I'll paſs that then.

Lap. Y'are the more happy, Sir, Would I were paſt it too: But being accuſtom'd to't, it is the better carried.

Sham. Will you forward?

Lap. Then there's your *Souſe*, your *Wherit* and your *Dowſt*, *Tugs* on the Hair, your *Bob* o'th' Lips, a Whelp on't, I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *Thump*, A thing deriv'd firſt from your Hemp-beaters, (19) Takes a Man's Wind away moſt ſpitefully: But, There's nothing that deſtroys a Cholick like it, For't leaves no Wind i'th' Body.

Sham. On, Sir, on.

Lap. Pray give me leave, I'm out of Breath with thinking on't.

Sham This is far off yet.

Lap. For the *Twinge* by th' Noſe, 'Tis certainly unſightly, ſo my Table ſays, But helps againſt the Headach, wond'rous ſtrangely.

Sham. Is't poſſible?

Lap. Oh your *cruſh'd Noſtrils* ſlakes your *Opilation*, And makes your pent Pow'rs fluſh to wholeſome ſneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that Virtue In a wrung Noſe before.

Lap. Oh Plenitude, Sir: Now come we lower to our *modern Kick*, Which has been mightily in uſe of late, Since our young Men drank *Coltsfoot*; and I grant you, 'Tis a moſt ſcornful Wrong, cauſe the Foot plays it;

(19) *Takes a Man's Wind away moſt ſpitefully: There's nothing that deſtroys a Cholick like it,*] The Particle *but* between theſe Sentences is ſo neceſſary to the Humour of the Paſſage, and to diſtinguiſh properly the good Effects of the *Thump* from the bad ones, that I look on it only as an accidental Omiſſion of the Preſs.

But

But mark again, how we that take't, requite it
With the like Scorn, for we receive it backward,
And can there be a worſe Diſgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lap. All but a *Lug by th' Ear*,
Or ſuch a Trifle.
Sham. Happy Sufferer,
All this is nothing to the Wrong I bear:
I ſee the worſt Diſgrace, thou never felt'ſt yet,
It is ſo far from thee thou can'ſt not think on't,
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis ſo abject.
Lap. I would you would though, that I might prepare for't,
For I ſhall ha't at one time or another.
If't be a *Thwack*, I make account of that;
There's no new-faſhion'd *Swap* that e'er came up yet,
But I've the firſt on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

Enter the Lady and Servants.

Lady. Haſt thou enquir'd?
Serv. But can hear nothing, Madam.
Sham. (20) Ha! If there be but ſo much Subſtance in thee
To make a Shelter for a Man diſgrac'd,
Hide my Departure from that glorious Woman
That comes with all Perfection about her,
So noble, that I dare not be ſeen of her,
Since Shame took hold of me: upon thy Life
No mention of me.
Lap. I'll cut out my Tongue firſt,
Before I'll loſe my Life, there's more belongs to't.
Lady. See there's a Gentleman, enquire of him.
2 *Serv.* For Monſieur *Shamont*, Madam?
Lady. For whom elſe, Sir?
1 *Serv.* Why, this Fellow dares not ſee him.
Lady. How?

(20) *If there be but ſo much Subſtance in thee*] The Verſe here wanting a Syllable, and a Note of Exclamation at *Shamont*'s Surpriſe and Shame to ſee his Miſtreſs, ſeeming neceſſary, it is ſuppoſed an Omiſſion and reſtor'd.

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv. Shamont*, Madam?
His very Name's worſe than a Fever to him,
And when he cries, there's nothing ſtills him ſooner;
Madam, your Page of thirteen is too hard for him,
'Twas try'd i'th' Wood-yard.

Lady. Alas poor grieved Merit!
What is become of him? if he once fail,
Virtue ſhall find ſmall Friendſhip; farewel then
To Ladies worths, for any hope in Men;
He lov'd for Goodneſs, not for Wealth, or Luſt,
After the World's foul dotage, he ne'er courted
The Body, but the Beauty of the Mind,
A thing which common Courtſhip never thinks on:
All his Affections were ſo ſweet and fair,
There is no Hope for Fame if he deſpair.

[*Exit Lady and Servant.*

Enter the Clown; he kicks Lapet.

Lap. Good morrow to you again moſt heartily, Sir,
Cry you mercy, I heard you not, I was ſomewhat buſie.

Clown. He takes it as familiarly as an *Ave*,
Or precious Salutation: I was ſick till I had one,
Becauſe I am ſo us'd to't.

Lap. However you deſerve, your Friends and mine here
Give you large Commendations i' this Letter,
They ſay you will endure well.

Clown. I'd be loath
To prove 'em Liars: I've endur'd as much
As mortal Pen and Ink can ſet me down for,

Lap. Say you me ſo?

Clown. I know and feel it ſo, Sir,
I have it under Black and White already;
I need no Pen to paint me out.

Lap. He fits me,
And hits my Wiſhes pat, pat: I was ne'er
In poſſibility to be better mann'd.
For he's half lame already, I ſee't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make
The Raſcal proud, and dear, t' advance his Wages;
Firſt, let me grow into Particulars with you;

What

What have you endur'd of Worth? let me hear that.
Clown. Marry, Sir, I am almoſt beaten blind.
Lap. That's pretty well for a beginning,
But many a Mill-horſe has endur'd as much.
Clown. Shame o' th' Miller's Heart for his Unkindneſs then.
Lap. Well, Sir, what then?
Clown. I have been twice thrown down Stairs juſt before Supper.
Lap. Pooh, ſo have I, that's nothing.
Clown. Ay, but Sir,
Was yours pray before Supper?
Lap. There thou poſeſt me.
Clown. Ay marry, that's it, 't had been leſs Grief to me,
Had I but fill'd my Belly, and then tumbled,
But to be flung down faſting, there's the Dolour.
Lap. It would have griev'd me, that indeed: Proceed, Sir.
Clown. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' Hair o'th' Head
About a Gallery, half an Acre long.
Lap. Yes, that's a good one, I muſt needs confeſs,
A principal good one that, an abſolute good one;
I have been trod upon, and ſpurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' Hair, I thank my Fates.
Clown. Oh 'tis a ſpiteful Pain.
Lap. Peace, never ſpeak on't,
For putting Men in mind on't.
Clown. To conclude,
I'm burſten, Sir, my Belly will hold no Meat.
Lap. No? that makes amends for all.
Clown. Unleſs 't be Puddings,
Or ſuch faſt Food, any looſe Thing beguiles me,
I'm ne'er the better for't.
Lap. Sheeps-heads will ſtay with thee?
Clown. Yes, Sir, or Chaldrons.
Lap. Very well, Sir:
Your burſten Fellows muſt take heed of Surfeits:
Strange things it ſeems, you have endur'd.
Clown. Too true, Sir.
Lap. But now the Queſtion is, what you will endure Here-

Hereafter in my Service?

Clown. Any thing
That ſhall be Reaſon, Sir, for I'm but Froth;
Much like a thing new calv'd, or to come more near, Sir,
You've ſeen a Cluſter of Frog-ſpawns in *April*,
Ev'n ſuch a Starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green Woman yet.

Lap. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.

Clown. Oh I, ſweet Sir.

Lap. Peace, when thou art offer'd well, leſt I begin now.
Your Friends and mine have writ here, for your Truth
They'll paſs their Words themſelves, and I muſt meet 'em.
[*Exit.*

Clown. Then have you all:
(21) As for my Honeſty, there's no fear of that,
For I have never a whole Bone about me. [*Exit.*

Muſick. Enter the paſſionate Couſin, rudely and careleſly apparel'd, unbrac'd, and untruſs'd. The Cupid *following.*

Cup. Think upon Love, which makes all Creatures handſome,
Seemly for Eye-ſight; go not ſo diffuſedly,
There are great Ladies purpoſe, Sir, to viſit you.

Paſ. Grand Plagues, ſhut in my Caſements, that the Breaths
Of their Coach-mares reek not into my Noſtrils;
Thoſe Beaſts are but a kind of bawdy Fore-runners.

Cup. It is not well with you,
When you ſpeak ill of fair Ladies.

Paſ. Fair Miſchiefs, give me a Neſt of Owls and take 'em;
Happy is he, ſay I, whoſe Window opens

(21) *As for my Honeſty, there is no fear of that,*
For I have never a whole Bone about me.] Mr. *Sympſon* obſerves that this is a very unaccountable Reaſon for a Man's being honeſt. It certainly is ſo in general, but not in this Place. The *Clown* means by *Honeſty* here, his *Veracity* in the Account he had given of himſelf, and all his Bones being broke was a pretty ſtrong Teſtimony of it.

To

To a brown Baker's Chimney, he ſhall be ſure there
(22) To hear the Night-bird's Summons after Twilight.
What a fine thing 'tis methinks to have our Garments
Sit looſe upon us thus, thus careleſly,
It is more manly, and more mortifying;
For we're ſo much the readier for our Shrouds:
For how ridiculous wer't, to have Death come,
And take a Fellow pin'd up like a Miſtreſs?
About his Neck a Ruff, like a pinch'd Lanthorn,
Which School-boys make in Winter; and his Doublet
So cloſe and pent, as if he fear'd one Priſon
Would not be ſtrong enough to keep his Soul in,
But's Taylor makes another;
And truſt me, (for I know't when I lov'd, *Cupid*,)
He does endure much Pain, for the poor Praiſe
Of a neat-fitting Suit.

Cup. One may be handſom, Sir,
And yet not pain'd, nor proud.

Paſ. There you lye, *Cupid*,
As bad as *Mercury:* There is no handſomneſs,
But has a Waſh of Pride and Luxury,
And you go there too, *Cupid.* Away Diſſembler,
Thou tak'ſt the Deed's part, which befools us all;
(23) Thy Arrows ſhoot at Sinners; hence away, And

(22) *To hear the* Bird ſometimes *after Twilight.*] The Deficiency of the Meaſure firſt gave a Suſpicion of ſome Loſs in this Line: In the next place *ſometimes* ſeems a degrading Expletive, which has, I believe, excluded a noble poetical Image. It muſt be obſerv'd that the melancholy Fit, which ends in one of the fineſt Songs that ever was penn'd, is now coming faſt upon him, therefore Images of Solemnity and Horror, tho' yet mix'd with ſome Degree of Oddity, begin to ſeize him; and the Reader will ſee what a ſmall Change of Letters, together with the reſtoring the Monoſyllable which ſeems to have been accidentally dropt, will improve this into a very fine one:

——— *he ſhall be ſure there*
To hear the Night-Bird's Summons *after Twilight.*

(23) *Thy Arrow* Heads *ſhoot* out *Sinners;*———] I believe every Reader will aſſent to the Change of *out* to *at*; but I have ventur'd at a greater Change, and to read,

Thy Arrows ſhoot at *Sinners;*———

Expunging *Heads* as ſpurious, it injuring both Senſe and Meaſure, tho' it does not abſolutely deſtroy either. The way I ſuppoſe it to have crept into the Text is this. 'Tis well known that the moſt common Error

And after thee I'll ſend a powerful Charm,
Shall baniſh thee for ever.
Cup. Never, never,
I am too ſure thine own. [*Exit.*

Paſ. Sings.

Hence all you vain Delights,
As ſhort as are the Nights
Wherein you ſpend your Folly;
There's nought in this Life ſweet,
If Man were wiſe to ſee't,
But only Melancholy,
Oh ſweeteſt Melancholy.
Welcome folded Arms, and fixed Eyes,
A Sigh that piercing mortifies,
A Look that's faſt'ned to the Ground,
A Tongue chain'd up without a Sound.

Fountain Heads, and pathleſs Groves,
Places which pale Paſſion loves:
Moon-light Walks, when all the Fowls
Are warmly hous'd, ſave Bats and Owls;
A mid-night Bell, a parting Groan,
Theſe are the Sounds we feed upon;
Then ſtretch our Bones in a ſtill gloomy Valley,
(24) *Nothing's ſo dainty ſweet, as lovely Melancholy.* [Exit.

Error of Tranſcribers is their taking a Word into a Line that belongs to the next above or below. I ſuppoſe therefore the Prompter's Copy to have accidentally inſerted *Deeds* (which had no Apoſtrophe in any former Edition) into this Line, which making abſolute Nonſenſe, the Editors of the firſt Edition gave *Heads* as an Emendation. I find that Mr. *Sympſon* thinks the *Deed's part* unintelligible as well as the Line I have amended. I am ſurpris'd that a married Man ſhould be at a loſs to know what *Deed* Cupid *incites to.*

(24) *Nothing's ſo dainty*——] *Milton* certainly took many of his Sentiments in his *Il Penſoroſo* from this Song. We have here the Plan which is there drawn out into larger Dimenſions, and is one of the fineſt poetic Buildings that *England* has to boaſt of.

Enter

Enter at another Door Lapet, *the* Cupid's *Brothers watching his coming.*

1 *Bro.* So, ſo, the Woodcock's ginn'd;
Keep this Door faſt, Brother.
2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.
1 *Bro.* I'll go incenſe him inſtantly;
I know the way to't.
2 *Bro.* Will't not be too ſoon, think you,
And make two Fits break into one?
1 *Bro.* Pah, no, no; the Tail of his Melancholy
Is always the Head of his Anger, and follows as cloſe,
As the Report follows the Powder.
Lap. This is the appointed Place, and the Hour's ſtruck,
If I can get Security for's Truth,
I'll never mind his Honeſty; poor Worm,
I durſt lay him by my Wife, which is a Benefit
Which many Maſters ha' not: I ſhall ha' no Maid
Now got with Child, but what I get myſelf,
And that's no ſmall Felicity; in moſt Places
They're got by th' Men, and put upon the Maſters:
Nor ſhall I be reſiſted when I ſtrike,
For he can hardly ſtand; theſe are great Bleſſings.
Paſ. I want my Food, deliver me a Varlet. [*Within.*
Lap. How now, from whence comes that?
Paſ. I am allow'd a Carcaſe to inſult on;
Where is the Villain?
Lap. He means not me, I hope.
Paſ. My Maintenance, Raſcals; my Bulk, my Exhibition.
Lap. Bleſs us all,
What Names are theſe? Would I were gone again.

The Paſſionate Man enters in fury with a Truncheon.

He Sings.

A Curſe upon thee for a Slave,
Art thou here, and heardſt me rave?

Fly not Sparkles from mine Eye,
(25) *To ſhew my Indignation nigh?*
Am I not all Foam and Fire,
With Voice as hoarſe as a Town-crier?
How my Back opes and ſhuts together
With Fury, as old Mens with Weather?
Could'ſt thou not hear my Teeth gnaſh hither?

Lap. No truly, Sir, I thought it had been a Squirrel Shaving a Hazel-nut.

Paſ. Death, Hell, Fiends and Darkneſs, I will thraſh thy maungy Carcaſe.

Lap. Oh, ſweet Sir.

Paſ. There cannot be too many Tortures, Spent upon thoſe louſy Quarters.

Lap. Hold, oh. [*Falls down for dead.*

Paſ. Thy Bones ſhall rue, thy Bones ſhall rue.

Sings again.

Thou naſty, ſcurvy, mungril Toad,
Miſchief on thee;
Light upon thee,
All the Plagues
That can confound thee,
Or did ever reign Abroad:
Better a Thouſand Lives it coſt,
Than have brave Anger ſpilt or loſt. [Exit.

Lap. May I open mine Eyes yet, and ſafely peep: I'll try a Groan firſt—Oh—Nay then he's gone. There was no other Policy but to die, He would ha' made me elſe. Ribs, are you ſore? I was ne'er beaten to a Tune before.

(25) *To ſhew my Indignation nigh?*] *i. e.* The Effects of Indignation in beating the firſt he could meet with. Mr. *Sympſon* thinks we ſhould read *high*, which is indeed good Senſe, but not neceſſary.

Enter

Enter the two Brothers.

1 *Bro. Lapet.*

Lap. Again? [*Falls again.*

1 *Bro.* Look, look, he's flat again,
And ſtretch'd out like a Coarſe, a Handful longer
Than he walks, truſt me, Brother. Why *Lapet*;
I hold my Life we ſhall not get him ſpeak now:
Monſieur *Lapet*; it muſt be a privy Token,
If any thing fetch him, he's ſo far gone.
We come to paſs our Words for your Man's Truth.

Lap. Oh, Gentlemen, y'are welcome: I've been thraſh'd i' faith.

2 *Bro.* How? thraſh'd, Sir?

Lap. Never was *Shrove-Tueſday* Bird
So cudgell'd, Gentlemen.

1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom, Sir?

Lap. Nay, that I know not.

1 *Bro.* Not who did this Wrong?

Lap. Only a thing came like a walking Song.

1 *Bro.* What, beaten with a Song?

Lap. Never more tightly, Gentlemen:
Such Crotchets happen now and then, methinks
He that endures well, of all Waters drinks. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Shamont's *Brother the Soldier, and* 1 *Gentleman.*

Sold. YES, yes, this was a Madman, Sir, with you,
A paſſionate Madman.

1 *Gent.* Who would ha' look'd for this, Sir?

Sold. And muſt be privileg'd; a Pox privilege him:
I was never ſo dry beaten ſince I was born,
And by a litter of Rogues, meer Rogues, the whole twenty
(26) Had not above nine Elbows 'mongſt 'em all too:

(26) *Had not above* ——— *Elbows*] What was the Cauſe of this Hiatus being made in the late Editions I can't gueſs. The *old Folio* reads, *nine Elbows.*

And the moſt part of thoſe, left-handed Raſcals,
The very Vomit, Sir, of Hoſpitals,
Bridewels, and Spittle-houſes; ſuch naſty Smellers,
That if they'd been unfurniſh'd of Club-Truncheons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very Stink,
It was ſo ſtrong, and ſturdy: And ſhall this,
This filthy Injury, be ſet off with Madneſs?

1 *Gent.* Nay, take your own Blood's Counſel, Sir, hereafter;
I'll deal no further in't: If you remember,
It was not come to Blows, when I advis'd you.

Sold. No, but I ever ſaid 'twould come to ſomething,
And 'tis upon me, thank him: Were he kin
To all the mighty Emperors upon Earth,
He has not now in Life three Hours to reckon;
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

1 *Gent.* Your noble Brother, Sir, I'll leave you now. [*Exit.*

Sham. Soldier, I would I could perſuade my Thoughts
From thinking thee a Brother, as I can
My Tongue from naming on't: Thou haſt no Friend here,
But Fortune and thy own Strength; truſt to them.
Treachery to Virtue!
Thy Treachery, thy faithleſs Circumvention:
Has Honour ſo few Daughters, never fewer,
And muſt thou aim thy Treachery at the beſt?
The very front of Virtue, that bleſt Lady?
The Duke's Siſter?
Created more for Admiration's Cauſe,
Than for Love's Ends; whoſe Excellency ſparkles
More in Divinity, than mortal Beauty;
And as much Difference 'twixt her Mind and Body,
As 'twixt this Earth's poor Centre and the Sun:
And could'ſt thou be ſo injurious to fair Goodneſs,
Once to attempt to court her down to Frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is Weakneſs,
Sin, and Deſire, which ſhe ſhould never hear of?
Wretch, thou'ſt committed worſe than Sacrilege,

In

In the attempting on't, and ought'ſt to die for't.
Sold. I rather ought to do my beſt to live, Sir.
Provoke me not; for I've a Wrong ſits on me,
That makes me apt for Miſchief; I ſhall loſe
All Reſpects ſuddenly of Friendſhip, Brotherhood,
Or any Sound that way.
Sham. But 'ware we moſt;
For I come with a two-edg'd Injury;
Both my Diſgrace, and thy apparent Falſhood,
Which muſt be dangerous.
Sold. I courted her, Sir?
Love ſtarve me with Delays, when I confeſs it not.
Sham. There's nothing then but Death
Can be a Penance fit for that Confeſſion.
Sold. But far from any vitious Taint.
Sham. Oh Sir,
Vice is a mighty Stranger grown to Courtſhip.
Sold. Nay, then the Fury of my Wrong light on thee.

Enter 1 *Gentleman, and others.*

1 *Gent.* Forbear, the Duke's at hand,
Here, hard at hand, upon my Reputation.
Sold. I muſt do ſomething now. [*Exit.*
Sham. I'll follow you cloſe, Sir.
1 *Gent.* We muſt intreat you muſt not; for the Duke
Deſires ſome Conference with you.
Sham. Let me go,
As ye are Gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Faith we dare not, Sir.
Sham. Dare ye be falſe to Honour, and yet dare not
Do a Man Juſtice? Give me leave——
1 *Gent.* Good ſweet Sir,
H'as ſent twice for you.
Sham. Is this brave, or manly?
1 *Gent.* I prithee be conform'd.
Sham. Death——

Enter Duke.

2 *Gent.* Peace, he's come in troth.
Sham. Oh have you betray'd me to my Shame afreſh?

How am I bound to loath you?
Duke. Shamont, welcome,
I ſent twice.
2 *Gent.* But, my Lord, he never heard on't.
Sham. Pray pardon him for his Falſeneſs, I did, Sir,
Both times; I'd rather be found rude, than faithleſs.
Duke. I love that Bluntneſs dearly: h'as no Vice,
But is more manly than ſome others Virtue,
That lets it out only for Shew or Profit.
Sham. Will't pleaſe you quit me, Sir, I've urgent Buſineſs?
Duke. Come, you're ſo haſty now, I ſent for you
To a better End.
Sham. And if it be an End,
Better or worſe, I thank your Goodneſs for't.
Duke. I've ever kept that Bounty in Condition,
And Thankfulneſs in Blood, which well becomes
Both Prince and Subject, that where any Wrong
Bears my Impreſſion, or the haſty Figure
Of my repented Anger; I'm a Law
Ev'n to myſelf, and doom myſelf moſt ſtrictly
To Juſtice, and a noble Satisfaction:
So that, what you, in tenderneſs of Honour,
Conceive to be loſs to you, which is nothing
But curious Opinion, I'll reſtore again,
Although I give you the beſt part of *Genoa*,
And take to boot but Thanks for your Amends.
Sham. Oh miſerable Satisfaction,
Ten times more wretched than the Wrong itſelf;
Never was ill better made good with worſe:
Shall it be ſaid, that my Poſterity
Shall live the ſole Heir of their Father's Shame?
And raiſe their Wealth and Glory from my Stripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous Sir,
For my Diſgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-laſting Braſs or Marble:
This is my Fear's Conſtruction, and a deep one,
Which neither Argument nor Time can alter:
Yet I dare ſwear, I wrong your Goodneſs in't, Sir,
And the moſt fair Intent on't, which I reverence

With

With Admiration, that in you, a Prince,
Should be ſo ſweet and temperate a Condition,
To offer to reſtore where you may ruin,
And do't with Juſtice; and in me a Servant,
So harſh a Diſpoſition, that I cannot
Forgive where I ſhould Honour, and am bound to't.
(27) But I have ever had that Curioſity
In Blood, and Tenderneſs of Reputation,
Such an Antipathy againſt a Blow,
I cannot ſpeak the reſt: Good Sir, diſcharge me,
It is not fit that I ſhould ſerve you more,
Nor come ſo near you; I'm made now for Privacy,
And a retir'd Condition, that's my Suit,
To part from Court for ever, my laſt Suit;
And as you profeſs Bounty, grant me that, Sir.

Duke. I would deny thee nothing.

Sham. Health reward you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Duke. He's gone again already, and takes hold
Of any Opportunity; not Riches
Can purchaſe him, nor Honours, peaceably,
And Force were brutiſh: What a great Worth's gone with him,
And but a Gentleman? Well, for his ſake,
I'll ne'er offend more *thoſe I cannot make*;
They were his Words, and ſhall be dear to Memory.
Say I deſire to ſee him once again;
Yet ſtay, he's ſo well forward of his Peace,
'Twere pity to diſturb him: He would groan
Like a Soul fetch'd again; and that were Injury,
And I've wrong'd his Degree too much already.
Call forth the Gentlemen of our Chamber inſtantly.

(27) *But I have ever had that Curioſity*] *Curioſity* has both in theſe Authors and *Shakeſpear* been ſo often put where *Courteſy* has ſeem'd to the Editors of both the better Word, that I begin to doubt whether we have not all been wrong in making the Change, as in *Lear*,

——— ——— *permit*
The Curioſity *of Nations to deprive me.*

I cannot now recollect where it has been alter'd in this Edition. There is certainly a tolerable Idea to be affix'd to it, particularly in the Paſſage above, ſo that I'll change it no more.

1 *Serv.* [*Within.*] I ſhall, my Lord.

Duke. I may forget again,
And therefore will prevent: The Strain of this
Troubles me ſo, one would not hazard more.

Enter 1 *Gent. and divers others.*

Gent. Your Will, my Lord?

Duke. Yes, I diſcharge you all.

2 *Gent.* My Lord———

Duke. Your Places ſhall be otherwiſe diſpos'd of.

4 *Gent.* Why, Sir?

Duke. Reply not, I diſmiſs you all:
Y'are Gentlemen, your Worths will find you Fortunes;
Nor ſhall your Farewel tax me of Ingratitude.
I'll give you all noble Remembrances,
As Teſtimonies 'gainſt Reproach and Malice,
That you departed lov'd.

3 *Gent.* This is moſt ſtrange, Sir.

1 *Gent.* But how is your Grace furniſh'd, theſe diſmiſs'd?

Duke. Seek me out Grooms,
Men more inſenſible of Reputation,
Leſs curious and preciſe in Terms of Honour,
That if my Anger chance let fall a Stroke,
As we are all ſubject to impetuous Paſſions,
Yet it may paſs unmurmur'd, undiſputed,
And not with braver Fury proſecuted. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* It ſhall be done, my Lord.

3 *Gent.* Know you the Cauſe, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Not I, kind Gentlemen, but by Conjectures,
And ſo much ſhall be yours when you pleaſe.

4 *Gent.* Thanks, Sir.

3 *Gent.* We ſhall i'th' mean time think ourſelves guilty
Of ſome foul Fault, through Ignorance committed.

1 *Gent.* No, 'tis not that, nor that way.

4 *Gent.* For my part,
I ſhall be diſ-inherited, I know ſo much.

1 *Gent.* Why, Sir, for what?

4 *Gent.* My Sire's of a ſtrange Humour,
He'll form Faults for me, and then ſwear 'em mine,
And commonly the firſt begins with Leachery,

He

He knows his own Youth's Treſpaſs,
1 *Gent.* Before you go,
I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all, Sirs.
3 *Gent.* Thou wert ever juſt and kind. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* That's my poor Virtue, Sir,
(28) And Parcel valiant; but it's hard to be perfect:
The chuſing of theſe Fellows now will puzzle me,
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no Judgment
Goes true upon Man's Outſide, there's the Miſchief:
He muſt be touch'd, and try'd, for Gold or Droſs;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too;
But ſince I'm put in Truſt, I will attempt it,
The Duke ſhall keep one daring Man about him.

Enter a Gallant.

Soft, who comes here? a pretty Bravery this:
Every one goes ſo like a Gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a Difference, but by th' Touch.
I'll try your Metal ſure. [*Strikes him.*
Gal. Why, what do you mean, Sir?
1 *Gent.* Nay, and you underſtand it not, I do not.
Gal. Yes, would you ſhould well know,
I underſtand it for a Box o' th' Ear, Sir.
1 *Gent.* And o' my Troth, that's all I gave it for.
Gal. 'Twere beſt it be ſo.
1 *Gent.* This is a brave Coward,
A jolly threat'ning Coward; he ſhall be Captain:
Sir, let me meet you an Hour hence i' th' Lobby.
Gal. Meet you? (29) the World might laugh at me then i' faith.
1 *Gent.* Lay by your Scorn and Pride, they've ſcurvy Qualities,
And meet me, or I'll Box you while I have you,
And carry you gambril'd thither like a Mutton.
Gal. Nay, and you be in earneſt, here's my Hand,
I will not fail you.

(28) *And Parcel valiant;* ——] *i. e.* In part, or partly valiant.
(29) —— *the World might laugh at* you *then i' faith.*] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in the Correction.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* 'Tis for your own good.
Gal. Away.
1 *Gent.* Too much for your own good, Sir, a pox on you.
Gal. I prithee curse me all Day long so.
1 *Gent.* Hang you.
Gal. I'll make him mad; he's loth to curse too much to me:
Indeed I never yet took Box o'th' Ear,
But it redounded, I must needs say so—
1 *Gent.* Will you be gone?
Gal. Curse, curse, and then I go.
Look how he grins, I've anger'd him to th' Kidneys.
[*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* Was ever such a prigging Coxcomb seen?
One might have beat him dumb now in this Humour,
And he'd a grin'd it out still.

Enter a plain Fellow.

Oh, here's one made to my Hand,
Methinks looks like a Craven;
Less Pains will serve his Trial, some slight Justle.
Fel. How? take you that, Sir,
And if that content you not———
1 *Gent.* Yes, very well, Sir, I desire no more.
Fel. I think you need not;
For you have not lost by't. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd a Gentleman?
I'll never trust long Chins and little Legs again,
I'll know 'em sure for Gentlemen hereafter;
A Gristle but in shew, but gave his Cuff
With such a Fetch, and reach of Gentery,
As if h' had had his Arms before the Flood;
I have took a villainous hard Task upon me,
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, *and Clown his Servant, and so habited.*

Oh, here comes a try'd Piece, now the reform'd Kick.
The Millions of Punches, Spurns, and Nips

That

That he has endur'd? His Buttock's all black Lead,
He's half a *Negro* backward; he was paſt a *Spaniard*
In Eighty-eight, and more *Ægyptian* like;
His Table and his Book come both out ſhortly,
And all the Cowards in the Town expect it.
So, if I fail of my full Number now,
I ſhall be ſure to find 'em at Church Corners,
Where *Dives* and the Suff'ring Ballads hang.
Lap. Well, ſince that thou art of ſo mild a Temper,
Of ſo meek a Spirit, thou may'ſt live with me,
'Till better Times do ſmile on thy Deſerts.
I'm glad I am got home again.
Clown. I am happy in your Service, Sir,
You'll keep me from the Hoſpital.
Lap. So, bring me the laſt Proof, this is corrected.
Clown. Ay, y'are too full of your Correction, Sir.
Lap. Look I have perfect Books within this half Hour.
Clown. Yes, Sir.
Lap. Bid him put all the *Thumps* in *Pica Roman*,
And with great T's you Vermin, as *Thumps* ſhould be.
Clown. Then in what Letter will you have your Kicks?
Lap. All in *Italica:* your backward Blows
All in *Italica*, you *Hermophrodite*,
When ſhall I teach you Wit?
Clown. Oh let it alone,
'Till you have ſome yourſelf, Sir.
Lap. You mumble?
Clown. The Victuals are lock'd up,
I'm kept from mumbling. [*Exit.*
Lap. He prints my Blows upon Pot Paper too, the Rogue,
Which had been proper for ſome drunken Pamphlet.
1 *Gent.* Monſieur *Lapet?* How the World rings of you, Sir?
Your Name ſounds far and near.
Lap. A good Report it bears, for an enduring Name—
1 *Gent.* What Luck have you, Sir?
Lap. Why, what's the Matter?
1 *Gent.* I'm but thinking on't.
I've heard you wiſh theſe five Years for a Place,

Now

Now there's one fall'n, and freely without Money too;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot have't.
Lap. No? What's the Reaſon? I'll give Money for't,
Rather than go without, Sir.
1 *Gent.* That's not it, Sir;
The Troth is, there's no Gentleman muſt have it
Either for Love or Money, 'tis decreed ſo;
I was heartily ſorry when I thought upon you,
Had you not been a Gentleman, I had fitted you.
Lap. Who I a Gentleman? a pox I'm none, Sir.
1 *Gent.* How?
Lap. How? Why did you ever think I was?
1 *Gent.* What? Not a Gentleman?
Lap. I would thou'dſt put it upon me i'faith.
Did not my Grandfather cry Cony-skins?
My Father *Aquavitæ?* a hot Gentleman:
All this I ſpeak on, i'your Time and Memory too;
Only a rich Uncle dy'd, and left me Chattels,
You know all this ſo well too——
1 *Gent.* Pray excuſe me, Sir, ha' not you Arms?
Lap. Yes, a poor Couple here,
That ſerve to thruſt in Wild-Fowl.
1 *Gent.* Heralds Arms,
Symbols of Gentry, Sir, you know my Meaning;
They have been ſhewn and ſeen.
Lap. They have.
1 *Gent.* Ay, ſex have they.
Lap. Why, I confeſs, at my Wife's Inſtigation once,
(As Women love theſe Heralds Kickſhaws naturally)
I bought 'em; but what are they think you? Puffs.
1 *Gent.* Why, that's proper to your Name, being *Lapet:*
Which is *La fart*, after the *Engliſh* Letter.
Lap. The Herald, Sir, had much ado to find it.
1 *Gent.* And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the Devil.
Lap. At laſt he look'd upon my Name again,
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me,
The two Cholicks playing upon a Wind-Inſtrument.
1 *Gent.* An excellent proper one; but I pray tell me,
How does he expreſs the Cholicks?

They

They are hard things.
Lap. The Cholicks? with hot Trenchers at their Bellies;
There's nothing better, Sir, to blaze a Cholick.
1 *Gent.* And are not you a Gentleman by this, Sir?
Lap. No, I disclaim't: No Belly-ake upon Earth
Shall make me one; he shall not think
To put his Gripes upon me,
And wring out Gentry so, and ten Pound first.
If the Wind-Instrument will make my Wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a Harper's Grand-child:
But, Sir, for my particular, I renounce it.
1 *Gent.* Or to be call'd so?
Lap. Ay, Sir, or imagin'd.
1 *Gent.* None fitter for the Place; give me thy Hand.
Lap. A hundred thousand Thanks, beside a Bribe, Sir.
1 *Gent.* You must take heed
Of thinking toward a Gentleman now.
Lap. Pish, I am not mad, I warrant you: nay, more, Sir,
If one should twit me i'th' Teeth that I'm a Gentleman,
Twit me their worst, I am but one since *Lammas*,
That I can prove, if they would see my Heart out.
1 *Gent.* Marry in any case keep me that Evidence.

Enter Clown.

Lap. Here comes my Servant, Sir; *Galoshio*,
Has not his Name for nought, he will be trode upon.
What says my Printer now?
Clown. Here's your last Proof, Sir;
You shall have perfect Books now in a Twinkling.
Lap. These Marks are ugly.
Clown. He says, Sir, they're proper:
Blows should have Marks, or else they're nothing worth.
Lap. But why a Peel-crow here?
Clown. I told him so, Sir:
A Scare-crow had been better.
Lap. How, Slave? Look you, Sir,
Did not I say, this *Wherrit*, and this *Bob*,
Should be both *Pica Roman*.
Clown. So said I, Sir, both *Picked Romans*;

And

And he has made 'em *Welſh* Bills.
Indeed I know not what to make on 'em.
Lap. Heyday; a *Souſe*, *Italica?*
Clown. Yes, that may hold, Sir;
Souſe is a *bona roba*, ſo is *Flops* too.
Lap. But why ſtands *Baſtinado* ſo far off here?
Clown. Alas, you muſt allow him room to lay about him, Sir.
Lap. Why lies this *Spurn* lower than that *Spurn*, Sir?
Clown. Marry, this ſignifies one Kick down Stairs, Sir,
The other in a Gallery: I ask'd him all theſe Queſtions.
1 *Gent.* Your Book's Name?
Prithee, *Lapet*, mind me, you never told me yet.
Lap. Marry but ſhall, Sir: 'tis call'd *The Upriſing of the Kick*;
And *The Downfal of the Duello.*
1 *Gent.* Bring that to paſs, you'll prove a happy Member,
And do your Country ſervice: Your young Bloods
Will thank you then, when they ſee Fourſcore.
Lap. I hope
To ſave my hundred Gentlemen a Month by't,
Which will be very good for the private Houſe.
Clown. Look you, your Table's finiſh'd, Sir, already.
Lap. Why then behold my Maſter-piece; ſee, ſee, Sir,
Here's all your Blows, and Blow-men whatſoever,
Set in their lively Colours, Givers and Takers.
1 *Gent.* Troth wondrous fine, Sir.
Lap. Nay, but mark the Poſtures,
The ſtanding of the Takers I admire more than the Givers;
They ſtand ſcornfully, moſt contumeliouſly; I like not them,
Oh here's one caſt into a comely Figure.
Clown. My Maſter means him there that's caſt down headlong.
Lap. How ſweetly does this Fellow take his *Dowſt?*
Stoops like a *Camel*, that Heroick Beaſt,
At a great Load of Nutmegs; and how meekly
This other Fellow here receives his *Whirrit?*
Clown. Oh Maſter, here's a Fellow ſtands moſt gallantly,
Taking his *Kick* in private, behind the Hangings,

And

And raiſing up his Hips to't: But oh, Sir,
How daintily this Man lies trampled on?
Would I were in thy Place, what e'er thou art:
How lovely he endures it?

1 *Gent.* But will not theſe things, Sir, be hard to practiſe, think you?

Lap. Oh, eaſy, Sir; I'll teach 'em in a Dance.

1 *Gent.* How? In a Dance?

Lap. I'll loſe my new Place elſe,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.

1 *Gent.* And now you put me in mind, I could employ it well,
For your Grace, ſpecially: For the Duke's Couſin
Is by this time in's violent Fit of Mirth,
And a Device muſt be ſought out for ſuddenly,
To over-cloy the Paſſion.

Lap. Say no more, Sir,
I'll fit you with my Scholars, new Practitioners,
Endurers of the time.

Clown. Whereof I am one, Sir.

1 *Gent.* You carry it away ſmooth; give me thy Hand, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the two Brothers.

Paſ. HA, ha, ha. [*Within.*

2 *Bro.* Hark, hark, how loud his Fit's grown.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

1 *Bro.* Now let our Siſter loſe no time, but ply it
With all the Power ſhe has.

2 *Bro.* Her Shame grows big, Brother;
The *Cupid*'s Shape will hardly hold it longer,
'Twould take up half an Ell of *China* Damask more,
And all too little; it ſtruts per'louſly:
There is no tamp'ring with theſe *Cupids* longer,
The mere Conceit with Woman-kind works ſtrong.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

2 *Bro.*

2 *Bro.* The Laugh comes nearer now,
'Twere good we were not seen yet. [*Exeunt Brothers.*

Enter Passionate Lord, and Base *his Jester.*

Pas. Ha, ha, ha,
And was he Bastinado'd to the Life? ha, ha, ha.
I prithee say, Lord General, how did the Rascals
Intrench themselves?

Base. Most deeply, politickly, all in Ditches.

Pas. Ha, ha, ha.

Base. 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear Arms in Field again.
H'as much ado to lift 'em to his Head, Sir.

Pas. I would he had.

Base. On either side round Truncheons plaid so thick,
That Shoulders, Chines, nay Flanks, were paid to th' quick.

Pas. Well said Lord General; ha, ha, ha.

Base. But pray how grew the Diff'rence first betwixt you?

Pas. There was never any, Sir; there lies the Jest, Man;
Only because he was taller than his Brother,
There's all my Quarrel to him; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my Mind so gave me, Sir,
I could not sleep for't: Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Another good Jest quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain: ply me, oh, ply me,
As you will answer't to my Cousin Duke.

Base. Alas, who has a good Jest?

Pas. I fall, I dwindle in't.

Base. Ten Crowns for a good Jest: ha' you a good Jest, Sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty moral one,

Base. Let's ha't, whate'er it be.

Serv. There come a *Cupid*
Drawn by six Fools.

Base. That's nothing.

Pas. Help it, help it then.

Base. I ha' known six hundred Fools drawn by a *Cupid*.

Pas. Ay that, that, that's the smarter Moral; ha, ha, ha.

Now

Now I begin to be Song-ripe methinks.

Baſe. I'll ſing you a pleaſant Air, Sir, before you ebb.

S O N G.

Paſ. *Oh how my Lungs do tickle? ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Oh how my Lungs do tickle?' oh, oh, ho, ho.*

Paſ. ſings.

Set a ſharp Jeſt
Againſt my Breaſt,
Then how my Lungs do tickle?
As Nightingales,
And things in Cambrick rails,
Sing beſt againſt a Prickle,
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha.*
Paſ. *Laugh.* Baſ. *Laugh.* Paſ. *Laugh.* Baſ. *Laugh.*
Paſ. *Wide.* Baſ. *Loud.* Paſ. *And vary.*
Baſ. *A Smile is for a ſimpering Novice.*
Paſ. *One that ne'er taſted Caveare,*
Baſ. *Nor knows the ſmack of dear Anchovis.*
Paſ. *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.*
Paſ. *A gigling Waiting-wench for me,*
That ſhews her Teeth how white they be.
Baſ. *A thing not fit for Gravity,*
For theirs are foul and hardly three.
Paſ. *Ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho.*
Paſ. Democritus, *thou ancient Fleerer,*
(30) *How I miſs thy Laugh, and ha-Senſe.*
Baſ. *There you nam'd the famous Jeerer,*

(30) *How I miſs thy Laugh, and* ha' ſince.] After ſome vain Endeavours to make out a Meaning here, I am forced to ſubſtitute *ha-Senſe*, inſtead of *ha' ſince*, which I own a very odd Expreſſion, yet I think not unſuitable to the comic Humour of the Song. *Ha* is the note of Laughter, and therefore *ha-Senſe* will ſignify the *laughing Senſe*, or the Senſe that was contain'd in *Democritus*'s Laughter. *Democritus*, like *Epicurus*, taught that the World was made by Chance, and that Souls dy'd with the Bodies, and us'd to laugh at the Follies of Men in hunting Fame and Wealth with ſo much Toil and Trouble, both which they muſt ſo ſoon inevitably part with.

That e'er jeer'd in Rome *or* Athens.

Paſ. *Ha, ha, ha.*

Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho.*

Paſ. *How brave lives he that keeps a Fool,*
Although the rate be deeper?

Baſ. *But he that is his own Fool, Sir,*
Does live a great deal cheaper.

Paſ. *Sure I ſhall burſt, burſt, quite break, thou art ſo witty.*

Baſ. *'Tis rare to break at Court, for that belongs to th' City.*

Paſ. *Ha, ha, my Spleen is almoſt worn to the laſt laughter.*

Baſ. *Oh keep a corner for a Friend, a Jeſt may come hereafter.*

Enter Lapet *and Clown, and four others, like Fools dancing, the* Cupid *leading, and bearing his Table, and holding it up to* Lapet *at every Strain, and acting the Poſtures.*

Lap. Twinge all now, twinge I ſay.

2 Strain.

Souſe upon Souſe.

3 Strain.

Douſe ſingle.

4 Strain.

Juſtle ſides.

5 Strain.

Knee Belly.

6 Strain.

Kickſee Buttock.

7 Strain.

Lap. Downderry

Enter Soldier, Shamont's *Brother; his Sword drawn.*

Sold. Not angry Law, nor Doors of Braſs ſhall keep me,
From my Wrongs expiation; to thy Bowels,
I return my diſgrace; and after turn
My Face to any Death that can be ſentenc'd.

Baſe. Murder, oh Murder, ſtop the Murderer there—

Lap. I am glad he's gone; h'as almoſt trod my Guts out;
Follow him who liſt for me, I'll ha' no hand in't.

Clown.

Clown. Oh 'twas your luck and mine to be ſquelch'd, Maſter.
H'as ſtamp'd my very Puddings into Pancakes.
Cup. Oh Brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal: help, oh help,
I'm made the wretched'ſt Woman by this Accident,
That ever Love beguil'd.

Enter two Brothers.

2 *Bro.* We are undone, Brother,
Our Shames are too apparent: Away Receptacle
Of Luxury, and Diſhonour, (31) moſt unfortunate,
To make thyſelf but Lackey to thy Spoil,
After thy Sex's manner: lift him up, Brother;
He breathes not to our Comfort, he's too waſted
Ever to cheer us more: A Chirurgeon ſpeedily;
Hence; the unhappieſt that e'er ſtept aſide,
She'll be a Mother, 'fore ſhe's known a Bride.
Cupid. Thou hadſt a moſt unfortunate Conception,
What e'er thou prov'ſt to be; in midſt of Mirth
Comes Ruin, for a welcome to thy Birth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. This is a beautiful Life now; Privacy
The Sweetneſs and the Benefit of Eſſence:
I ſee there is no Man, but may make his Paradiſe;
And it is nothing but his Love and Dotage
Upon the World's foul Joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in Mind and Spirit,
Is ſtill in Paradiſe, and has his Innocence,
Partly allow'd for his Companion too,
As much as ſtands with Juſtice: Here no Eyes

(31) ——— *moſt unfortunate.*
To make thy ſelf but lucky *to thy Spoil,*] If there is a Senſe in this Expreſſion, it has eſcap'd me; nor can I hit on any Emendation very ſatisfactory. If we read *Lackey* for *lucky* it may become Senſe, *viz. To make thyſelf* a Lackey, *Servant or Miniſter of thy own Spoil, a thing which wanton Women frequently do.* I'm forc'd to ſubſtitute this, in the room of *lucky*, tho' not without wiſhing to have hit on ſomething more clear.

Shoot their ſharp-pointed Scorns upon my Shame;
They know no terms of Reputation here,
No punctual Limits, or preciſe Dimenſions:
Plain down-right Honeſty is all the Beauty
And Elegancy of Life found amongſt Shepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or deſiring it,
Quits many a Vexation from the Mind,
With which our quainter Knowledge does abuſe us;
The Name of Envy is a Stranger here,
That drys Mens Bloods abroad, robs Health and Reſt;
Here's no ſuch Fury thought on: no, nor Falſhood,
That brotherly Diſeaſe, fellow-like Devil,
That plays within our Boſom, and betrays us.

Enter 1 *Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* Oh are you here?
Sham. La Nove, 'tis ſtrange to ſee thee.
1 *Gent.* I ha' rid one Horſe to Death,
To find you out, Sir.
Sham. I am not to be found of any Man
That ſaw my Shame, nor ſeen long.
1 *Gent.* Good, your Attention:
You ought to be ſeen now, and found out, Sir,
If ever you deſire before your ending
To perform one good Office, nay, a dear one,
Man's time can hardly match it.
Sham. Be't as precious
As Reputation; if it come from Court
I will not hear on't.
1 *Gent.* You muſt hear of this, Sir.
Sham. Muſt?
1 *Gent.* You ſhall hear it.
Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt die.
1 *Gent.* 'Twere nobler in me,
Than in you living: You will live a Murderer,
If you deny this Office.
Sham. Even to Death, Sir.
1 *Gent.* Why then you'll kill your Brother.
Sham. How?
1 *Gent.* Your Brother, Sir.

Bear

Bear witneſs, Heav'n, this Man deſtroys his Brother
When he may ſave him; his leaſt Breath may ſave him:
Can there be willfuler Deſtruction?
He was forc'd to take a moſt unmanly Wrong,
Above the ſuff'ring Virtue of a Soldier,
Has kill'd his Injurer, a work of Honour;
For which, unleſs you ſave him, he dies ſpeedily.
My Conſcience is diſcharg'd, I'm but a Friend,
A Brother ſhould go forward where I end. [*Exit.*

Sham. Dies?
Say he be naught, that's nothing to my Goodneſs,
Which ought to ſhine through uſe, or elſe it loſes
The glorious Name 'tis known by: He's my Brother;
Yet Peace is above Blood: Let him go; ay,
But where's the Nobleneſs of Affection then?
That muſt be car'd for too, or I'm imperfect;
The ſame Blood that ſtood up in Wrath againſt him,
Now in his Miſery, runs all to Pity;
I'd rather die than ſpeak one Syllable
To ſave myſelf, but living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't, the World's Humanity
Expects it hourly from me: Curſe of Fortune,
I took my leave ſo well too: Let him die,
'Tis but a Brother loſt; ſo pleaſingly,
And ſwiftly I came off, 'twere more than irkſomneſs,
To tread that Path again; and I ſhall never
Depart ſo handſomely: But then where's Poſterity?
The Conſummation of our Houſe and Name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt Love and Shame. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lapet, *Clown*, Poltrot, Moulbazon, *and others, the new Court Officers.*

Lap. Good Morrow, Fellow *Poltrot*, and *Moulbazon*; Good Morrow, Fellows all.

Pol. Monſieur *Lapet?*

Lap. Look, I've remembred you, here's Books apiece for you.

Moul. Oh Sir, we dearly thank you.

Lap. So you may:
There's two Impreſſions gone already, Sirs.
Pol. What no? in ſo ſhort a time?
Lap. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.
My Kick ſells gallantly, I thank my Stars.
Clown. So does your Table; you may thank the Moon too.
Lap. 'Tis the Book ſells the Table.
Clown. But 'tis the Bookſeller,
That has the Mony for 'em, I'm ſure o'that.
Lap. 'Twill much enrich the Company of Stationers,
'Tis thought 'twill prove a laſting Benefit,
Like the *Wiſe Maſters*, and the *Almanacks*,
The hundred *Novels*, and the Book of *Cookery*.
For they begin already to engroſs it,
And make it a Stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a Benefit and Help
For one that's new ſet up: They know their way,
And make him Warden e'er his Beard be grey.
Moul. Is't poſſible ſuch Virtue ſhould lie hid,
And in ſo little Paper?
Lap. How? why there was the *Carpenter*,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous Pamphlet,
Yet no more Paper, by all Computation,
Than *Ajax Telamon* would uſe at once,
Your *Herring* prov'd the like, able to buy
Another *Fiſher*'s Folly, and your *Paſquil*
Went not below the Mad-caps of that time,
And ſhall my elaborate *Kick* come behind, think you?
Clown. Yes, it muſt come behind, 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your Humour.
Lap. Not in ſale, Varlet.
Clown. In ſale, Sir? it ſhall ſail beyond 'em all, I tro.
Lap. What have you there now? oh Page the 21.
Clown. That Page is come to his Years, he ſhould be a Serving Man.
Lap. Mark how I ſnap up the *Duello* there:
One would not uſe a Dog ſo,
I muſt needs ſay; but's for the common good.
Clown. Nay, Sir, your Commons ſeldom fight at Sharp,

But

But buffet in a Warehouse.

Lap. This will save
Many a Gentleman of good Blood from bleeding, Sirs,
I have a Curse from many a Barber-Surgeon;
They'd give but too much Mony to call't in;
Turn to Page 45, see what you find there.

Clown. Oh, out upon him,
Page 45, that's an old Thief indeed.

Enter Duke, the Lady his Sister, and 1 *Gentleman.*

Lap. The Duke, clap down your Books; away *Galoshio.*

Clown. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th' Presence,
They use to shake me off at the Chamber Door still. [*Exit.*

Lady. Good my Lord, grant my Suit; let me not rise
Without the Comfort on't: I have not often
Been tedious in this kind.

Duke. Sister, you wrong yourself,
And those great Virtues that your Fame is made of,
To waste so much Breath for a Murderer's Life.

Lady. You cannot hate th' Offence more than I do, Sir,
Nor the Offender; the Respect I owe
Unto his absent Brother, makes me a Suitor,
A most importunate Sister, make me worthy
But of this one Request.

Duke. I am deaf
To any Importunacy, and sorry
For your forgetfulness; you never injur'd
Your Worth so much, you ought to be rebuk'd for't;
Pursue good Ways, end as you did begin,
'Tis half the Guilt to speak for such a Sin.

Lady. This is Love's beggary right, that now is ours,
When Ladies love, and cannot shew their Powers. [*Exit.*

Duke. La Nove?

1 *Gent.* My Lord.

Duke. Are these our new Attendants?

Lap. We are, my Lord, and will endure as much
As better Men, my Lord, and more I trust.

Duke. What's he?

1 *Gent.* My Lord, a decay'd Gentleman,
That will do any Service.

Duke. A decay'd one?

1 *Gent.* A renounc'd one indeed; for this Place only.

Duke. We renounce him then; go, discharge him instantly.

He that disclaims his Gentry for meer Gains,
That Man's too base to make a Vassal on.

Lap. What says the Duke?

1 *Gent.* Faith little to your comfort, Sir,
You must be a Gentleman again.

Lap. How?

1 *Gent.* There's no Remedy.

Lap. Marry the Fates forefend: ne'er while I breathe, Sir.

1 *Gent.* The Duke will have it so, there's no resisting,
He spy'd it i'your Forehead.

Lap. My Wife's doing.
She thought she should be put below her Betters now,
And su'd to ha' me a Gentleman again.

1 *Gent.* And very likely, Sir,
Marry, I'll give you this comfort when all's done,
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one,
That's all the help you have: Come shew your Pace.

Lap. The heaviest Gentleman that e'er lost Place:
Bear witness, I am forc'd to't. [*Exit.*

Duke. Tho' you have a courser Title yet upon you,
Than those that left your Places, without blame,
'Tis in your Power to make yourselves the same:
I cannot make you Gentlemen, that's a Work
Rais'd from your own Deservings, Merit, Manners,
And in-born Virtue does it. Let your own Goodness
Make you so great, my Power shall make you greater;
And more t'encourage you, this I add again,
There's many Grooms, now exact Gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here:
Is there in Nature such an awful Power,
To force me to this Place? And make me do this?
Is Man's Affection stronger than his Will?
His Resolution? Was I not resolv'd
Never to see this Place more? Do I bear

Within

Within my Breaſt one Blood that confounds th' other?
The Blood of Love, and Will, and the laſt weakeſt?
Had I ten Millions, I wou'd give it all now,
I were but paſt it, or 'twould never come;
For I ſhall never do't, or not do't well,
But ſpoil it utterly betwixt two Paſſions.
Yonder's the Duke himſelf, I will not do't now,
Had twenty Lives their ſeveral Sufferings in him. [*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that went out now?

Pul. I ſaw none, my Lord.

Duke. Nor you?

Moul. I ſaw the glimpſe of one, my Lord.

Duke. Whate'er it was, methought it pleas'd me ſtrangely,
And ſuddenly my Joy was ready for't.
Did you not mark it better?

Pul. and *Moul.* Troth my Lord,
We gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be anſwer'd,
It brings me hither ſtill; by main force hither:
Either I muſt give over to profeſs Humanity,
Or I muſt ſpeak for him.

Duke. 'Tis here again:
No marvel 'twas ſo pleaſing, 'tis delight
And worth itſelf, now it appears unclouded.

Sham. My Lord———
He turns away from me, by this Hand
I am ill-us'd of all ſides, 'tis a Fault
That Fortune ever had t' abuſe a Goodneſs.

Duke. Methought you were ſaying ſomewhat.

Sham. Mark the Language,
As coy as Fate; I ſee 'twill ne'er be granted.

Duke. We little look'd in troth to ſee you here yet.

Sham. Not till the Day after my Brother's Death, I think.

Duke. Sure ſome great Buſineſs drew you.

Sham. No inſooth, Sir,
Only to come to ſee a Brother die, Sir,
That I may learn to go too; and if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a Soldier,

Manly

Manly, and honeſtly; and if he weep then,
I ſhall not think the worſe on's Manhood for't,
Becauſe he's leaving of that Part that has it.

Duke. Has ſlain a noble Gentleman, think on't, Sir.

Sham. I would I could not, Sir.

Duke. Our Kinſman too.

Sham. All this is but worſe, Sir.

Duke. When 'tis at worſt,
Yet ſeeing thee, he lives,

Sham. My Lord———

Duke. He lives,
Believe it as thy Bliſs, he dies not for't:
Will this make Satisfaction for things paſt?

Sham. O my Lord———

Duke. Will it? Speak.

Sham. With greater ſhame to my Unworthineſs.

Duke. Riſe then, we're even: I never found it harder
To keep juſt with a Man, my great Work's ended.
I knew your Brother's Pardon was your Suit, Sir,
However your nice Modeſty held it back.

Sham. I take a Joy now, to confeſs it, Sir.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord———

Duke. Hear me firſt, Sir, what e'er your News be:
Set free the Soldier inſtantly.

Gent. 'Tis done, my Lord.

Duke. How?

Gent. In effect, 'twas part of my News too,
There's fair hope of your Noble Kinſman's Life, Sir.

Duke. What ſay'ſt thou?

Gent. And the moſt admired Change
That living Fleſh e'er had; he's not the Man, my Lord;
Death cannot be more free from Paſſions, Sir,
Than he is at this inſtant; he's ſo meek now,
H' makes thoſe ſeem paſſionate, (32) were never thought ſo:
And for he fears his Moods have oft diſturb'd you, Sir,
He's only haſty now for his Forgiveneſs:

(32) ——— was *never thought* ſo:] Former Editions.

And

And here behold him, Sir.

Enter Paſſion, the Cupid, *and two Brothers.*

Duke. Let me give thanks firſt; our worthy Couſin—
Paſ. Your unworthy trouble, Sir;
For which, with all acknowledg'd Reverence,
I ask your Pardon; and for Injury
More known and wilful: I have choſe a Wife,
Without your counſel, or conſent, my Lord.
Duke. A Wife? Where is ſhe, Sir?
Paſ. This noble Gentlewoman.
Duke. How?
Paſ. Whoſe Honour my forgetful Times much wrong'd.
Duke. He's madder than he was,
Gent. I would ha' ſworn for him.
Duke. The *Cupid*, Couſin?
Paſ. Yes, this worthy Lady, Sir.
Duke. Still worſe and worſe.
1 *Bro.* Our Siſter, under Pardon, my Lord.
Duke. What?
2 *Bro.* Which ſhape Love taught her to aſſume.
Duke. Is't truth then?
Gent. It appears plainly now, below the Waſte, my Lord.
Duke. Shamont, didſt ever read of a She-*Cupid?*
Sham. Never in fiction yet, but it might hold, Sir;
For Deſire is of both Genders.

Enter the Duke's Siſter.

Duke. Make that good here:
I take thee at thy word, Sir.
[*He joins* Shamont's *Hand and his Siſter*'s.
Sham. Oh my Lord,
Love would appear too bold and rude from me,
Honour and Admiration are her Rights,
Her Goodneſs is my Saint, my Lord.
Duke. I ſee
You're both too modeſt to beſtow yourſelves:
I'll ſave that Virtue ſtill, 'tis but my pains: come,
It ſhall be ſo.

Sham.

Sham. This Gift does but ſet forth my Poverty.
Lady. Sir, that which you complain of, is my Riches.

Enter Shamont's *Brother the Soldier.*

Duke. Soldier, now every noiſe ſounds Peace, thou'rt welcome.
Sold. Sir, my Repentance ſues for your bleſt Favour,
Which once obtain'd, no Injury ſhall loſe it;
I'll ſuffer mightier Wrongs.
Duke. Riſe, lov'd and pardon'd:
For where Hope fail'd, nay Art itſelf reſign'd,
Thou'ſt wrought that Cure, which Skill could never find;
Nor did there ceaſe, but to our Peace extend;
Never could Wrongs boaſt of a nobler End.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

OUR Poet bid us ſay, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his Art:
But fears our over-acting Paſſions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd Play,
Yet ſtill he's reſolute, for what is writ,
Of nicer Valour, and aſſumes the Wit:
But for the Love-ſcenes, which he ever meant
Cupid *in's Petticoat ſhould repreſent,*
He'll ſtand no ſhock of Cenſure; the Play's good,
He ſays he knows it, (if well underſtood)
But we (blind God) beg, if thou art Divine,
Thou'lt ſhoot thy Arrows round, this Play was thine.

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*'s Letter to *Ben. Johnſon*, written before he and Mr. *Fletcher* came to *London*, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finiſh'd, which deferr'd their merry Meetings at the *Mermaid*.

THE Sun, (which doth the greateſt Comfort bring
To abſent Friends, becauſe the ſelf-ſame thing
They know they ſee however abſent) is
Here; (Our beſt Hay-makers forgive me this,
It is our Country's Stile) In this warm ſhine
I lye, and dream of your full Mermaid *Wine.*
Oh we have Water mix'd with Claret Lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier Hereſies
Than Beer, good only for the Sonnets ſtrain
With fuſtian Metaphors to ſtuff the Brain,
So mix'd, that given to the thirſtieſt one,
'Twill not prove Alms, unleſs he have the Stone:
I think with one Draught Man's Invention fades,
Two Cups had quite ſpoil'd Homer's Iliads;
'Tis Liquor that will find out Sutcliff's *Wit,*
(1) *Lye where it will, and make him write worſe yet;*
Fill'd with ſuch Moiſture in moſt grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wiſdom *write his ſinging Pſalms;*
And ſo muſt I do this: and yet I think
It is a Potion ſent us down to drink,
By ſpecial Providence, keeps us from Fights,
Makes us not laugh, when we make Legs to Knights:
'Tis this that keeps our Minds fit for our States,
A Med'cine to obey our Magiſtrates:

(1) *Lye where* he *will*,——] If we keep to the old Reading, it muſt reflect upon *Sutcliff*'s hiding himſelf for Debt. I have not the *Lives of the Poets* now by me, but don't remember any thing of the Poverty of this Minor Poet of our Author's Age, by reading *it* for *he*, the Archneſs is ſmarter as well as more good-humour'd, let his Wit lie in what part of his Body it will.

For

For we do live more free than you, No Hate,
(2) *No Envy e'er at one another's State*
Moves us; (3) *we are all equal*; *every whit*
Of Land that God gives Men here, is their Wit,
If we consider fully; *for our best,*
And graveſt Men will with his Main-houſe jeſt,
Scarce pleaſe you; *we want Subtilty to do*
The City Tricks, lye, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted ſhow,
(4) *Strike when you wink, and then lament the Blow:*
Who like Mills ſet the right way for to grind,
Can make their Gains alike with every Wind:
Only ſome Fellows with the ſubtl'ſt Pate
Amongſt us, may perchance equivocate
At ſelling of a Horſe, and that's the moſt.
Methinks the little Wit I had is loſt
Since I ſaw you, for Wit is like a Reſt
Held up at Tennis, which Men do the beſt,

(2) *No Envy at one anothers State*] Here is a Syllable loſt that ſpoils the Meaſure; we may either read *Enmity* for *Envy*, or inſert the Expletive *here* as Mr. *Sympſon* propoſes; or what is not a meer Expletive becauſe it ſomewhat heightens the Senſe, *e'er*. This therefore ſeems moſt probable.

(3) ——*We are all equal every whit:*
Of Land that God gives Men here is their Wit:
If we conſider fully, ——] This dark Sentence has been clear'd up by Mr. *Sympſon*, who by pointing differently gives this Sentiment. Mens Wit is here in exact Proportion to their Land; and then the next Sentence,

——————*for our beſt*
And graveſt Men will with his main Houſe jeſt,
Scarce pleaſe you; ——————

has a juſt Connexion with the former: *Main-houſe Jeſt*, I read with a Hyphen and underſtand by it the *Jeſt* that receives its Merit from the Grandeur, Riches, and Antiquity of his Family who utters it, as the Hearers admire it upon theſe Accounts.

(4) *Strike when you* winch, *and then lament the Blow:*] This does not appear Senſe: The Poet ſpeaks of Courtiers wearing a painted Outſide (and perhaps *wear* in the former Line would be a better Reading than *bear*) and after they themſelves have ſtruck you ſecretly when you did not ſee them, will pretend to lament the Blow. But what has *winch* to do with this Senſe? I doubt not but the true Reading is,

Strike when you wink, *and then lament the Blow.*

With

With the beſt Gameſters: What things have we ſeen,
Done at the Mermaid! *heard Words that have been*
So nimble, and ſo full of ſubtle Flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole Wit in a Jeſt,
And had reſolv'd to live a Fool, the reſt
Of his dull Life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to juſtifie the Town
For three Days paſt, Wit that might warrant be
For the whole City to talk fooliſhly
'Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,
We left an Air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next Companies
Right witty; (5) though but downright Fools, meer wiſe.
When I remember this, and ſee that now
The Country Gentlemen begin to allow
My Wit for dry Bobs, then I needs muſt cry,
I ſee my Days of Ballating grow nigh;
I can already Riddle, and can Sing
Ketches, ſell Bargains, and I fear ſhall bring
Myſelf (6) to ſpeak the hardeſt Words I find,
Over, as oft as any, with one Wind,
That takes no Medicines: But one Thought of thee
Makes me remember all theſe things to be
The Wit of our young Men, Fellows that ſhow
No part of good, yet utter all they know:

(5) ——*though but downright Fools,* more *wiſe.*] *More wiſe* is an Anti-climax after *Right witty*; but I believe the true Reading is *meer wiſe, i. e.* nothing but meer Wiſdom itſelf. It ſeems an Expreſſion perfectly in the Stile of the Context.

(6) ——*to ſpeak the hardeſt Words I find,*
Over, as oft as any, with one Wind,
That takes no Medicines:——] This relates to the Play of repeating hard Words (ſuch as *Chicheſter* Church ſtands in *Chicheſter* Church-yard) ſeveral times in a Breath, and generally they are ſuch as betray the Speaker into Indecencies. But are we to underſtand *That takes no Medicines* only for the ſake of ſtrengthning the Wind? Or a ſecret Fling at the Phyſicians and Apothecaries for affecting hard Words, and ſo one Effect of their Medicines may jocularly be ſuppos'd to enable a Man to talk hard Words more fluently?

Who

(7) *Who like Trees of the Gard'n have growing Souls.*
Only ſtrong Deſtiny, which all controuls,
I hope hath left a better Fate in ſtore,
For me thy Friend, than to live ever poor,
Baniſh'd unto this home; Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canſt make ſmooth and plain
The way of Knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy Company,
Proteſt it will my greateſt Comfort be
T' acknowledge all I have (8) *to flow from thee.*
Ben. *when theſe* Scenes *are perfect, we'll taſte Wine;*
I'll drink thy Muſes Health, thou ſhalt quaff mine.

(7) *Who like Trees of the* Guard, *have growing Souls.*] What, ſays Mr. *Sympſon*, can *Trees of the Guard* poſſibly mean? I believe it corrupt for *Garden*, which the old Poets would without ſcruple contract into one Syllable *Gard'n*, and then how eaſily might a Tranſcriber, not knowing what Word it was, change it to *Guard?*

(8) ——————*to flow from thee.*] I had obſerv'd upon the *Woman Hater* before I knew of theſe Verſes of *Beaumont*'s having any relation to that Play, how much more it was wrote in *Ben. Johnſon*'s Manner than any other of our Authors foregoing Plays: The ſame is true of *The Nice Valour* which conſiſts chiefly of *Paſſions Perſonated*, not of Characters from real Life; and which allows thoſe Paſſions to be carried to the higheſt pitch of Extravagance. Here is a Confirmation of *Johnſon* being the Writer they imitated. In the greateſt Part of their Works they ſeem to follow *Shakeſpear*. I find from theſe Verſes, that at Note 29th in the *Woman-Hater*, I was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *Fletcher* was the ſole Author of that Play from the firſt Edition, having his Name only prefixt: It being printed after both their Deaths, it was very eaſy to make the Miſtake, which was corrected by the ſecond Edition. The Character of *Lapet* in this Play has ſo much of that inimitable Humour, which was diſplay'd before in the Character of *Beſſus* in the *King or No King*, that it was probably the Work of the ſame Hand, viz. *Beaumont*'s, for to him Mr. *Earle* (in the moſt authentick Copy of Verſes prefix'd to theſe Plays, as being writ immediately after the Death of *Beaumont*, and near ten Years before that of *Fletcher*) aſcribes *Beſſus* together with *Philaſter* and the *Maid's Tragedy*. How wrong therefore is the prevailing Opinion, that *Beaumont*'s Genius was only turn'd for Tragedy, that he profeſs'd great Correctneſs of Judgment, but that the Livelineſs of Imagination, Vivacity of Wit, and comic Humour which ſo much abounds in theſe Plays were all to be aſcrib'd to *Fletcher* only? See *Berkenhead*'s Poem on this Subject prefix'd to this Edition.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DUKE *of* Orleans, *a ſpleenful detracting Lord.*
Earl of Amiens, *Brother-in-law to* Orleans, *a noble accompliſh'd Gentleman, Servant to* Lamira.
Montague, *an honeſt Lord.*
Du-Boys, Longueville, } *Two faithful Followers of* Montague.
(1) Veramor, *the loving and loyal Page of* Montague.
Laverdine, *a knaviſh Courtier.*
La-Poop, *a foiſting Captain.*
Malicorn, *a ſharking Citizen.*
Two Lawyers.
Two Creditors.
Officers.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Dutcheſs of Orleans, *a virtuous Lady, and chaſte (but ſuſpected) Wife to the Duke.*
Lamira, *a modeſt Virgin, and a Lady, rich and noble.*
Charlotte, Lamira's *Woman.*

The SCENE *FRANCE.*

(1) *Veramer,*] So this Name has been generally wrote in all the Editions, only in one Scene it is ſpelt *Veramor*, and in another *Veramour*; the one being a *Latin*, the other a *French* Compound-Word ſignifying *true Love*. One of theſe therefore was undoubtedly the true Name, which ſo well expreſſes the Character. I have preferr'd the former.

THE

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Duke of Orleans, *and the Earl of* Amiens, *at ſeveral Doors.*

AMIENS.

MORROW, my Lord of *Orleans*.
Orl. (2) You ſalute me like
A Stranger; Brother *Orleans* were to me a
Title more
Belonging, whom you call the Husband of
Your Siſter. *Ami.* Would the Circumſtances of
Your Brotherhood, had never offer'd Cauſe
To make our Converſation leſs familiar:
I meet you like a Hindrance in your way:
Your great Law-Suit is now upon the Tongue,
And ready for a Judgment. *Orl.* Came you from
The Hall now? *Ami.* Without ſtay; the Court is full,
And ſuch a Preſs of People does attend
The Iſſue, as if ſome great Man were brought
To his Arraignment. *Orl.* Every Mother's Son
Of all that Multitude of Hearers, went
To be a Witneſs of the Miſery

(2) *You ſalute me like a Stranger*;] This Scene was moſt part printed as Proſe, and where the Lines were rang'd like Verſe every one of them was wrong, ſo that the whole is now rang'd anew.

Your Siſter's Fortunes muſt have come to, if
My Adverſary, who did love her firſt,
Had been her Husband. *Ami.* The Succeſs may draw
A Teſtimony from them, to confirm
The ſame Opinion, but they went prepar'd
With no ſuch Hope or Purpoſe. *Orl.* And did you
Intreat the Number of them, that are come
With no ſuch Hope or Purpoſe.
Ami. Tuſh, your own
Experience of my Heart can anſwer ye.
Orl. This doubtful, makes me clearly underſtand
Your Diſpoſition.
Ami. If your Cauſe be juſt,
I wiſh you a Concluſion like your Cauſe.
Orl. I can have any common Charity
To ſuch a Prayer, from a Friend I would
Expect a Love to proſper in, without
Exceptions; ſuch a Love as might make all
My Undertakings thankful to't; preciſely juſt
Is ſeldom faithful in our Wiſhes to
Another Man's Deſires: Farewel. [*Exit* Orleans.

Enter Montague *having a Purſe*, Duboys, Longueville, *and* Veramor *the Page, with two Caskets.*

Dub. Here comes your Adverſary's Brother-in-law.
Long. The Lord of *Amiens*.
Dub. From the Hall, I think.
Ami. I did ſo; ſave your Lordſhip.
Mont. That's a Wiſh, my Lord, as courteous to my preſent State,
As ever honeſt Mind was thankful for;
For now my Safety muſt expoſe itſelf
To queſtion; yet to look for any free
Or hearty Salutation, Sir, from you,
Would be unreaſonable in me.
Ami. Why?
Mont. Your Siſter is my Adverſary's Wife;
That Nearneſs needs muſt conſequently draw
Your Inclination to him.

Ami.

Ami. I will grant
Him all the Nearneſs his Alliance claims,
And yet be nothing leſs impartial,
My Lord of *Montague.*

Mont. Lord of *Montague* yet;
But, Sir, how long the Dignity or State
Belonging to it will continue, ſtands
Upon the dangerous Paſſage of this Hour.
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone:
Gone with it, never to be call'd again.

Ami. Juſtice direct your Proceſs to the end;
To both your Perſons my Reſpect ſhall ſtill
Be equal; but the righteous Cauſe is that
Which bears my Wiſhes to the ſide it holds,
Where-ever may it proſper. [*Exit* Amiens

Mont. Then my Thanks
Are proper to you, if a Man may raiſe
A Confidence upon a lawful Ground,
I have no Reaſon to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful Motion. *Longueville,*
That Lord of *Amiens,* (didſt obſerve him?) has
A worthy Nature in him.

Long. Either 'tis
His Nature, or his Cunning.

Mont. That's the Vizard
Of moſt Mens Actions, whoſe diſſembled Lives
Do carry only the Similitude
Of Goodneſs on 'em; but for him,
Honeſt Behaviour makes a true Report,
What Diſpoſition does inhabit him,
Eſſential Virtue.

Long. Then 'tis Pity that
Injurious *Orleans* is his Brother.

Dub. He's but his Brother-in-law.

Long. Law? that's as bad.

Dub. How is your Law as bad? I rather wiſh
The Hangman thy Executor, than that
Equivocation ſhould be ominous.

Enter two Lawyers, and two Creditors.

Long. Some of your Lawyers——
1 *Law.* What is ominous?
2 *Law.* Let no Diſtruſt trouble your Lordſhip's Thought.
1 *Law.* The Evidences of your queſtion'd Land
Ha' not ſo much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made againſt
Your Title.
2 *Law.* And your Counſel underſtands
The Buſineſs fully.
1 *Law.* Th' are induſtrious, juſt.
2 *Law.* And very confident.
1 *Law.* Your State endures
A voluntary Trial; like a Man
Whoſe Honours are maliciouſly accus'd.
2 *Law.* The Accuſation ſerves to clear his Cauſe.
1 *Law.* And to approve his Truth more.
2 *Law.* So ſhall all
Your Adverſary's Pleadings ſtrengthen your
Poſſeſſion.
1 *Law.* And be ſet upon Record,
To witneſs the hereditary Right
Of you and yours.
2 *Law.* Courage, you have the Law.
Long. And you the Profits.
Mont. If Diſcouragement
Could work upon me, your Aſſurances
Would put me ſtrongly into Heart again;
But I was never fearful; and let Fate
Deceive my Expectation, yet I am
Prepared againſt Dejection.
1 *Cred.* So are we.
2 *Cred.* We have received a comfortable Hope
That all will ſpeed well.
Long. What is he, *Duboys?*
Dub. A Creditor.
Long. I thought ſo, for he ſpeaks
As if he were a Partner in his State.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your Loves.

Long.

Long. More to their Purſes.
Mont. Which you ſhall not loſe.
1 *Cred.* Your Lordſhip.
Dub. That's another Creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has Intereſt in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had ſo many Promiſes
From theſe, and all your learned Counſellors,
How certainly your Cauſe will proſper; that——
Long. You brought no Serjeants with you?
Dub. To attend his ill Succeſs.
Mont. Good Sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their Induſtries
Or your Affections.
1 *Law.* All your Land, my Lord,
Is at the Bar now, give me but ten Crowns
I'll ſave you harmleſs.
Long. Take him at his word;
If he does loſe, you're ſav'd by Miracle,
For I never knew a Lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you ſhall, Sir, if this proſpers not.
Long. Sir, I beſeech you do not force your Voice
To ſuch a Loudneſs, but be thrifty now;
Preſerve it till you come to plead at Bar,
It will be much more profitable in
The Satisfaction, than the Promiſe.
1 *Law.* Is not this a Satisfaction to engage
Myſelf for this Aſſurance, if he——
Mont. No, Sir, my Ruin never ſhall import
Another's Loſs, if not by Accident,
And that my Purpoſe is not guilty of;
You're engag'd in nothing but your care: [*Ex. Law.*
Attend the Procurator to the Court,
Obſerve how things incline, and bring me word.
Long. I dare not, Sir, if I be taken there,
Mine Ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? haſt thou
Committed ſomething that deſerves thine Ears?
Long. No, but I fear the Noiſe; my Hearing will be
Periſhed by the Noiſe; 'tis as good 'twant

A Member, as to loſe the Uſe——
Mont. The Ornament is excepted.
Long. Well, my Lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit* Long.
1 *Cred.* Your Deſires be proſperous to you.
2 *Cred.* Our beſt Prayers wait
Upon your Fortune. [*Exeunt Creditors.*
Dub. For yourſelves, not him.
Mont. Thou canſt not blame 'em; I am in their Debts.
Ver. But had your large Expence (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable Silks
And Laces, been beſtow'd among the Poor,
That would have prayed the right way for you:
Not upon you.
Mont. For unprofitable Silks
And Laces? Now believe me, honeſt Boy,
Th' aſt hit upon a Reprehenſion that belongs
Unto me.
Ver. By —my Lord,
I had not ſo unmannerly a Thought,
To reprehend you.
Mont. Why I love thee for't.
Mine own Acknowledgment confirms thy Words;
For once I do remember, coming from
The Mercer's, where my Purſe had ſpent itſelf
On thoſe unprofitable Toys thou ſpeak'ſt of,
A Man half naked with his Poverty
Did meet me, and requeſted my Relief;
I wanted whence to give it, yet his Eyes
Spoke for him, thoſe I could have ſatisfied
With ſome unfruitful Sorrow, (if my Tears
Would not have added rather to his Grief,
Than eas'd it) but the true Compaſſion that
I ſhould have given, I had not; this began
To make me think how many ſuch Men's Wants
The vain ſuperfluous Coſt I wore upon
My Outſide, would have cloth'd, and left myſelf
A Habit as becoming; to increaſe
This new Conſideration, there came one
Clad in a Garment plain and thrifty, yet

As

As decent as theſe fair dear Follies; made
As if it were of purpoſe to deſpiſe
The Vanity of ſhew; his Purſe had ſtill
The Pow'r to do a charitable Deed,
And did it.

Dub. Yet your Inclination, Sir,
Deſerv'd no leſs to be commended, than
His Action. *Mont.* Prithee do not flatter me;
He that intends well, yet deprives himſelf
Of Means to put his good Thoughts into Deed,
Deceives his purpoſe of the due Reward
That Goodneſs merits: Oh Antiquity,
Thy great Examples of Nobility
Are out of Imitation, or at leaſt
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this Age in Virtue, as in Time.

Dub. Sir, it muſt needs be lamely followed, when
The chiefeſt Men who love to follow it
Are for the moſt part Cripples.

Mont. Who are they?

Dub. Soldiers, my Lord, Soldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true, *Duboys*;
But if the Law diſables me no more
For noble Actions, than good Purpoſes,
I'll practiſe how to exerciſe the Worth
Commended to us by our Anceſtors;
The poor neglected Soldier ſhall command
Me from a Lady's Courtſhip, and the form
I'll ſtudy ſhall no more be taught me by
The Tailor, but the Scholar; that Expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
Th' intemperate Pride and Pleaſure of the Taſte,
Shall fill my Table more to ſatisfy,
And leſs to ſurfeit. What an honeſt Work
It would be; when we find a Virgin in
Her Poverty and Youth inclining to
Be tempted, to imploy as much Perſuaſion, and
As much Expence to keep her upright, as
Men uſe to do upon her falling. *Dub.* 'Tis Charity
That many Maids will be unthankful for,

And ſome will rather take it for a Wrong,
To buy 'em out of their Inheritance,
The Thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville.

Mont. Longueville,
Thou bring'ſt a chearful Promiſe in thy Face.
There ſtands no pale Report upon thy Cheek,
To give me Fear or Knowledge of my Loſs,
'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my Suit?
Lond. That's with leave, Sir,
A Labour, that to thoſe of *Hercules*
May add another; or (at leaſt) be call'd
An Imitation of his burning Shirt:
(3) For 'twas a Pain of that unmerciful
Perplexity, to ſhoulder through the Throng
Of People, that attended your Succeſs:
My ſweaty Linen fixt upon my Skin,
Still as they pull'd me, took that with it; 'twas
A fear I ſhould have left my Fleſh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for (methought) the Toil
Might be an Emblem of the difficult
And weary Paſſage to get out of Law.
And to make up the dear Similitude,
When I was forth ſeeking of my Handkerchief
To wipe my Sweat off, I did find a Cauſe
To make me ſweat more, for my Purſe was loſt
Among their Fingers.
Dub. There 'twas rather found.
Long. By them.
Dub. I mean ſo.
Mont. Well, I will reſtore
Thy damage to thee; how proceeds my Suit?
Long. Like one at Brokers; I think forfeited.
Your promiſing Counſel at the firſt
Put ſtrongly forward with a labour'd Speed,

(3) *For 'twas a Pain of that* merciful *Perplexity,*] Both Senſe and Meaſure confirm the Neceſſity of reſtoring the Negative dropt from the Word *merciful.* Mr. *Sympſon* join'd in the Correction.

And

And ſuch a violence of Pleading, that
His Fee in Sugar-candy ſcarce will make
His Throat a Satisfaction for the hurt
He did it, and he carried the whole Cauſe
Before him, with ſo clear a Paſſage, that
The People in the favour of your ſide
Cried *Montague*, *Montague*; in the ſpite of him
That cried out Silence, and began to laugh
Your Adverſary's Advocate to Scorn:
Who like a cunning Footman ſet me forth
With ſuch a temperate eaſy kind of Courſe
To put him into exerciſe of Strength,
And followed his Advantages ſo cloſe,
That when your hot-mouth'd Pleader, thought h'had won,
Before he reach'd it, he was out of Breath,
And then the other ſtript him.

Mont. So all's loſt.

Long. But how I know not; for (methought) I ſtood
Confounded with the clamour of the Court,
Like one embark'd upon a Storm at Sea,
Where the tempeſtuous Noiſe of Thunder mixt
With roaring of the Billows, and the thick
Imperfect Language of the Seamen, takes
His Underſtanding and his Safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou doſt bring ill News.

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The firſt Reporter.

Mont. Didſt obſerve no more?

Long. At leaſt no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am; I can tell thee that
Will pleaſe thee, for when all elſe left my Cauſe,
My very Adverſaries took my Part.

Long. Whoſoe'er told you that, abuſed you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forſook me.

Long. Took it from you.

Mont. Yes I mean ſo, and I think he had juſt Cauſe
To take it, when the Verdict gave it him.

Dub.

Dub. His Spirit would ha' ſunk him, e'er he could
Have carried an ill Fortune of this weight
So lightly. *Mont.* Nothing is a Miſery,
Unleſs our weakneſs apprehend it ſo;
We cannot be more faithful to ourſelves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill Fortune as contemptible to us,
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they,
Whoſe very Countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.
Mont. Sir.
Long. The Sir of Knighthood may be given him, e'er
They hear you now.
Mont. Good Sir, but a word.
Dub. How ſoon the loſs of Wealth makes any Man
Grow out of Knowledge.
Long. Let me ſee, I pray, Sir,
Never ſtood you upon the Pillory?
1 *Law.* The Pillory?
Long. Oh now I know you did not,
You've Ears, I thought ye had loſt 'em; pray obſerve,
Here's one that once was gracious in your Eyes.
1 *Law.* (4) Oh, oh! my Lord,—I have an Eye upon him.
Long. But ha' you ne'er a Counſel to redeem
His Land yet from the Judgment?
2 *Law.* None but this,
A Writ of Error to remove the Cauſe.
Long. No more of Error, we have been in that
Too much already. 2 *Law.* If you will reſerve

(4) *Oh, my Lord, have an Eye upon him.*] What can this mean? was the Lawyer adviſing *Montague* to have an Eye upon his Servant *Longueville?* It ſeems an Omiſſion, for two Syllables are wanting to the Verſe; and the *Oh* being repeated which will well ſuit the ſolemn Contempt of the Lawyer's Countenance giving one, the other is abſolutely requir'd by the Senſe. I read therefore
Oh, oh! my Lord—I have an Eye upon him.

The

The Judgment, you muſt truſt to that delay.
Long. Delay? Indeed he's like to truſt to that,
With you has any dealing——
2 *Law.* E'er the Law proceeds to an *Habere facias Poſſeſſionem.*
Mont. That is a Language, Sir, I underſtand not.
Long. Thou art a ſtrange unthankful Fellow, to
Have taken Fees of ſuch a liberal Meaſure,
And then to give a Man hard Words for's Mony.
1 *Law.* If Men will hazard their Salvations,
What ſhould I ſay; I've other Buſineſs.
Mont. You are in the right;
That's it you ſhould ſay, now
Proſperity has left me.

Enter two Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Have an Eye upon him; if
We loſe him now, he's gone for ever; ſtay
And dog him: I'll go fetch the Officers.
Long. Dog him, you Blood-hound; by this point thou ſhalt
More ſafely dog an angry Lion, than
Attempt him. *Mont.* What's the matter?
Long. Do but ſtir
To fetch a Serjeant, and beſides your loſs
Of labour, I will have you beaten, till
Thoſe Caſements in your Faces be falſe Lights.
Dub. Falſer than thoſe you ſell by.
Mont. Who gave you
Commiſſion to abuſe my Friends thus. *Long.* Sir,
Are thoſe your Friends that would betray you? *Mont.* 'Tis
To ſave themſelves, rather than betray me.
1 *Cred.* Your Lordſhip makes a juſt Conſtruction of it.
2 *Cred.* All our Deſire is but to get our own.
Long. Your Wives Deſires and yours do differ then.
Mont. So far as my Ability will go,
You ſhall have Satisfaction, *Longueville.*
Long. And leave yourſelf neglected; every Man
Is firſt a Debtor to his own Demands, being honeſt.
Mont. As I take it, Sir,

I did not entertain you for my Counſellor.

Long. Counſel's the Office of a Servant, when
The Maſter falls upon a danger; as
Defence is; never threaten with your Eyes,
They are no Cockatrices; do you hear?
Talk with the Girdler, or the Mill'ner,
He can inform you of a kind of Men
That firſt undid the Profit of thoſe Trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their *Morglays* in their Heads; with ſome of thoſe
A Man may make himſelf a Privilege
To ask a Queſtion at the Priſon Gates,
Without your good Permiſſion.

2 *Cred.* By your leave.

Mont. Stay, Sir, what one Example ſince the time
That firſt you put your Hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this Preſumption? By the juſtice now
Of thine own Rule, I ſhall begin with thee,
I ſhould turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former Kindneſſes, forget
Thou ever didſt me any Service. 'Tis not fear
Of being Arreſted, makes me thus incline
To ſatisfy you; for you ſee by him,
I loſt not all Defences with my State;
The Curſes of a Man to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more, than all
The Violence he can purſue me with.
Duboys, I did prepare me for the worſt;
Theſe two ſmall Cabinets do comprehend
The ſum of all the Wealth that it hath pleaſed
Adverſity to leave me, one as rich
As th' other, both in Jewels; take thou this,
And as the Order put within it ſhall
Direct thee, diſtribute it half between
Thoſe Creditors, and th' other half among
My Servants; for, Sir, they are my Creditors
As well as you are, they have truſted me
With their Advancement; if the Value fail
To pleaſe you all, my firſt increaſe of means

Shall

Shall offer you a fuller Payment; be content
To leave me ſomething, and imagine that
Ye put a new Beginner into Credit.
Cred. So proſper our own Bleſſings, as we wiſh
You to your merit. *Mont.* Are your ſilences
Of Diſcontent, or Sorrow? *Dub.* Sir, we would
Not leave you. *Long.* Do but ſuffer us
To follow you, and what our preſent means
Or induſtries hereafter can provide,
Shall ſerve you.
Mont. Oh deſire me not to live
To ſuch a baſeneſs, as to be maintain'd
By thoſe that ſerve me; pray begone, I will
Defend your Honeſties to any Man,
That ſhall report you have forſaken me;
I pray begone. [*Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*
Why doſt thou weep, my Boy?
Becauſe I do not bid thee go too?
Ver. No,
I weep, my Lord, becauſe I would not go,
I fear you will command me.
Mont. No, my Child,
I will not; that would diſcommend th' Intent
Of all my other Actions, thou art yet
Unable to adviſe thyſelf a Courſe,
Should I put thee to ſeek it; after that
I muſt excuſe, or at the leaſt (5) forgive
Any uncharitable Deed that can
Be done againſt myſelf.
Ver. Every Day, my Lord,
I tarry with you, I'll account a Day
Of Bleſſing to me; for at leaſt I ſhall
Have ſo much leſs time left me of my Life
When I am from you; and if Miſery
Befal you (which I hope ſo good a Man
Was never born to) I will take my part,

(5) ——————*forgive*
Any charitable *Deed*——] Both Senſe and Meaſure require us to read *uncharitable*; the latter was much neglected in former Editions thro' ſeveral Parts of this Scene.

And

And make my Willingneſs increaſe my Strength
To bear it. In the Winter I will ſpare
Mine own Cloaths from myſelf to cover you;
And in the Summer carry ſome of yours
To eaſe you: I'll do any thing I can.

Mont. Why, thou art able to make Miſery
Aſham'd of hurting, when thy Weakneſs can
Both bear it, and deſpiſe it: Come my Boy,
I will provide ſome better way for thee
Than this thou ſpeak'ſt of; 'tis thy Comfort that
Ill Fortune has undone me into th' Faſhion:
For now in this Age moſt Men do begin
To keep but one Boy, that kept many Men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans, *a Servant, his Lady following.*

Orl. Where is ſhe? Call her.

Lady. I attend you, Sir.

Orl. Your Friend, ſweet Madam——

Lady. What Friend, good my Lord?

Orl. Your *Montague*, Madam, he will ſhortly want
Thoſe courtly Graces that you love him for;
The Means wherewith he purchas'd this, and this,
And all his own Proviſions to the leaſt
Proportion of his feeding, or his Cloaths,
Came out of that inheritance of Land
Which he unjuſtly liv'd on; but the Law
Has given me Right in't, and Poſſeſſion; now
Thou ſhalt perceive his Bravery vaniſh, as
This Jewel does from thee now, and theſe Pearls
To him that owes 'em.

Lady. Ye are the Owner, Sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, ſweet Lady.

Lady. O good Heav'n!

Orl. But in a while your Mind will change, and be
As ready to diſclaim him; when his Wants
And Miſeries have periſh'd his good Face,
And taken off the Sweetneſs that has made
Him pleaſing in a Woman's Underſtanding.

Lady. O Heav'n, how gracious had Creation been

To

To Women, who are born without Defence,
If to our Hearts there had been Doors, through which
Our Husbands might have look'd into our Thoughts,
And made themſelves undoubtful.

Orl. Made 'em mad.

Lady. With honeſt Women.

Orl. Thou doſt ſtill pretend
A Title to that Virtue, prithee let
Thy Honeſty ſpeak freely to me now.
Thou know'ſt that *Montague*, He of whoſe Land
I am the Maſter, did affect thee firſt,
And ſhould have had thee, if the ſtrength of Friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own conſent.
I have undone him; tell me how thou doſt
Conſider his ill Fortune and my good.

Lady. I'll tell you juſtly, his undoing is
An Argument for Pity and for Tears,
In all their Diſpoſitions that have known
The honour and the goodneſs of his Life:
Yet that addition of Proſperity,
Which you have got by't, no indifferent Man
Will malice or repine at, if the Law
Be not abus'd in't; howſoever ſince
You have the upper Fortune of him, 'twill
Be ſome diſhonour t' you to bear yourſelf
With any Pride or Glory over him.

Orl. This may be truly ſpoken, but in thee
It is not honeſt.

Lady. Yes, ſo honeſt, that
I care not if the chaſte *Penelope*
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there?

Lady. My Brother.

Ami. Save ye.

Orl. Now, Sir, you've heard of proſperous *Montague*.

Ami. No, Sir, I've heard of *Montague*, but of your Proſperity. *Orl.* Is he diſtracted?

Ami. He does bear his loſs

With ſuch a noble ſtrength of Patience, that
Had Fortune Eyes to ſee him, ſhe would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
She did it but for Trial of his Worth,
Hereafter ever love him.

Orl. I perceive
You love him, and becauſe, I muſt confeſs,
He does deſerve it, though for ſome reſpects,
I have not given him that Acknowledgment,
Yet in mine Honour I did ſtill conclude
To uſe him nobly. *Ami.* Sir, that will become
Your Reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your Alliance. *Orl.* I did reſerve
The doing of this Friendſhip till I had
His Fortunes at my Mercy, that the World
May tell him 'tis a willing Courteſie.

Lady. This change will make me happy.

Orl. 'Tis a change;
Thou ſhalt behold it; then obſerve me. When
That *Montague* had Poſſeſſion of my Land,
I was his Rival, and at laſt obtain'd
This Lady, who, by promiſe of her own
Affection to him, ſhould ha' been his Wife;
I had her, and withheld her like a Pawn,
Till now my Land is rendred to me again,
And ſince it is ſo, you ſhall ſee I have
The Conſcience not to keep her—give him her—[*Draws.*
For by the faithful temper of my Sword,
She ſhall not tarry with me.

Ami. Give me way—— [*Draws.*
Thou moſt unworthy Man——give me way;
Or by the Wrong he does the Innocent,
I'll end thy Miſery and his Wickedneſs,
Together.

Lady. Stay, and let me juſtifie
My Husband in that, I have wrong'd his Bed.

[*Exeunt* Ami. *and* Orl.

Enter Orleans *in Amazement, the Servants following him.*

Never——all Shames that can afflict me fall

Upon

Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you.
Orl. Didſt
Thou not confeſs it?
Lady. 'Twas to ſave your Blood
From ſhedding, that has turn'd my Brother's edge;
He that beholds our Thoughts as plainly as
Our Faces, knows it, I did never hurt
My Honeſty, but by accuſing it.
Orl. Womens Conſents are ſooner credited
Than their Denials; and I'll never truſt
Her Body, that prefers any Defence
Before the Safety of her Honour——Here

Enter Servant.

Shew forth that Stranger——give me not a Word,
Thou ſeeſt a danger ready to be tempted.
Lady. Caſt that upon me rather than my ſhame,
And as I am now dying, I will vow——
That I am honeſt.
Orl. Put her out of Doors;
But that I fear my Land may go again
To *Montague*, I would kill thee, I am loth
(6) To make a Beggar of him that way; or elſe——
Go, now you have the Liberty of Fleſh,
And you may put it to a double uſe,
One for your Pleaſure, th' other to maintain
Your well beloved, he will want. [*Exit Lady.*
In ſuch a charitable Exerciſe
The Virtue will excuſe you for the Vice. [*Exit* Orleans.

Enter Amiens *drawn*, Montague *and* Veramor *meeting.*

Mont. What means your Lordſhip?
Ver. For the love of Heav'n
Ami. Thou haſt Advantage of me, caſt away
This Buckler.
Mont. So he is, Sir, for he lives

(6) *To make a Beggar of him that way*——] *i. e.* By forfeiting my Life and Eſtate to the King, give *Montague* an Opportunity of begging it from him. If this is not the Poets Meaning, it is dark to me.

With one that is undone —— Avoid us, Boy.
Ver. I'll firſt avoid my Safety,
Your Rapier ſhall be button'd with my Head,
Before it touch my Maſter.
Ami. Montague?
Mont. Sir.
Ami. You know my Siſter?
Mont. Yes, Sir.
Ami. For a Whore?
Mont You lye, and ſhall lie lower if you dare
Abuſe her Honour.

Enter Lady.

Lady. I am honeſt.
Ami. Honeſt!
Lady. Upon my Faith I am.
Ami. What did then
Perſuade thee to condemn thyſelf?
Lady. Your Safety.
Ami. I had rather be expos'd
To Danger, than Diſhonour; th'aſt betray'd
The Reputation of my Family
More baſely, by the Falſeneſs of that Word,
Than if thou hadſt deliver'd me aſleep
Into the Hands of baſeſt Enemies.
Relief will never make thee ſenſible
Of thy Diſgraces; let thy Wants compel thee to it.
[*Exit.*
Lady. O I'm a miſerable Woman.
Mont. Why, Madam?
Are yo' utterly without means to relieve you?
Lady. I've nothing, Sir, unleſs by changing of
Theſe Cloaths for worſe, and then at laſt the worſt
For Nakedneſs.
Mont. Stand off, Boy—Nakedneſs
Would be a Change to pleaſe us, Madam, to
Delight us both.
Lady. What Nakedneſs, Sir?
Mont. Why, the Nakedneſs
Of Body, Madam, we were Lovers once.

Lady.

Lady. Never diſhoneſt Lovers.
Mont. Honeſty
Has no Allowance now to give ourſelves.
Lady. Nor you Allowance againſt Honeſty.
Mont. I'll ſend my Boy hence: Opportunity
Shall be our Servant, come and meet me firſt
With Kiſſes like a Stranger at the Door,
And then invite me nearer to receive
A more Familiar inward Welcome; where,
Inſtead of Tapers made of Virgin-Wax,
Th' increaſing Flames of our Deſires ſhall light
Us to a Banquet; and before the Taſte
Be dull with Satisfaction, I'll prepare
A Nouriſhment compos'd of every thing
That bears a natural Friendſhip to the Blood,
And that ſhall ſet another Edge upon't,
Or elſe between the Courſes of the Feaſt
We'll dally out an exerciſe of time,
That ever as one appetite expires
Another may ſucceed it. *Lady.* O my Lord,
How has your Nature loſt her Worthineſs?
When our Affections had their Liberty,
Our Kiſſes met as temperately as
The Hands of Siſters or of Brothers, (7) tho'
Our Bloods were then as moving; then you were
So noble, that I durſt have truſted your
Embraces in an Opportunity
Silent enough to ſerve a Raviſher,
And yet come from you-----undiſhonour'd----how
You think me altered, that you promiſe your
Attempt Succeſs, I know not; but were all
(8) The ſweet Temptations that deceive us ſet
On this ſide, and on that ſide all the Tortures, Theſe

(7) ——— ——— that
Our Bloods were then as moving;——] This ſeems very dark. To fling Light upon it, I believe we ſhould read *tho'* for *that*, and interpret, Tho' our Bloods were then from our being in Youth and Proſperity more ſtirring than they ought to be now.

(8) *The ſweet Temptations that deceive us ſet*
On this ſide, and on that ſide all the Waiters,] What is *Waiters* in contraſt to Temptations, it cannot mean merely Servants to help

Theſe neither ſhould perſuade me, nor thoſe force.
Mont. Then Miſery may waſte your Body.
Lady. Yes,
But Luſt ſhall never.
Mont. I have found you ſtill
As uncorrupted as I left you firſt.
Continue ſo; and I will ſerve you with
As much Devotion as my Word, my Hand
Or Purſe can ſhow you; and to juſtify
That Promiſe, here is half the Wealth I have,
Take it, you owe me nothing, till you fall
From Virtue, which the better to protect
I have bethought me of a preſent Means;
Give me the Letter; this commends my Boy
Into the Service of a Lady, whoſe
Free Goodneſs you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.
Lady. Sir, I know her.
Mont. Then believe
Her Entertainment will be noble to you.
My Boy ſhall bring you thither; and relate
Your manner of Misfortune, if your own
Report needs any Witneſs; ſo I kiſs
Your Hand, good Lady.
Lady. Sir, I know not how
To promiſe, but I cannot be unthankful.
Mont. All that you can implore in Thankfulneſs
Be yours, to make you the more proſperous.
Farewel, my Boy,——I am not yet oppreſs'd,
Having the Power to help one diſtreſs'd. [*Exeunt.*

him to force her; that is too poor an Expreſſion to be admitted. 'Tis moſt probably corrupt, tho' I cannot find a Word near the Trace of the Letters to ſupply its place. Several Words occur, as *Torturts, Terrors, Racks,* ——or *all that fright us.* I preſer the firſt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Longaville *and* Duboys.

Long. WHAT ſhall we do now? Swords are out of uſe,
And Words are out of Credit.
Dub. We muſt ſerve.
Long The means to get a Service will firſt ſpend
Our Purſes; and except we can allow
Ourſelves an Entertainment, Service will
Neglect us; now 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the Maſter or the Servants give
The Countenance.
Dub. Then fall in with Miſtreſſes.
Long. They keep more Servants now (indeed) than Men,
But yet the Age is grown ſo populous
Of thoſe Attendants, that the Women are
Grown full too.
Dub. What ſhall we propound ourſelves?
Long. I'll think on't.
Dub. Do;
Old Occupations ha' too many ſetters up
To proſper, ſome uncommon Trade would thrive now.
Long. We'll ev'n make up
Some half a dozen proper Men, and ſhould
Not we get more than all your female Sinners?
Dub. If th' Houſe be ſeated, as it ſhould be, privately.
Long. Ay, but that would make a multitude of Witches.
Dub. Witches? how prithee?
Long. Thus,
The Bauds would turn all Witches to revenge
Themſelves upon us, and the Women that
Come to us, for Diſguiſes muſt wear Beards,
And that's, they ſay, a Token of a Witch.
Dub. What ſhall we then do?
Long. We muſt ſtudy on't
With more Conſideration; ſtay *Duboys*,
Are not the Lord of *Orleans* and the Lord
Of *Amiens* Enemies?

Dub. Yes, what of that?

Long. Methinks the Factions of two ſuch great Men
Should give a Promiſe of Advancement now,
To us that want it.

Dub. Let the Plot be thine,
And in the Enterpriſe I'll ſecond thee.

Long. I have it; we will firſt ſet down ourſelves
The Method of a Quarrel, and make choice
Of ſome frequented Tavern, or ſuch a Place
Of common Notice, to perform it in
By way of Undertaking, to maintain
The ſeveral Honours of thoſe Enemies.
Thou for the Lord of *Orleans*; I for *Amiens*.

Dub. I like the Project, and I think 'twill take
The better, ſince their Difference firſt did riſe
From his Occaſion, whom we followed once.

Long We cannot hope leſs, after the Report,
Than Entertainment or Gratuity,
Yet thoſe are Ends, I do not aim at moſt;
Great Spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Muſt labour whiles ſuch Troubles are alive. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine *and* La-poop.

La-p. Slander is ſharper than the Sword.
I've fed theſe three Days upon Leaf-Tobacco,
For want of other Victuals.

Lav. You have liv'd
The honeſter, Captain; but be not ſo dejected,
Hold up thy Head, and Meat will ſooner fall
Into thy Mouth.

La-p. I care not ſo much for Meat,
So I had but good Liquor, for the which
My Guts croak like ſo many Frogs for Rain.

Lav. It ſeems you are troubled wi' th' Wind-colick, Captain,
Swallow a Bullet; 'tis a preſent Remedy,
I will aſſure you.

La-p. A Bullet? I'll tell you, Sir.
My Paunch is nothing but a Pile of Bullets;
When I was i' any Service I ſtood between

My

My General and the Shot, like a Mud-wall;
I am all Lead, from th' Crown of the Head to the
Soal of the Foot, not a ſound Bone about me.

Lav. It ſeems you've been in terrible hot Service, Captain.

La-p. It has ever been the Fate of the Low-Country
Wars to ſpoil many a Man, I ha' not been
The firſt nor ſhall be laſt; but I'll tell you, Sir,
(Hunger has brought it into Mind) I ſerv'd once at
The Siege of *Breſt*, 'tis memorable to
This Day, where we were in great Diſtreſs
For Victuals, whole Troops fainted more for want
Of Food than Blood, and died, yet we were reſolved
To ſtand it out; I myſelf was but then
Gentleman of a Company, and had as much need
As any Man, and indeed I'd periſh'd had not
A moſt miraculous Providence preſerv'd me.

Lav. As how, good Captain?

La-p. Marry, Sir, e'en as I was fainting
And falling down for want of Suſtenance,
The Enemy made a Shot at me, and ſtruck me
Full in the Paunch wi' a Penny-Loaf

Lav. Inſtead of a Bullet!

La-p. Inſtead of a Bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed; and that Loaf
Suſtain'd you?

La-p. Nouriſh'd me, or I had famiſhed
Wi' th' reſt.

Lav. You have done worthy Acts being a Soldier,
And now y' ſhall give me leave to requite your Tale,
And to acquaint you with the moſt notorious
Deeds that I've done being a Courtier.
I proteſt, Captain, I will lye no more
Than you have done.

La-p. I can indure no Lies.

Lav. I know you cannot, Captain, therefore
I will only tell you of ſtrange things; I did once
A deed of Charity for itſelf; I aſſiſted
A poor Widow in a Suit, and obtain'd it, yet

I proteſt I took not a Penny for my Labour.
La-p. 'Tis no ſuch ſtrange thing.
Lav. By *Mars*, Captain, but it is,
And a very ſtrange thing too in a Courtier,
'T may take the Upper-hand of your Penny-loaf
For a Miracle. I could ha' told you how many
Ladies have languiſh'd for my Love, and how I
Was once ſollicited by the Mother, Daughter,
And Grandmother; out of the leaſt of which
I might have digg'd myſelf a Fortune; they
Were all great Ladies, for two of them were
So big I could hardly embrace them;
But I was ſluggiſh in my riſing Courſes,
And therefore let them paſs; what means I had
Is ſpent on ſuch as had the Wit to cheat me;
That Wealth being gone, I've only bought Experience
With it, with a ſtrong hope too to cheat others.
But, ſee here comes the much declined *Montague*,
Who'd all the Manor-houſes, which were th' Body
Of his Eſtate, o'erthrown by a great Wind.

Enter Montague *and* Mallicorn.

La-p. How,
By a great Wind? was he not overthrown
By Law?
Lav. Yes, marry was he; but there was
Terrible puffing and blowing before he was
O'erthrown; if you obſerv'd, and believe it, Captain,
There is no Wind ſo dangerous to a Building
As Lawyer's Breath.
La-p. What's he with him?
Lav. An eniment Citizen, Monſieur *Mallicorn*;
Let's ſtand aſide and liſten their Deſign.
Mal. Sir, Profit is the Crown of Labour, it is
The Life, the Soul of the induſtrious Merchant,
In it he makes his Paradiſe, and for't neglects
Wife, Children, Friends, Parents, nay all the World,
Delivers himſelf to th' Violence of Storms,
And to be toſſed into unknown Airs;

As

As there's no Faculty ſo perilous,
(9) So there is none ſo worthy as the Profitable.
Mont. Sir, I am very well poſſeſt of it,
And what of my poor Fortune yet remains,
I'd gladly hazard it upon the Sea;
It cannot deal worſe with me than the Land,
Though't ſink or throw it in the Hands of Pirates.
I've yet five hundred Pounds left, and your Honeſty
And worthy Acquaintance may make me a young Merchant;
Th' one Moiety of what I have I'd gladly adventure.
Mal. Adventure? You ſhall hazard nothing, you
Shall only join with me in certain Commodities
That're ſate arriv'd unto the Key; you ſhall
Neither be in doubt of Danger nor of Damage;
But ſo much Money disburſt, ſo much receive;
Sir, I would have you conceive I purſue it not
For any good your Money will do me,
But meerly out of mine own Freeneſs 'nd Courteſy
To pleaſure you.
Mont. I can believe no leſs,
And you expreſs a noble Nature, ſeeking
To build up a Man ſo ruin'd as myſelf.
Lav. Captain here's Subject f'r us to work upon,
If we have Wit; you hear that there is Money
Yet left, and it is going to be laid out
In Rattles, Bells, Hobby-Horſes, brown Paper, or
Some ſuch like ſale Commodities; now it would
Do better in our Purſes, on our Backs
In good Gold-lace, and Scarlet, and then we might
Purſue our Projects, and our Devices tow'rds

(9) *So there is none ſo worthy profitable.*] *i. e.* Profit is the moſt worthily profitable of any Faculty. This is little more than to ſay, *Profit is Profit.* But the Abſurdity is not chargeable upon the Original. Almoſt the whole Act has been hitherto printed as Proſe, and where the Meaſure is not eaſily reſtor'd, there the Senſe too is frequently deficient; and where both fail together, there is the fulleſt Proof of a Corruption. Both in this Place are very eaſily amended by adding or rather reſtoring two Particles:

As there's no Faculty ſo perilous,
So there is none ſo worthy as the *Profitable.*

My

My Lady *Annabella*; go to, there is
A Conceit newly landed; hark, I ſtand in
Good Reputation with him, and therefore may
The better cheat him: Captain, take a few
Inſtructions from me.

Mont. What Money I have's at your Diſpoſing, and
At twelve, I'll meet you at the Palace with it.

Mal. I'll there expect you, and ſo take my Leave.
[*Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-p. Why, d' y' think I'm a Dunce?

Lav. Not a Dunce, Captain, but you might give me Leave
T' miſdoubt that Pregnancy in a Soldier, which
Is proper and hereditary to
A Courtier; but proſecute it, I will both ſecond, and
Give credit to it. Good Monſieur *Montague*,
I would your whole Revenues lay within
The Circuit of mine Arms, that I might as eaſily
Beſtow, 'r reſtore it unto you as my Curteſy.

La-p. My zealous Wiſhes, Sir, do accompany his
For your good Fortunes.

Lav. Believe it, Sir, our Affection towards you
(10) Is a ſtrong Bond of Friendſhip.

Mont. To which I ſhall
Moſt willingly ſeal. But believe me, Gentlemen,
In a broken Eſtate the Bond of Friendſhip oft
Is forfeited, but that it is your free
And moſt ingenuous Nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myſelf t' your Uſe,
And 'm very zealouſly afflicted as
Not one of your leaſt Friends f'r your crooked Fate;
But let it not ſeiſe you with any Dejection,
You have 's I hear a ſufficient Competency left,
Which well diſpos'd may erect you as high
In th' World's Account as ever.

Mont. I can't live to hope it,

(10) *Is a ſtrong* Band *of Friendſhip.*] The Context evidently ſhews that we ſhould read *Bond* for *Band.*

Much

Much leſs enjoy it, nor is it any part
Of my Endeavours, my Study is to render
Ev'ry Man his own, and to contain myſelf
Within the Limits of a Gentleman.

Lav. I have the Grant of an Office given me by
Some noble Favourites of mine in Court;
There ſtands but a ſmall matter between me
And it, if your Ability be ſuch
To lay down th' preſent Sum, out of the love
I bear you, before any other Man,
It ſhall be confirm'd yours.

Mont. I've heard you often ſpeak of ſuch a thing;
If't be aſſur'd to you I'll gladly deal in it:
That Portion I have, I would not hazard
Upon one Courſe, for I ſee the moſt certain
Is Uncertain.

La-p. Having Money, Sir, you could not
Light upon Men that could give better Direction;
There's at this Time a Friend of mine upon
The Seas, to be plain with you, he is a Pirate,
That hath wrote to me to work his Freedom, 'nd by
This Gentleman's means, whoſe Acquaintance is not ſmall
At Court, we have the Word of a worthy Man for't;
Only there is ſome Money to be ſuddenly
Disburs'd, and if your Happineſs be ſuch
To make it up you'll receive treble Gain by't,
And good Aſſurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen,
Out of the Weakneſs of my Eſtate you ſeem
To have ſome Knowledge of my Breaſt that wou'd,
If poſſible, advance my declin'd Fortunes,
To ſatisfy all Men of whom I have
Had Credit, and I know no better way
Than theſe which you propoſe; I have ſome Money
Ready at my Command, ſome part of it is
Already promis'd, but the Remainder is
Yours to ſuch Uſes as you have propounded.

Lav. Appoint ſome certain Place of meeting then,
For theſe Affairs require Expedition.

Mont. I'll make't my preſent Buſineſs; at twelve I am

T'

T' meet *Mallicorne*, the Merchant, at the Palace,
You know him, Sir, 'bout ſome Negotiation
Of the ſame Nature, there I will be ready
To tender you that Money, upon ſuch
Conditions as we ſhall conclude of. *Lav.* The Care
Of it be yours, ſo much as the Affair
Concerns you.

Mont. Your Caution is effectual, and till then
I take my Leave.

Lav. Good Mr. *Montague.* [*Exit.*

[*Within a Clamour, down with their Weapons.*

Enter Longueville *and* Dubois, *their Swords drawn. Servants and others between them.*

Ser. Nay, Gentlemen, what mean you? Pray be quiet, have
Reſpect unto the Houſe.

Long. A treacherous Slave.

Dub. Thou doſt revile thyſelf,
Baſe *Longueville.*

Long. I ſay thou art a Villain
And a corrupt one, that haſt ſome ſeven Years
Fed on thy Maſter's Trencher, yet ne'er bred'ſt
Good Blood towards him, for if thou hadſt, thou'dſt have
A ſounder Heart.

Dub. So, Sir, you can uſe your Tongue ſomething nimbler than
Your Sword.

Long. Wou'd you cou'd uſe your Tongue
Well of your Maſter, Friend, you might have better
Imployment for your Sword.

Dub. I ſay again,
And I will ſpeak it loud and often; that *Orleans* is
A noble Gentleman, with whom *Amiens* is
Too light to poiſe the Scale.

Long. He is the weaker
For taking of a Praiſe out of thy Mouth.

Dub. This Hand ſhall ſeal his Merit at thy Heart.

Lav. Part them, my Maſters, part them.

Ser. Part them, Sir,

Why

Why do you not part them? you ſtand by wi' your Sword
In your Hand, and cry part 'em.
Lav. Why you muſt know, Friend,
My Clothes are better than yours, and in a good Suit
I do ne'er uſe to part any Body.
La-p. And't is Diſcretion.
Lav. Ay, marry is it, Captain.
Long. Dubois, though this
Place privilege thee, know where next we meet,
The Blood which at thy Heart flows drops at thy Feet.
[*Exit.*

Enter Amiens *in haſte, his Sword drawn.*

Dub. I would not ſpend it better than in this Quarrel,
And on ſuch a Hazard.
Ami. What Uproar's this, muſt my Name here be queſtion'd
In Tavern-brawls, and by affected Ruffians?
Lav. Not we indeed, Sir.
Dub. Fear cannot make me ſhrink out of your Fury,
Though you were greater than your Name doth make you,
I am one, and the Oppoſer; if your ſwoln Rage
Have ought in Malice to inforce, expreſs it.
Ami. I ſeek thee not, nor ſhalt thou ever gain
That credit, which a Blow from me wou'd give thee:
By my——I more deteſt that Fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durſt offer
To take my Honour in his feeble Arms,
And ſpend it in a drinking Room; which way went he?
Lav. That way, Sir, I would you wou'd after; for
I do fear we ſhall have ſome more ſcuffling.
Ami. I'll follow him, and if my Speed o'ertake him,
I ſhall ill thank him for his Forwardneſs. [*Exit.*
Lav. I'm glad he's gone, for I don't love to ſee
A Sword drawn in the Hand of a Man that looks
So furious, there's no jeſting with edge Tools;
How ſay you, Captain?
Cap. I ſay 'tis better jeſting
Than to be in earneſt with them.

Enter

Enter Orleans.

Orl. How now? what is the Difference? They ſay there have been
Swords drawn, and in my Quarrel; let me know
That Man, whoſe Love is ſo ſincere to ſpend
His Blood for my ſake, I will bounteouſly
Requite him.

Lav. We were all of your ſide,
But there he ſtands begun it.

Orl. What's thy Name?

Dub. Dubois?

Orl. Give me thy Hand, haſt receiv'd no hurt?

Dub. Not any, nor were this Body ſtuck full of Wounds,
I ſhould not count them Hurts, being taken in
So honourable a Cauſe as the Defence
Of my moſt worthy Lord.

Orl. The Dedication of thy Love to me
Requires my ample Bounty, thou art mine,
For I do find thee made unto my Purpoſes:
Monſieur *Laverdine*, pardon my Neglect
I not obſerved you, and how runs Rumour?

Lav. Why,
It runs, my Lord, like a Footman without a Cloak,
(11) To ſhow that what's once rumour'd can't be hid.

Orl. And what ſay th' Rabble, am not I the Subject of Their Talk?

Lav. Troth, my Lord, the common Mouth
Speaks foul Words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my Wife, do they not?

Lav. Faith the Men do a little murmur at it, and ſay,
'Tis an ill Preſident in ſo great a Man;
Marry, the Women rail outright.

Orl. Out upon them,

(11) *To ſhow that what's once rumour'd* it cannot *be hid.*] Several Pages together here have been hitherto printed as Proſe; even *Longueville*'s Speech at his *Exit*, which ends in Rhyme. Here the Reader will ſee that what contributed to ſpoil the Meaſure, hurt the Senſe alſo, and both are reſtor'd together,

To ſhow that what's once rumour'd can't *be hid.*

Rampallions,

Rampallions, I will keep myſelf ſafe enough
Out of their Fingers; but what ſay my pretty
Jolly compos'd Gallants, that cenſure every thing
More deſperate than it is dangerous; what ſay they?

Lav. Marry, they're laying Wagers, what Death you'll die?
One offers to lay five hundred Pounds; and yet
H' had but a Groat about him, and that was in two
Two-pences too, to any Man that wou'd
Make't up a Shilling, that you were kill'd with a Piſtol
Charg'd with white Powder; another offer'd to pawn his
Soul for five Shillings, and yet no Body wou'd take him,
That you were ſtabb'd to Death, and ſhou'd die with
More Wounds than *Cæſar* did.

Orl. And who ſhou'd be
The Butchers that ſhou'd do it? *Montague*
And his Aſſociates?

Lav. So it is conjectur'd.

Lap. And believe it, ſweet Prince, it is to be
Feared, and therefore to be prevented.

Orl. By
Turning his purpoſe on himſelf, were not that
The way?

Lav. The moſt direct Path for your Safety.
For where doth Danger ſit more furious
Than in a deſperate Man?

Lap. And being you have
Declin'd his Means, you have increas'd his Malice.

Lav. Beſides the general Report that ſteams
In each Man's Breath, ſtains you all o'er with Infamy,
That Time, the great Devourer of all things,
Cannot eat out.

Lap. Ay, for the former Familiarity
Which he had with your Lady.

Lav. Men ſpeak't as boldly as Words of Compliment;
'Good Morrow, or good Ev'n, or ſave you, Sir,
Are not more uſual; if the Word Cuckold had been
Written on your Forehead in great Capital Letters,
It couldn't 've been dilated with more Confidence.

Orl. He ſhall not ſleep another Night, I'll have his Blood,
Though't be requir'd at my Hands again.
Lav. Your Lordſhip may, and without hazarding
Your Perſon; here's a Gentleman in whoſe Looks
I ſee a Reſolution to perform it.
Dub. Let's Lordſhip give me but his honourable Word for
My Life, I'll kill him as he walks.
Lav. Or Piſtol him
As h' ſits at Meat.
La-p. Or at Game.
Lav. Or as he's drinking.
Dub. Any way.
Orl. Wou't thou?
Call what is mine thine own, thy Reputation ſhall not
Be brought in Queſtion for't, much leſs thy Life;
It ſhall be nam'd a Deed of Valour in thee,
Not Murder: Fare-thee-well. [*Exit.*
Dub. I need no more
Encouragement, it is a Work I will
Perſuade myſelf that I was born to.
Lav. And
You may perſuade yourſelf too that you ſhall
Be ſav'd by it, ſeeing't is for his honourable Lordſhip.
Dub. But you muſt yield me means, how, when and where.
Lav. That ſhall be our Tasks; nay more, we will
Be Agents with thee: This Hour we are to meet him,
On the Receipt of certain Monies, which
Indeed we purpoſe honeſtly to cheat him of,
And that's the main Cauſe I wou'd have him ſlain;
Who works with Safety makes a double Gain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longueville, Amiens *following him.*

Ami. Stay, Sir, I've took ſome pains to overtake you.
——Your Name is *Longueville.*
Long. I have the Word
Of many honeſt Men for't.——I crave your Lordſhip's Pardon,

Your

Your ſudden Apprehenſion on my Steps
Made me to frame an Anſwer unwitting and
Unworthy your Reſpect.

Ami. D' you know me?

Long. Yes, my Lord.

Ami. I know not you; nor am well pleas'd to make
This time, as the Affair now ſtands, the Induction
Of your Acquaintance; you're a fighting Fellow.

Long. How, my Lord?

Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a Fellow dares not fight,
But ſpit and puff and make a Noiſe, the whilſt
Your trembling Hand draws out your Sword, to lay it
On Andirons, Stools, or Tables, rather than on
A Man.

Long. Your Honour may beſt ſpeak this; yet——
With little Safety, if I thought it ſerious.

Ami. Come, you're a very Braggart, and you have
Given me cauſe to tell you ſo; what Weakneſs
Have you e'er ſeen in me to prompt yourſelf,
That I could need your help; or what other Reaſon
Could induce you to it? You ne'er yet had
A Meal's Meat from my Table, as I remember,
Nor from my Wardrobe any caſt Suit.

Long. 'Tis true,
I ne'er durſt yet have ſuch a ſervile Spirit,
To be the Minion of a full-ſwoln Lord;
But always did deteſt ſuch Slavery:
A Meal's Meat, or a caſt Suit? I'd firſt eat the Stones,
And from ſuch Rags the Dunghils do afford,
Pick me a Garment.

Ami. I have miſtook the Man, his reſolute Spirit
Proclaims him generous, he has a noble Heart,
As free to utter good Deeds as to act them;
For had he not been right, and of one Piece,
He would have crumpled, curl'd, and ſtruck himſelf
Out of the ſhape of Man into a Shadow.
But prithee tell me, if no ſuch fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazard Life for my ſake,
What was it that incited thee? tell me; ſpeak it

Without the Imputation of a Sycophant.
Long. Your own Deſert, Sir, and with it was join'd
Th' unfeigned Friendſhip that I judg'd you ever
Held to my former Lord.
Ami. The noble *Montague?*
Long. Yes,
The noble and much injured *Montague.*
Ami. To ſuch a Man as thou, my Heart ſhall be
A Casket: I will lock thee up there, and
Eſteem thee as a faithful Friend,
The richeſt Jewel that a Man enjoys;
And being thou didſt follow once my Friend,
And in thy Heart ſtill doſt, not with his Fortunes
Caſting him off, thou ſhalt go hand in hand
With me, and ſhare as well in my
Ability as Love; 'tis not my end
To gain Men for my uſe, but a true Friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duboys.

Dub. There's no ſuch thriving way to live in Grace,
As to have no Senſe of it; his Back nor Belly
Shall not want warming that can practiſe Miſchief;
I walk now with a full Purſe, grow high and wanton,
Prune and brisk up myſelf in the bright ſhine
Of his good Lordſhip's Favours; and for what Virtue?
For faſhioning myſelf a Murderer.
O noble *Montague,* to whom I owe
My Heart, with all my beſt Thoughts, though my Tongue
Have promis'd t' exceed the Malice of thy Deſtiny,
Never in time of all my Service knew I
Such a Sin tempt thy Bounty; thoſe that did feed
Upon thy Charge, had Merit or elſe Need.

Enter Laverdine, *and* La-poop, *with Diſguiſes.*

Lav. Duboys, moſt proſperouſly met.
Dub. How now?
Will he come this way?
Lav. This way, immediately;
And therefore thy Aſſiſtance, dear *Duboys.*
Dub. What, have you cheated him of the Money you
ſpoke of? *Lav.*

Lav. Fough, as eaſily as a ſilly Country Wench
Of her Maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.
Dub. 'Tis well; Captain, let me help you, you muſt be our Leader in
This Action.
Lap. Tut, fear not, I'll warrant you
If my Sword hold, we'll make no ſweating Sickneſs of it.
Dub. Why that's well ſaid, but let's retire a little, that
We may come on the more bravely; this way, this way.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Montague *in the Hands of three Officers, and three Creditors.*

1 *Cred.* Officers look to him, and be ſure you
Take good Security before he part from you.
Mont. Why but my Friends, you take a ſtrange Courſe with me;
The Sums I owe you, are rather Forgetfulneſs,
They are ſo ſlight,
Than want of Will or Honeſty to pay you.
1 *Cred.* Ay, Sir, it may be ſo; but we muſt be paid,
And will be paid before you 'ſcape; we have
A Wife and Children, and a Charge, and you are
Going down the Wind, as a Man may ſay; and therefore it
Behoves us to look to't in time.
2 *Cred.* Your Cloak here
Wou'd ſatisfy me, mine is not above
A three-Pound matter, beſides th' Arreſt.
3 *Cred.* 'Faith mine
Is much about that matter too; your Girdle
And Hanger, and your Beaver here, ſhall be
Sufficient Bail for it.
1 *Cred.* If you have ever
A plain black Suit at home, this ſilken one,
With your Silk-ſtockings, Garters and your Roſes,
Shall pacify me too; for I take no Delight,
If I've ſufficient Pawn, to caſt any Gentleman
In Priſon; therefore 'tis but an untruſſing Matter,
And you are free; we are no unreaſonable Creatures

You ſee; for mine own part, I proteſt I'm loth
To put you t' any trouble for Security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he wou'd next demand My Skin.

1 *Cred.* No, Sir, here are no more of us,
Nor do any of us demand your Skin, we know not
What to do with it; but it may be if
You ow'd your Glover any Money, he knew
What uſe to make of it.

Mont. Ye Dregs of Baſeneſs, Vultures amongſt Men,
That tire upon the Hearts of generous Spirits.

1 *Cred.* You do us Wrong, Sir, we tire no generous Spirits, we tire nothing but our Hackneys.

Enter Mallicorn.

Mont. But here comes one made of another Piece;
A Man well meriting that free-born Name
Of Citizen; welcome my Deliverer, I am fallen
Into the Hands of Blood-hounds, that for a Sum
Leſſer than ev'n their Honeſties, which is nothing,
Wou'd tear me out of my Skin.

Mal. Why, Sir, what's the matter?

1 *Cred.* Why, Sir, the Matter is,
That we muſt have our Money, which if we can't have,
We'll ſatisfy ourſelves wi' his Carcaſs, and be paid that ways;
You had as good, Sir, not have been ſo peremptory.
Officer, hold faſt.

1 *Offi.* The ſtrenuous Fiſt of Vengeance now is clutcht; Therefore fear nothing.

Mal. What may be the Debt in groſs?

Mont. Some forty Crowns, nay rather not ſo much,
'Tis quickly caſt.

Mal. 'Tis ſtrange to me, that your Eſtate ſhou'd have
So low an Ebb, to ſtick at ſuch ſlight Sums;
Why, Friends, you are too ſtrict in your Accounts,
And call too ſudden on this Gentleman,
He has Hopes left yet to pay you all.

1 *Cred.* Hopes? ay, marry?
Bid him pay his Friends with Hopes, and pay us

With

With currant Coin. I knew a Gallant once
That fed his Creditors ſtill with Hopes, and bid 'em
They ſhould fear nothing, for he had 'em tied
In a ſtring; and truſt me ſo he had indeed,
For't laſt he and his Hopes hopt in a Halter.
Mont. Good Sir, wi' what ſpeed you may free me out of
The Company of theſe Slaves, that have nothing but
Their Names to ſhow 'em Men.
Mal. What wou'd you wiſh me
Do, Sir? I proteſt I han't the preſent Sum
(Small as it is) to lay down for you; and for giving
My Word, my Friends no later than Yeſternight
Made me take Bread and eat it, that I ſhou'd not
Do it for any Man breathing i'th' World;
Therefore I pray hold me excus'd.
Mont. You do not ſpeak
This ſeriouſly?
Mal. As e'er I ſaid my Prayers, I proteſt to you.
Mont. What may I think of this?
Mal. Troth, Sir, Thought's free
For any Man; we abuſe our Betters in it,
I've done it myſelf
Mont. Truſt me, this Speech of yours doth much amaze me;
Pray leave this Language, and out of that ſame Sum
You lately did receive of me, lay down
As much as may diſcharge me.
Mal You're a merry Man, Sir,
And I am glad you take your Croſſes ſo temperately;
Fare you well, Sir, and yet I have ſomething more
To ſay to ye, a Word in your Ear I pray;
To be plain with you, I did lay this Plot
T' arreſt you, to enjoy this Money I have of yours
With the more Safety. I'm a Fool to tell you this now;
But in good Faith I could not keep it in.
And th' Money would a done me little good elſe.
An honeſt Citizen cannot wholly enjoy
His own Wife for you, they grow old before
They have true uſe of them, which is a lamentable thing,
And truly much hardens the Hearts of us Citizens

Againſt you: I can ſay no more, but am heartily
Sorry for your Heavineſs, and ſo I take my leave.
[*Exit* Mallicorn.

1 *Cred.* Officers take hold on him again, for Monſieur *Mallicorn* will
Do nothing for him, I perceive.

Enter Duboys, La-poop *and* Laverdine.

Dub. Nay come, my Maſters, leave dancing of the old Meaſures,
And let's aſſault him bravely.

Lav. By no means;
It goes againſt my Stomach to kill a Man
In 'n unjuſt Quarrel.

La-p. It muſt needs be a Clog
To a Man's Conſcience all his Life-time.

Lav. It
Muſt indeed, Captain; beſides, do ye not ſee
He has got a Guard of Friends about him, as if
He had ſome Knowledge of our Purpoſe?

Dub. Had he
A Guard of Devils, as I think 'em little better,
My Sword ſhould do the Meſſage that it came for.

Lav. If you will be ſo deſperate, the Blood lie
On your own Neck, for we'll not meddle in't.

[Duboys *runs upon* Montague, *and ſtruggling yields him his Sword*; *the Officers draw*, Laverdine *and* La-poop *in the ſcuffling retire*, Montague *chaſeth them off the Stage*, *himſelf wounded.*

Dub. I am your Friend and Servant, ſtruggle with me
And take my Sword. Noble Sir, make your way,
You've ſlain an Officer.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly
Requited me; for I do loſe much Blood.

1 *Offic.* Udſpecious,
We've loſt a Brother, purſue the Gentleman.

2 *Offic.* I'll not meddle with him; you ſee what comes on't;
Beſides I know he'll be hang'd e'er he be taken.

1 *Offic.* I'll tell thee, Yeoman, he muſt be taken e'er
He

He will be hanged.——He is hurt in the Guts,
Run afore therefore and know how his Wife
Will rate his Sauſages a Pound.
3 Offi. Stay, Brother,
I may live, for ſurely I find I am but hurt
In the Leg, a dangerous Kick on the Shin-bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lamira, *Lady* Orleans, *and* Veramor.

Lam. YOU ſee, Lady,
What harmleſs Sports our Country Life affords;
And though you meet not here with City Dainties,
Or Courtly Entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.
L. Orl. Madam, I find here
What is a Stranger to the Court, Content;
And receive Courteſies done for themſelves,
Without an Expectation of Return,
Which binds me to your Service.
Lam. Oh your Love!
My homely Houſe, built more for Uſe than Shew,
Obſerves the golden Mean, equally diſtant
From glittering Pomp, and ſordid Avarice;
For Masks, we will obſerve the Works of Nature,
And in the Place of Viſitation, read;
Our Phyſick ſhall be wholſom Walks, our Viands
Nouriſhing, not provoking; for I find
Pleaſures are Tortures that leave Stings behind.
L. Orl. You have a great Eſtate.
Lam. A Competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my Rank,
Nor am I, I thank Heav'n, ſo courtly bred
As to imploy the utmoſt of my Rents
In paying Taylors for fantaſtick Robes;
Or rather than be ſecond in the Faſhion,
Eat out my Officers and my Revenues

With

With grating Uſury; my Back ſhall not be
The Baſe on which your ſoothing Citizen
Erects his Summer-houſes; nor on th' other ſide
Will I be ſo penuriouſly Wiſe,
As to make Money, that's my Slave, my Idol,
Which yet to wrong, merits as much Reproof,
As to abuſe our Servant.

L. Orl. Yet with your Pardon
I think you want the Crown of all Contentment.

Lam. In what, good Madam?

L. Orl. In a worthy Husband.

Lam. (12) — It is ſtrange the Galley-ſlave ſhould praiſe
His Oar, or Strokes; or you, that have made Shipwreck
Of all delight upon this Rock, call'd Marriage,
Should ſing Encomiums on't.

L. Orl. Madam, although
One fall from's Horſe and break his Neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or muſt it follow, becauſe *Orleans*
My Lord is pleas'd to make his paſſionate Trial
Of my ſuſpected Patience, that my Brother
(Were he not ſo, I might ſay, worthy *Amiens*)
Will imitate his Ills; that you can't fancy
What's truly Noble in him?

Lam. I muſt grant
There's as much Worth in him as can be lookt for
From a young Lord, but not enough to make
Me change my golden Liberty, and conſent
To be a Servant to it, as Wives are
To the imperious Humours of their Lords;
Methinks I'm well, I riſe and go to Bed
When I think fit, eat what my Appetite
Deſires without Control; my Servants ſtudy
Is my Contenment, and to make me merry
Their fartheſt aims; my Sleeps are enquir'd after,

(12) —— *It is ſtrange the Galley-ſlave ſhould praiſe*] This Verſe wants a Syllable which the Reader muſt ſupply by ſome Note of Exclamation at the Beginning, it being common in all the Editions of our Authors to leave Daſhes for exclamatory Particles, and for every Species of leſſer Oaths.

My

My riſing up ſaluted with Reſpect:
Command and Liberty now wait upon
My Virgin State; what would I more; change all,
And for a Husband? no; theſe freedoms die,
In which they live, with my Virginity;
'Tis in their choice, that's rich to be a Wife,
(13) But not being yoakt to chuſe the ſingle Life.
Veramor.

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the Country?

Ver. I like the Air of it well, Madam, and the rather,
Becauſe as on *Iriſh* Timber your Spider will
Not make his Web, ſo for ought I ſee yet
Your Cheater, Pander, and Informer, being in
Their Diſpoſitions too foggy for
This piercing Climate, ſhun it, and chuſe rather
To walk in Miſts i' th' City. *Lam.* Who did you
Serve firſt, Boy?

Ver. A rich Merchant's Widow, and was
By her preferred to a young Court-Lady.

L. Orl. And what Difference found you in their Service?

Ver. Very much;
For look how much my old City Madam gave
To her young Viſitants, ſo much my Lady
Receiv'd from her hoary Court-ſervants.

Lam. And what
Made you to leave her? *Ver.* My Father, Madam, having
A deſire to have me a Tall-man took me thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the Wag, from your Father.

Ver. Doves beget Doves, and Eagles, Eagles, Madam,
A Citizen left ne'er ſo rich, ſeldom at beſt proves
A Gentleman; the Son of an Advocate, tho' dub'd,
Like's Father 'll ſhew a reliſh of his Deſcent,
And th' Father's thriving practice, as I've heard;

(13) *But not being yoakt to chuſe the ſingle Life.*

Ver. *Madam.*] By this Reading *Veramour* ſhould firſt ſpeak to the Lady, which from the Propriety of the Thing, from the Senſe of the Context, and from the Meaſure, it is plain he did not; but that his Name ſhould be inſerted in the End of the Lady's Speech, and ſhe firſt call to him.

She that of a Chambermaid is metamorphoſed
Into a Madam, will yet remember how oft her Daughter by her Mother ventured to lie upon the Ruſhes, before ſhe could get in that which makes many Ladies.

L. Orl. But what think you of your late Maſter?

Ver. Oh Madam——— [*Sighs.*

Lam. Why do you ſigh? you're ſorry that you left him,
He made a Wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that;
Or if he did, for that my Youth muſt love him.
Oh pardon me, if I ſay Liberty
Is Bondage, if compar'd with his kind Service;
And but to've Power now to ſpeak his worth
To its Deſert, I ſhould be well content
To be an old Man when his Praiſe were ended;
And yet, if at this inſtant you were pleaſed,
I ſhould begin, the Livery of Age
Would take his lodging on this head e'er I
Should bring it to a Period.
In brief, he is a Man (for heav'n forbid
That I ſhould ever live to ſay he was)
Of ſuch a Shape as would make one beloved,
That never had good Thought; and to his Body
He hath a Mind of ſuch a conſtant Temper,
In which all Virtues throng to have a room;
Yet 'gainſt this noble Gentleman, this *Montague*,
For in that Name I comprehend all Goodneſs,
Wrong, and the wreſted Law, falſe Witneſſes,
And Envy ſent from Hell, have roſe in Arms,
And though not pierc'd, batter'd his honour'd Shield.
What ſhall I ſay? I hope you will forgive me,
(14) That unleſs you yourſelf were pleas'd to love,
I know no *Juno* worthy ſuch a *Jove*.

Enter

(14) *That* if you were but *pleas'd to love*,
I know no Juno *worthy ſuch a* Jove.] Both the Senſe and Meaſure of the firſt Line are ſo lame that there can, I think, be no doubt of a Corruption. That which is moſt natural for *Veramour* to ſay as a proper Compliment to *Lamira*, and a proper Wiſh for reſtoring his beloved Maſter to Wealth and Proſperity; this, I ſay, will exactly fill up the Meaſure; and tho' it departs more than I could wiſh from the Trace of the Letters, yet a few Blots in the original Copy might eaſily

Enter Charlot *with a Letter.*

Lam. It is well yet I have the ſecond Place
In your Affection: From whence?
Char. From the Lord *Amiens*, Madam.
Lam. 'Tis welcome, tho' it bear his uſual Language:
I thought ſo much, his Love-ſuit ſpeaks his Health.
What's he that brought it?
Char. A Gentleman of good Rank, it ſeems.
Lam. Where is he?
Char. Receiving Entertainment in your Houſe
Sorting with his Degree.
Lam. 'Tis well.
Char. He waits your Ladyſhip's Pleaſure.
Lam. He ſhall not wait long;
I'll leave you for a while; nay ſtay you Boy,
Attend the Lady. [*Exeunt* Lam. Char.
Vir. Would I might live once
To wait on my poor Maſter.
L. Orl. That's a good Boy;
This Thankfulneſs looks lovely on thy Forehead,
And in it, as a Book, methinks I read
Inſtructions for myſelf, that am his Debtor,
And wou'd do much that I might be ſo happy
To repair that which to our Grief is ruin'd.
Vir. It were a work a King might glory in,
If he ſaw with my Eyes: If you pleaſe, Madam,
(For ſure to me you ſeem unapt to walk)
To ſit, although the churliſh Birds deny
To give us Muſick in this Grove, where they
Are prodigal to others: I'll ſtrain my Voice
For a ſad Song, the Place is ſafe and private.
L. Orl. 'Twas my deſire; begin, good *Veramour*.

Muſick, a Song; at the end of it, enter Montague *fainting, his Sword drawn.*

L. Orl. What's he, *Veramour?*

eaſily cauſe ſuch a Difference; I hope that I ſhall only reſtore that Original in reading,

That unleſs you yourſelf *were pleas'd to love,*

Lamira's Anſwer evidently requires ſome Reading to this Purport.

Ver.

Ver. A goodly Perſonage.

Mont. Am I yet ſafe? Or is my flight a Dream;
My Wounds and Hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my Fears born me? No matter where,
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err:
What ſhall I do! Cunning Calamity!
That others groſs Wits uſes to refine,
When I moſt need it dulls the edge of mine.

L. Orl. Is not this *Montague*'s Voice?

Vir. My Maſter's? Fie.

Mont. Wat Sound was that, 'piſh,
Fear makes the Wretch think every leaf o' th' Jury:
What courſe to live, beg? Better Men have done it,
But in another kind: Steal? *Alexander*
Though ſtil'd a Conqueror, was a proud Thief,
Though he robb'd with an Army; fie how idle
Theſe Meditations are; though thou art worſe
Than Sorrow's Tongue can ſpeak thee, thou art ſtill,
Or ſhould'ſt be, honeſt *Montague.*

L. Orl. 'Tis too true.

Ver. 'Tis he; what Villain's Hands did this? Oh that my Fleſh
Were Balm; in faith Sir, I would pluck it off
As readiy as this; pray you accept
My Will to do you Service: I have heard
The Mouſe once ſav'd the Lion in his need,
(15) As the poor Scarab ſpoil'd the Eagles Seed.

L. Orl. How do you?

Mont. As a forſaken Man.

L. Orl. Do not ſay ſo, take Comfort,
For your Misfortunes have been kind in this,
To caſt you on a hoſpitable Shore,
Where dwells a Lady———

Ver. She to whom, good Maſter,
You prefer'd me.

L. Orl. In whoſe Houſe, whatſo'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your ſafety.

Mont. I fear that I'm purſued, and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an Officer.

(15) *As the poor Scarab* ſpil'd *the Eagles ſeed.*] Former Editions.

Ver.

Ver. Is that all? There's no Law under the Sun
But will I hope confeſs, one drop of Blood
Shed from this Arm is recompence enough,
Though you had cut the Throats of all the Catchpoles
In *France*, nay in the World.
Mont. I would be loth
To be a Burden, or feed like a Drone
On the induſtrious labour of a Bee;
And baſer far I hold it to owe for
The Bread I eat, what's not in me to pay;
(16) Then ſince my once full Fortunes are declin'd,
To their low Ebb I'll faſhion my high Mind
It was no ſhame to *Hecuba*, to ſerve
When *Troy* was fir'd; if 't be in your Power
(17) To be a means to make her entertain me,
And far from that I was; but to ſupply
My want with Habit fit for him that ſerves,
I ſhall owe much to you.
L. Orl. Leave that care to me.
Ver. Good Sir, lean on my ſhoulder; help, good Madam:
Oh that I were a Horſe for half an Hour,
That I might carry you Home on my Back:

(16) *Then ſince my* full *Fortunes are declin'd,*] Tho' this be extreme good Senſe, yet I doubt not but a Syllable is loſt, as all the Meaſure of the neighbouring Verſes are compleat; *full* will allow a Compound either before it, as *hope-full*, or after it, as *full flow'd*. I preſer the former, as *full-flow'd*, tho' it preſerves the Metaphor, is not quite ſo natural a Compound: tho' *full flowing* in the active Participle is juſt and eaſy.—The laſt Conjecture that has occurr'd, *once full*, ſeems upon the whole to be the moſt probable.

(17) *To be a means to make her* Entertainment.] This Miſtake of the Subſtantive *Entertainment* for *entertain me*, has run thro' the former Editions. It has been objected to this Paſſage—How could *Montague* be perſonally unknown or want a Recommendation to *Lamira*, when he had expreſly recommended to her both the Perſons he ſpeaks to. Had the Poets foreſeen the Objection, an additional Line might have taken it clearly off. Since it is very common, for Perſons of remarkable Goodneſs living at great Diſtances, and perſonally unknown to each other, to contract great Friendſhips meerly from Character and the Intercourſe of mutual Friends; or perhaps what is ſtill a greater Band of Friendſhip, their Concurrence in the ſame Works of Charity and Benevolence.

I hope

I hope you'll love me ſtill?

Mont. Thou doſt deſerve it, Boy,
That I ſhould live to be thus troubleſome.

L. Orl. Good Sir, 'tis none.

Ver. Trouble? Moſt willingly I would be chang'd
Like *Apuleius*, wear his Aſs's Ear,
Provided I might ſtill this Burden bear.

L. Orl. 'Tis a kind Boy.

Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amiens, *and* Longueville, *with a Paper.*

Ami. You'll carry it.

Long. As I live, although my Packet
Were like *Bellerophon*'s; what have you ſeen
In me or my Behaviour, ſince your Favours
So plentifully ſhower'd upon my Wants,
That may beget diſtruſt of my Performance?

Ami. Nay, be not angry, if I entertained
But the leaſt ſcruple of your Love, or Courage,
(18) I would make choice of one with my Eſtate
Should do me right in this, nor can you blame me,
If in a matter of ſuch conſequence
I am ſo importunate.

Long. Good my Lord,
Let me prevent your farther Conjurations
To raiſe my Spirit; I know this is a Challenge
To be delivered unto *Orleans*' Hand,
And that my Undertaking ends not there,
But I muſt be your Second, and in that
Not alone ſearch your Enemy, meaſure Weapons,
But ſtand in all your Hazards, as our Bloods
Ran in the ſelf-ſame Veins; in which if I
Better not your Opinion, as a Limb

(18) *I would make choice of one* which *my Eſtate*
Should do me right in this.] Thus the former Editions, but I believe without a Poſſibility of any rational Interpretation: I read,

——*with my Eſtate*,

i. e. I would have a *Second* in this Duel that ſhould deliver my Challenge and join in the Fight with Boldneſs and Intrepidity, tho' it coſt me my whole Eſtate to procure one. *Longueville*'s Anſwer to this has infinite Beauty and Energy.

That's

That's putrifi'd and uſeleſs, cut me off,
And underneath the Gallows bury it.

Ami. At full you underſtand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine to you and yours;
I will not ſo much wrong you as to add
One Syllable more, let it ſuffice I leave
My Honour to your Guard, and in that prove,
You hold the firſt Place in my Heart and Love.

[*Exit* Amiens.

Long. The firſt place in a Lord's Affection? Very good;
And how long doth that laſt? Perhaps the changing
Of ſome three Shirts i' th' Tennis-Court; well,
It were neceſſary that
An Order were taken (if 'twere poſſible)
That younger Brothers might either have more Wit,
Or more Mony; for now, howe'er the Fool
Hath long been put upon him that inherits,
His Revenue hath bought him a Spunge, and wip'd off
The Imputation,
And for the Underſtanding of the younger,
Let him get as much Rhetorick as he can, to grace
His Language——

Enter Dubois.

They will ſee, he ſhall have gloſs
Little enough to ſet out his Bark. Stand, *Dubois*,
Look about, is all ſafe?

Dub. Approach not near me but with Reverence,
Laurel and Adorations, I have done
More than deſerves a hundred Thanks. *Long.* How now,
What is the matter?

Dub. With this Hand, only aided by this Brain,
Without an *Orpheus* Harp, redeem'd from Hell's
Three-headed Porter, our *Eurydice*.

Long. Nay, prithee ſpeak Senſe, this is like the ſtale Bragart in a Play.

Dub. Then in plain Proſe thus, and with as little Action as thou canſt deſire, the three-headed Porter, were three inexorable Catch-poles, out of whoſe Jaws without the

help of *Orpheus*'s Harp, bait or bribe, for thoſe two ſtrings make the Muſick that mollifies thoſe flinty Furies, I reſcued our *Eurydice*, I mean my old Maſter *Montague*.

Long. And is this all? poor Reſcue! I thought thou hadſt
Revers'd the Judgment for his overthrow
In his Sute,
Or wrought upon his Adverſary *Orleans*,
Taken the Shape of a Ghoſt, frighted his Mind
Into diſtraction, and for the appeaſing of
His Conſcience, forc'd him to make Reſtitution
Of *Montague*'s Lands, (19) or ſuch like; reſcued? 'Slight I would
(20) Have hired a *Chrocheteur* for two Cardekues,
To have done ſo much with his Whip.

Dub. You would, Sir,
And yet 'tis more than three on their Foot-cloaths durſt do
For a ſworn Brother, in a Coach. *Long.* Beſides,
What proofs of it? For ought I know this may be
A trick, I had rather have him a Priſoner,
Where I might viſit him, and do him Service,
Than not at all, or be I know not where.

Dub. Well, Sir, the end will ſhew it; what's that, a Challenge?

Long. Yes, where is *Orleans?* Though we fight in jeſt,
He muſt meet *Amiens* in earneſt; fall off,
We are diſcovered; my Horſe, Garſon, ha!

Dub. Were it not in a Houſe, and in his Preſence
To whom I owe all Duty——

Long. What would it do?
Prate as it does? But be as far from ſtriking,
As he that owes it, *Orleans.* *Dub.* How?

(19) ——— *or ſuch like* Reſcue;] The old Folio reads,
——— *or ſuch like* reſcued;
The late Editions have made it tolerable Senſe, tho' I believe it a wrong Conjecture, the more natural and more ſpirited Reading may be given without changing a Letter, only by different Points—I read,
——— *or ſuch like*; reſcued? *'Slight I would have hired*, &c.

(20) ——— *have hired* Acrocheture——] The true word here not being underſtood, is printed wrong in all the Editions, it ſhould be *a Chrocheteur*, i. e. *a Pig-Driver*.

Long.

Long. I think thou art his Porter,
Set here to anſwer Creditors, that his Lordſhip
Is not within, or takes the Diet: I am ſent,
And will grow here until I have an Anſwer,
Not to demand a Debt of Mony, but
To call him to a ſtrict account for wrong
Done to the Honours of a Gentleman,
Which nothing but his Heart-blood ſhall waſh off.

Dub. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more, that if I may not
Have acceſs to him, I will fix this here
To his Diſgrace and thine.

Dub. And thy Life with it.

Long. Then have the Copies of it paſted on Poſts,
Like Pamphlet Titles, that ſue to be ſold;
Have his diſgrace Talk for Tobacco-ſhops,
His Picture baffled.

Dub. All Reſpect away,
Were't in a Church—— [*Draw both.*

Long. This is the Book I pray with.

Enter Orleans.

Orl. Forbear, upon your Lives.

Long. What, are you rouz'd?
I hope your Lordſhip can read (though he ſtain not
His Birth with Scholarſhip) doth it not pleaſe you now?
If you're a right *Monſieur*, muſter up
The reſt of your Attendance, which is a Page,
A Cook, a Pander, Coach-man, and a Footman,
In theſe Days a great Lord's Train, pretending I am
Unworthy to bring you a Challenge, inſtead of anſwering it,
Have me kick'd.

Dub. If he does, thou deſerv'ſt it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me, I'll not ſtand ſtill,
What anſwer?

Orl. That thou haſt done to *Amiens*
The Office of a faithful Friend, which I
Would cheriſh in thee, were he not my Foe.
However ſince on honourable Terms
He calls me forth, ſay I will meet with him,

And by *Dubois* e'er Sun-ſet make him know
The time and place, my Sword's length, and what ever
Scruple of Circumſtances he can expect.
Long. This Anſwer comes unlook'd for, fare you well,
Finding your Temper thus, wou'd I had ſaid leſs. [*Exit.*
Orl. Now comes thy Love to the teſt.
Dub. My Lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itſelf true Cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine, La-poop, Mallicorn, *and Servant.*

Ser. I will acquaint my Lady with your coming
Pleaſe you repoſe yourſelves here.
Mal. There's a Teſter,
Nay, now I am a Wooer, I muſt be bountiful.
Ser. If you would have two Three-pences for it, Sir,
To give ſome of your Kindred as you ride,
I'll ſee if I can get them; we uſe not
(Tho' Servants) to take Bribes. [*Exit.*
Lav. Then thou'rt unfit
To be in Office, either in Court or City.
La-p. Indeed Corruption is a Tree, whoſe Branches
Are of an unmeaſurable length, they ſpread
Ev'ry where, and the Dew that drops from thence hath
Infected ſome Chairs and Stools of Authority.
Mal. Ah Captain! Lay not all the fault on Officers,
You know y' can ſhark, tho' you be out of Action,
Witneſs *Montague.*
Lav. Hang him, he's ſafe enough; you had a hand in't too,
And have gained by him; but I wonder you Citizens,
That keep ſo many Books, and keep ſuch ſtrict
Accounts for every Farthing due to you
From others, reſerve not ſo much as a Memorandum
For th' Courteſies you receive. *Mal.* Would you have
A Citizen Book thoſe? Thankfulneſs is
A thing we are not ſworn to i' our Indentures,
You may as well urge Conſcience.
Lav. Talk no more of
Such Vanities, *Montague* is irrecoverably ſunk,
I would we h'd twenty more t' ſend after him;

The

The Snake that would be a Dragon, and have Wings,
Muſt eat; and what implieth that, but this,
That in this Cannibal Age, he that would have
The ſute of Wealth, muſt not care—whom he feeds on?
And as I've heard, there's no Fleſh battens better,
Than that of a profeſt Friend; and he that would mount
To Honour, muſt not make dainty to uſe
The Head of his Mother, Back of his Father, or
Neck of his Brother, for Ladders to his Preferment;
For but obſerve, and you ſhall find
For th' moſt part, cunning Villany ſit at a Feaſt
As principal Gueſt, and innocent Honeſty
Wait as a contemn'd Servant with a Trencher.
La-p. The Ladies.

Enter Montague *bare-headed*, Lamira, *Lady* Orleans, Charlotte *and* Veramor.

Mont. Do ye ſmell nothing?
Char. Not I, Sir.
Mont. The Carrion of Knaves is very ſtrong in my Noſtrils.
Lav. We came to admire, and find Fame was a Ni gard,
(21) Which we thought prodigal in your Report,
Before we ſaw you.
Lam. Puſh, Sir, this Courtſhip's old.
La-p. I'll fight for thee, ſweet Wench,
This is my Tongue, and wooes for me.
Lam Good Man of War,
Hands off; if you take me, 't muſt be by Siege,
Not by an Onſet; and for your Valour, I
Think that I have deſerv'd few Enemies,
And therefore need it not.
Mal. Thou need'ſt
Nothing, ſweet Lady, but an obſequious Husband,
And where wilt thou find him, if not i' th' City?
We are true *Muſcovites* to our Wives, and are

(21) *Which we thought prodigal in* our *Report*,] Former Editions. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in the Correction.

Ne'er better pleas'd, than when they uſe us as Slaves,
Bridle and ſaddle us; have me, thou ſhalt
Command all my Wealth as thine own, thou ſhalt
Sit like a Queen in my Ware-houſe; and my Factors
At the Return with my Ships, ſhall pay thee Tribute
Of all th' Rarities of th' Earth, thou ſhalt wear Gold,
Shalt feed on Delicates, the firſt Peaſcods, Strawberries,
Grapes, Cherries ſhall——

Lam. Be mine? I apprehend what you would ſay,
Thoſe Dainties which the City pays ſo dear for,
The Country yields for nothing, and as early;
And credit me, your far-fetcht Viands pleaſe not
My Appetite better than thoſe that are near Hand.
Then for your promis'd Service and Subjection
To all my Humours, when I am your Wife,
Which, as it ſeems, is frequent in the City,
I cannot find what Pleaſure they receive
In uſing their fond Husbands like their Maids;
But of this, more hereafter: I accept
Your Proffer kindly, and yours; my Houſe ſtands open
To entertain you, take your Pleaſure in it,
And Eaſe after your Journey.

L. Orl. Do you note
The Boldneſs of the Fellows? *Lam.* Alas, Madam,
A Virgin muſt in this be like a Lawyer;
And as he takes all Fees, ſhe muſt hear all Suitors;
The one for Gain, the other for her Mirth;
Stay with the Gentlemen, we'll to the Orchards.

[*Exeunt* Lamira, *Lady* Orleans, Vera. *and* Charlotte.

La-p.——What art thou?

Mont. An honeſt Man, though poor;
And look they like to Monſters, are they ſo rare?

Lav. Roſe from the dead.

Mal. Do you hear Monſieur *Serviture*,
Didſt thou never hear of one *Montague*,
A prodigal Gull, that liveth about *Paris*?

Mont. So, Sir.

Lav. One that after the Loſs of
His main Eſtate in a Law-Suit, bought an Office
In th' Court.

La-p.

La-p. And ſhould have Letters of Mart, to have
The *Spaniſh* Treaſure as it came from the *Indies*;
Were not thou and he Twins? Put off thy Hat,
Let's ſee thy Forehead.

Mont. Though you take Privilege
To uſe your Tongue, I pray you hold your Fingers;
'Twas your baſe Coz'nages made me as I am:
And were you ſomewhere elſe, I would take off
This proud film from your Eyes, that will not let you
Know I am *Montague.*

Enter Lamira *behind the Arras.*

Lam. I will obſerve this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I'll do thee grace; give me thy Hand:
I'm glad thou haſt ta'en ſo good a Courſe;
Serve God, and pleaſe thy Miſtreſs; if I prove
To be thy Maſter, as I'm very likely,
I will do for thee.

Mal Faith the Fellow
Is well made for a Serving-man, and will no doubt
Carry a Chine of Beef with a good Grace.

La-p. Prithee be careful of me in my Chamber,
I will remember thee at my Departure.

Mont. All this I can endure under this Roof,
And ſo much owe I her, whoſe now I am,
That no Wrong ſhall incenſe me to moleſt
Her quiet Houſe; while you continue here,
I will not be aſham'd to do you Service,
More than to her, becauſe ſuch is her Pleaſure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two Shillings in the Pound,
Know I dare kick you in your Shop; do you hear?
If ever I ſee *Paris*, though an Army
Of muſty Murrions, ruſty brown Bills and Clubs,
Stand for your Guard—I have heard of your Tricks,
And you that ſmell of Amber at my Charge,
And triumph in your Cheat; well, I may live
To meet thee, be it among a Troop of ſuch
That are upon the fair Face of the Court

Like running Ulcers, and before thy Whore
Trample upon thee.

La-p. This a Language for
A Livery? take heed, I am a Captain.

Mont. A Coxcomb, are you not? that thou and I,
To give Proof which of us dares moſt, were now
In midſt of a rough Sea, upon a Piece
Of a ſplit Ship, where only one might ride.

[Lamira *from the Arras.*

I would——But fooliſh Anger makes me talk
Like a Player.

Lam. Indeed you act a part
(22) Doth ill become my Servant; is this your Duty?

Mont. I crave your Pardon, and will hereafter be
More circumſpect.

Lav. Oh the Power of a Woman's Tongue;
It hath done more than we three with our Swords
Durſt undertake; put a mad Man to ſilence.

Lam. Why, Sirrah, theſe are none of your Comrades
To drink with in the Cellar; one of them,
For ought you know, may live to be your Maſter.

La-p. There is ſome Comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choice of three, a wealthy Merchant.

Mal. Hem,
She's taken, ſhe hath ſpyed my good Calf,
And many Ladies chuſe their Husbands by that.

Lam. A Courtier that's in Grace, a valiant Captain,
And are theſe Mates for you; away, begone.

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon,
And to give Satisfaction to you, Madam,
(Although I break my Heart) I will confeſs
That I have wrong'd them too, and make Submiſſion.

Lam. No, I'll ſpare that; go bid the Cook haſte Supper.

[*Exit* Mont.

La-p. Brave Lady, thou art worthy to have Servants,
To be Commandreſs of a Family, that know'ſt how
To uſe and govern it.

Lav. You ſhall have many Miſtreſſes that will ſo miſtake,

(22) *Doth ill become* you, *my Servant,*—] Former Editions.

As

As t' take their Horſe-keepers and Footmen in
Stead of their Husbands, thou art none of thoſe.
Mal. But ſhe that can make Diſtinction of Men
And knows when ſhe hath Gallants, Fellows of Rank,
And Quality in her Houſe——
Lam. Gallants indeed, if 't be the Gallants Faſhion
To triumph in the Miſeries of a Man,
Of which they are the cauſe; one that tranſcends
(In ſpite of all that Fortune hath, or can do)
A Million of ſuch things as you: My Doors
Stand open to receive all ſuch as wear
The Shape of Gentlemen, and my gentler Nature
(I might ſay weaker) weighs not the Expence
Of Entertainment; think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myſelf? do not I know,
That you have dealt wi' poor *Montague*, but like
Needy Commanders, cheating Citizens,
And perjur'd Courtiers? I am much mov'd, elſe uſe not
To ſay ſo much: If you will bear yourſelves
As fits ſuch you would make me think you are,
You may ſtay; if not, the way lies before you, [*Exit.*
Mal. What think you of this, Captain?
La-p. That this is
A Bawdy-houſe, with Pinacles and Turrets,
In which this diſguiſed *Montague* goes to Rut *gratis*,
And that this is a landed Pandreſs, and makes
Her Houſe a Brothel f'r Charity.
Mal. Come, that's no Miracle;
But whence derive you th' Suppoſition?
Lav. (23) Obſerve but th' Circumſtances; you all know
That in the height of *Montague*'s Proſperity,
He did affect, and had his Love return'd by
This Lady *Orleans*; ſince her Divorcement,

(23) *Obſerve but the* Circumſtance, *you all know*] Much the greateſt Part of the Play, as well as this whole Scene, was printed as Proſe; the Reader will obſerve, that putting *Circumſtances* in the Plural Number is better Senſe than in the Singular, and is all that is neceſſary to compleat the Meaſure.

And

And his Decay of Eſtate, (24) 'tis known they 've met;
And here they are together, not ſo much as
His Boy is wanting; and that this can be
Any thing elſe than a meer Plot for Night-work, is
'Bove my Imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, 't carries Probability, let's obſerve it
Better, but yet wi' ſuch Caution, as our prying
Be not diſcovered; here's all things to
Be had without coſt, therefore good ſtaying here.

La-p. Nay, that is true, I would we might wooe her twenty
Years, like *Penelope's* Suitors; come, *Laverdine.*

[*Exeunt* Mal. La-poop.

Lav. I follow inſtantly, yonder he is.

Enter Veramor.

The Thought of this Boy much hath cool'd my Affection to
His Lady, and by all Conjectures this is
A diſguis'd Whore; I'll try to ſearch this Mine.
Page——

Ver. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty Boy.

Ver. And you a brave Man; now I'm out of your Debt.

Lav. Nay, prithee ſtay.

Ver. I am in haſte, Sir.

Lav. By the Faith of a Courtier.

Ver. Take heed what y' ſay, you've taken a ſtrange Oath.

(24) —— *It is known they have met, not ſo much as his Boy* but *is wanting.*] Here again the Text, as hitherto printed, would by no means run into any Sort of Meaſure, and the Senſe is almoſt as much injur'd. Striking out *but* will do but little, for there want ſome Words to connect the two Sentences; the firſt evidently relating to the Meeting of Lady *Orleans* and *Montague* in *Paris*; and the ſecond to their being at *Lamira*'s Country-Seat. The Words that firſt occur'd, as abſolutely neceſſary to the Senſe, perfectly ſuited the Meaſure, and made the whole Speech run very eaſily into it. I read, therefore,

—— *'tis known they've met;*
And here they are together, *not ſo much as*
His Boy is wanting.——

Lav.

Lav. I have not ſeen a Youth that hath pleas'd me better,
I would thou couldſt like me, ſo far as to leave
Thy Lady and wait on me, I would maintain thee
I' th' braveſt Cloaths. *Ver.* Though you took them up
On Truſt, or bought 'em at the Brokers.
Lav. Or any Way; then thy Imployments ſhould be
So neat and cleanly, thou ſhouldſt not touch a Pair
Of Pantables i' a Month; and thy Lodging ſhould——
Ver. Be in a Brothel.
Lav. No, but in mine Arms.
Ver. That may be th' Circle of a Bawdy-Houſe,
Or worſe.
Lav. I mean that thou ſhould'ſt lie with me.
Ver. Lie with you? I had rather lie with my Lady's Monkey;
'Twas never a good World, ſince our *French* Lords
Learn'd of the *Neapolitans*, to make their
Pages their Bedfellows, it doth more Hurt
To th' Suburb Ladies, than twenty dead Vacations:
'Tis Supper time, Sir. [*Exit* Ver.
Lav. I thought ſo, I know
By that 'tis a Woman, for becauſe peradventure
She hath made Trial of the Monkey, ſhe
Prefers him before me, as one unknown;
Well,
These are (25) ſtrange Creatures, and have ſtrange Deſires;
And Men muſt uſe ſtrange Means to quench ſtrange Fires. [*Exit.*

(25) *Theſe are* ſtanding *Creatures, and have ſtrange Deſires;*
And Men muſt uſe ſtrange Means to quench ſtrange Fires] The old Folio had printed this as Proſe; the late Editors found out that theſe two Lines rhymed, and therefore ſhould be printed as Verſe, but they did not obſerve, that there was a corrupt Word in the firſt Line equally injurious both to Senſe and Meaſure, for what is *ſtanding Creatures?* We muſt indiſputably read,
—— ſtrange *Creatures.*——

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Montague *alone in mean Habit.*

Mont. NOW *Montague*, who diſcerns thy Spirit now?
Thy Breeding, or thy Blood? here's a poor Cloud
Eclipſeth all thy Splendor; who can read
In thy pale Face, dead Eye, or *lenten Sute*,
The Liberty thy ever-giving Hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itſelf
In Gives of Parchment indiſſoluble?
The greateſt hearted Man (26) ſupply'd with Means,
Nobility of Birth, and gentleſt Parts,
Yea though the right Hand of his Sovereign,
If Virtue quit her Seat in his high Soul,
Glitters but like a Palace ſet on Fire,
Whoſe Glory whilſt it ſhines, but ruins him;
And his bright ſhow each Hour to Aſhes tending
Shall at the laſt be rak'd up like a Sparkle,
Unleſs Mens Lives and Fortunes feed the Flame.

(26) ——— ——— *ſupply'd with Means,*
Nobility of Birth and gentleſt Parts,
I thought *the right Hand of his Sovereign*;
If Virtue quit his Seat, &c,] An Editor, who is contented with ſome faint Appearance of Senſe, in what he thinks from thence to be a Correction, does more Injury to the Text, than he who leaves it abſolute Nonſenſe, as he generally carries the Reader farther from the true Reading. The late Editors have giv'n an Inſtance of this in this beautiful Paſſage; they made ſomething like Senſe of the firſt Part of the Sentence, but gave it no Manner of Connection with the Remainder. The old Folio reads,

I though *the right Hand of his Sovereign*,

They add a Letter to *though* and make it a Verb. The true Corruption is in *I*, which being often by the old Authors wrote for *Ay* was here accidentally put for *Yea*, when it is thus corrected, and the Comma reſtor'd at the End of the Verſe, the whole runs extremely eaſy as well as ſublime.

The greateſt hearted Man ſupply'd with Means,
Nobility of Birth, and gentleſt Parts,
Yea though *the Right Hand of his Sovereign,*
If Virtue quit her Seat in his high Soul,
Glitters but like a Palace ſet on Fire.

Not

Not for my own Wants though blame I my Stars,
But ſuffering others to caſt love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be.
My Lady's Woman, fair and virtuous,
Young as the preſent Month, ſollicites me
For Love and Marriage now being nothing worth——

Enter Veramor.

Ver. Oh! Maſter, I have ſought you a long Hour,
Good Faith, I never joy'd out of your Sight;
For Heav'n's ſake, Sir, be merry, or elſe bear
The Buffets of your Fortunes with more Scorn,
Do but begin to rail, teach me the Way,
And I'll ſit down, and help your Anger forth;
I've known you wear a Suit full worth a Lordſhip:
Give to a Man, whoſe need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him Friend, five hundred Crowns,
E'er Sleep had left you Senſes to conſider
Your own important preſent Uſes; yet
Since I have ſeen you with a Trencher wait,
Void of all Scorn, therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. Would Heav'n thou wert leſs honeſt.

Ver. Would to Heav'n
You were leſs worthy; I am ev'n w'e, Sir.

Mont. Is not thy Maſter ſtrangely fall'n, when thou
Serv'ſt for no Wages, but for Charity?
Thou doſt ſurcharge me with thy plenteous Love;
The Goodneſs of thy Virtue ſhown to me,
More opens ſtill my Diſability
To quit thy Pains: Credit me, loving Boy,
A free and honeſt Nature may be oppreſt,
Tired with Courteſies from a liberal Spirit,
When they exceed his Means of Gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that to that end
Extends his Love or Duty.

Mont. Little World
Of Virtue, why doſt love and follow me?

Ver. Sir, I will follow you through all Countries, I
Will run (faſt as I can) by your Horſe Side,
I'll hold your Stirrup when you do alight,

And

And without grudging wait till you return;
I'll quit all offer'd means, 'nd expoſe myſelf
To Cold and Hunger, ſtill to be with you;
Fearleſs I'll travel through a Wilderneſs,
And when you're weary, I will lay me down
That in my Boſom you may reſt your Head,
Where whilſt you ſleep, I'll watch, that no wild Beaſt
Shall hurt or trouble you; and thus we'll breed
A Story to make every Hearer weep,
When they diſcourſe our Fortunes and our Loves.

Mont. Oh what a Scoff might Men of Women make,
If they did know this Boy? But my deſire
Is, that thou wouldeſt not (as thou uſeſt ſtill,
When like a Servant, I 'mong Servants ſit)
Wait on my Trencher, fill my Cups with Wine;
Why ſhould'ſt thou do this, Boy? prithee conſider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Curſt be the Day
When I forget that *Montague* was my Lord,
Or not remember him my Maſter ſtill.

Mont. Rather curſe me, with whom thy Youth hath ſpent
So many Hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly Quality.

Ver. Indeed
You never taught me how to handle Cards,
To cheat and cozen Men with Oaths and Lies;
Thoſe are the worldly Qualities to live;
Some of our ſcarlet Gallants teach their Boys
Theſe worldly Qualities.
Since ſtumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
Let me leave Fortune, e'er be vicious.

Mont. Oh Lad, thy Love will kill me.

Ver. In truth,
I think in Conſcience I ſhall die for you:
Good Maſter weep not, do you want aught, Sir?
Will you have any Money, here's ſome Silver;
And here's a little Gold, 'twill ſerve to play,
And put more troubleſome Thoughts out of your Mind;
I pray, Sir, take it, I'll get more with ſinging,

And

And then I'll bring it you, my Lady ga't me,
And——it was not Covetouſneſs.
But I forgot to tell you ſooner on't.
Mont. Alas, Boy, thou'rt not bound to tell it me,
And leſs to give it, buy the Scarfs and Garters,
And when I've Money, I will give thee a Sword;
Nature made thee a beauteous Cabinet
To lock up all the Goodneſs of the Earth.

Enter Charlotte.

Ver. I've loſt my Voice with the very Sight of
This Gentlewoman? Good Sir, ſteal away, you
Were wont to be a curious Avoider
Of Women's Company. *Mont.* Why, Boy, thou dar'ſt truſt me
Any where, dar'ſt thou not? *Ver.* I'd rather truſt you by
A roaring Lion, than a ravening Woman
Mont. Why, Boy?
Ver. Why truly ſhe devours more Man's Fleſh——
Mont. Ay, but ſhe roars not, Boy?
Ver. No, Sir? why ſhe
Is never ſilent but when her Mouth is full.
Char. Monſieur *Montague*.
Mont. My ſweet Fellow, ſince
You pleaſe to call me ſo. *Ver.* Oh my Conſcience, ſhe
Wou'd be pleas'd well enough to call you Bedfellow:
Oh Maſter, do not hold her by the Hand ſo;
A Woman is a Lime-buſh, that catcheth all
She toucheth. *Char.* I do moſt dangerouſly ſuſpect
This Boy to be a Wench; art thou not one?
Come hither, let me feel thee.
Ver. Wi' all my Heart.
Char Why, doſt pull off thy Glove?
Ver. Why to feel whether
You be a Boy, or no. *Char.* Fy Boy, go too,
I'll not look your Head, nor comb your Locks any more
If you talk thus. *Ver.* Why, I'll ſing to you
No more then. *Char.* Fy upon't, how ſad you are?
A young Gentleman

That

That was the very Sun of *France*. *Mont.* But I
Am in the Eclipſe now.
Char. Suffer himſelf to be o'er-run with
A Lethargy of Melancholy and Diſcontent!
Rouze up thy Spirit, Man, and ſhake it off:
A Noble Soul like a Ship at Sea,
That ſleeps at Anchor when the Ocean's calm;
But when it rages, and the Wind blows high,
He cuts his Way with Skill and Majeſty.
I would turn Fool, or Poet, or any thing,
Or marry, t' make you merry; prithee let's walk;
Good *Veramor*, leave thy Maſter and me,
I've earneſt Buſineſs with him.
Ver. Pray do you leave
My Maſter, and me; we were merry before you came,
He does not covet Women's Company.
What have you to do with him? Come, Sir, will you go?
And I'll ſing to you again: I'faith his Mind
Is ſtronger than to credit Women's Vows,
And too pure to be capable of their Loves.
Char. The Boy is jealous; ſweet Lad, leave us; my Lady
Call'd for yo' I ſwear; that's a good Child, there is
A Piece of Gold for thee, go buy a Feather.
Ver. There's two Pieces for you, do you go and buy one,
Or what you will, or nothing, ſo you go.
Nay then I ſee you'd have me go, Sir; why,
I'faith I will, now I perceive you love her
Better than you do me; but Heav'n bleſs you
Whate'er you do, or intend, I know you are
A very honeſt Man. [*Exit.*
Char. Still will I wooe thee, whilſt thy Ears reply
I cannot, or I will not marry thee:
Why haſt thou drawn the Blood out of my Cheeks,
And given a quicker Motion to my Heart?
Oh thou haſt bred a Fever in my Veins
Call'd Love, which no Phyſician can cure;
Have Mercy on a Maid, whoſe ſimple Youth——
Mont. How your Example, Faireſt, teacheth me
A ceremonious Idolatry! [*Kneels.*

By

By all the Joy of Love, I love thee better
Than I or any Man can tell another;
(27) And to expreſs the Mercy which thou crav'ſt,
I will forbear to marry thee: conſider
Thou'rt Nature's Heir in Feature, and thy Parents
In fair Inheritance; riſe with theſe Thoughts,
And look on me; but with a Woman's Eye——
A decayed Fellow, void of Means and Spirit.

Char. (28) Of Spirit?

Mont. Yes, could I elſe tamely live,
Forget my Father's Blood, wait, and make Legs,
Stain my beſt Breeches with the ſervile Drops
That fall from others Draughts?

Char. This Vizard wherewith thou wouldſt hide thy Spirit
Is Perſpective, to ſhew it plainlier.
This undervalue of thy Life, is but
Becauſe I ſhould not buy thee; what more ſpeaks
Greatneſs of Man, than valiant Patience,
That ſhrinks not under his Fate's ſtrongeſt Strokes?
Theſe *Roman* Deaths, as falling on a Sword,
Opening of Veins, with Poiſon quenching Thirſt,
(Which we erroneouſly do ſtile the Deeds
Of the heroick and magnanimous Man)
Was dead-ey'd Cowardize, and white-cheek'd Fear,
Who doubting Tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's falſe Lottery, deſperately run
To Death, for dread of Death; that Soul's moſt ſtout,
That bearing all Miſchance, dares laſt it out.
Will you perform your Word, and marry me,
When I ſhall call you to't?

(27) *And* will *expreſs*——] It is more elegant to read *to*, and as another *will* ſtands in the next Line juſt below this, it is the commoneſt Error of the Preſs to repeat it.

(28) *Of Spirit?*
Yes, could I tamely live,] The Syllable wanting here to the Meaſure is equally advantageous to the Senſe. I therefore read,
Yes, could I elſe *tamely live*, &c.

The Sentiments of the next Speech deſerve to have been plac'd to a more conſpicuous Character than a Lady's Woman.

Enter Longueville *with a Riding-rod.*

Mont. I'faith I will.
Char. Who's this alights here?
Long. With leave, fair Creature,
Are you the Lady Miſtreſs of the Houſe?
Char. Her Servant, Sir.
Long. I pray then favour me,
To inform your Lady, and Duke *Orleans*'s Wife,
A Buſineſs of Import awaits 'em here,
And craves a ſpeedy Anſwer.
Char. Are you in Poſt, Sir?
Long. No, I am in Satin, Lady; I would you
Would be in Poſt.
Char. I will return, Sweet. [*Exit.*
Long. Honeſt Friend,
Do you belong to the Houſe? I pray be covered.
Mont. Yes, Sir, I do.
Long. Ha, dream'ſt thou *Longueville?* Sure
It is not he: Sir, I ſhould know you.
Mont. So ſhould I you, but that I am aſham'd.
But though thou know'ſt me, prithee *Longueville*,
Mock not my Poverty, pray remember yourſelf;
Shows it not ſtrangely for thy Cloaths to ſtand
Without a Hat to mine? Mock me no more.
Long. The——embroider me all over, Sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The——on me, why ſhould I wear Velvet
And Silver Lace?——I will tear it off.
Mont. Why, Mad-man?
Long. Put on my Hat? Yes, when I am hang'd I will:
——I could break my Head,
For holding Eyes that knew not you at firſt:
But Time and Fortune run your Courſes with him,
(29) He'll laugh and ſcorn you, when you ſhew moſt hate.

(29) *He'll laugh and* ſtorm *you,*——] How eaſily *ſcorn* was alter'd to *ſtorm* by a Miſtake of the Printer; but how much a properer Word *ſcorn* is in the Place, every Reader will ſee, tho' *ſtorm* has hitherto run thro' all the former Editions.

Enter

Enter Lamira, *Lady* Orleans, Laverdine, La-poop, Mallicorn, Veramor, *and* Charlotte.

Lam. You're a fair Monſieur.

Long. Do you mock me, Lady?

Lam. Your Buſineſs, Sir, I mean.

Lady. Regard yourſelf, good Monſieur *Longueville.*

Lam. You are too negligent of yourſelf and place,
Cover your Head, ſweet Monſieur.

Long. Miſtake me not, fair Ladies,
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I ſtand bare.

Lav. Nay ſweet dear Monſieur, let it not be to us then.

La-p.——A Compliment.

Mal. And——of Manners.
Pray hide your Head, your Gallants uſe to do't.

Long. And you your Foreheads; why you needful acceſſary Raſcals,
That cannot live without your mutual Knaveries,
More than a Bawd, a Pandar or a Whore
From one another; how dare you ſuſpect
That I ſtand bare to you? What make you here?
Shift your Houſe, Lady, of 'em, for I know 'em,
They come to ſteal your Napkins, and your Spoons;
Look to your Silver-bodkin, Gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead Utenſil; and Page 'ware your Pockets:
My Reverence is unto this Man, my Maſter,
Whom you, with Proteſtations, and Oaths
As high as Heav'n, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wiſeſt Man of honeſt Nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd; but I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other.

Mont. Peace, no more.

Long. Not a word, Sir.

Lav. I'm ſomething thick of Hearing; what ſaid he?

La-p. I hear him, but regard him not.

Mal. Nor I, I'm never angry faſting.

Long. My Love keeps back my Duty; nobleſt Lady,
If Husband or Brother merit Love from you,
Prevent their Dangers, this Hour brings to Trial
Their hereto ſleeping Hates; by this Time each

Within a Yard is of the other's Heart.
And met to prove their Cauſes and their Spirits
With their impartial Swords Points; haſte and ſave,
Or never meet them more, but at the Grave.

Lady. Oh my diſtracted Heart, that my wrack'd Honour
Should for a Brother's, or a Husband's Life,
Through thy undoing, die.

Lam. Amiens engag'd;
If he miſcarry all my Hopes and Joys,
I now confeſs it loudly, are undone:
Caroch and haſte, one Minute may betray
A Life more worth than all Time can repay.

[*Exeunt Ladies and* Montague.

Mal. Hump: Monſieur *Laverdine* purſues this Boy
Extremely, Captain, what will you do?

La-p. Any thing
But follow to this Land-ſervice; I'm a Sea-Captain
You know, and to offer to part 'em, without we could do't
Like Watermen with long Staves, a quarter of a Mile off,
Might b' dangerous.

Mal. Why then let us retire
And pray for 'em,
(30) I am reſolv'd to ſtop here; your Intent?
Abus'd more than we have been we can't be,
Without they fall to flat beating on's.

[*Exeunt* Mallicorn, *and* La-poop.

Lav. And that were

(30) *I am reſolv'd to ſtop your Intent*;] The Meaſure and Senſe are both confus'd, for it does not appear what *Intent* he reſolv'd to *ſtop*; the Reaſon contain'd in the Sequel of the Sentence evidently ſhews a Reſolution to ſtay at *Lamira*'s, where they liv'd ſumptuouſly, tho' abus'd. Two ways occur of altering it, either by expunging *your Intent*, and reading,

I am reſolv'd to ſtop here,

or by making an Hemiſtich in one of the Lines, and reading,

And pray for 'em;
I am reſolv'd to ſtop here; *your Intent?*

i. e. what do you intend? I prefer this as keeping nearer the old Text.

Unkindly

Unkindly done i' faith.

Ver.—You are the troubleſomeſt Aſs that e'er I met with;

Retire, you ſmell juſt like a Woman's Chamber,
That's newly up, before ſhe've pinch'd her Vapours
In with her Cloaths.

Lav. I will haunt thee like
Thy Grandame's Ghoſt, thou ſhalt ne'er reſt for me.

Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a Secret from you:
Believe it, Sir, indeed I am a Woman.

Lav. Why la, I knew't; this Prophetical Tongue of mine
Never fail'd me; my Mother was half a Witch,
Ne'er any thing that ſhe foreſpake but came
To paſs: A Woman! How happy am I? Now
We may lawfully come together without Fear
Of Hanging; my ſweet Wench, be gracious,
In honourable ſort I woo, no otherwiſe.

Ver. Faith, the Truth is, I've lov'd you long.

Lav. See, ſee.

Ver. But durſt not open it.

Lav. —(31) I thought ſo.

Ver. But briefly, when you bring it to the teſt,
If there be not one Gentleman in this Houſe
Will challenge more int'reſt in me, than you can,
I am at your diſpoſure. [*Exit.*

Lav. Oh *Fortunatus*,
I envy thee not Cap, or Pouch, this Day
I'll prove my Fortune,
In which your Lady doth elect her Husband,
Who will be *Amiens*, 'twill ſave my Wedding Dinner,

(31) Lav.——*I think ſo.*] The Daſh ſignifies either an Oath or an Exclamation, moſt probably the latter was here intended, as the Meaſure wants two Syllables; but then what is, *I think ſo*; he was in Ecſtacy with the Thought of his own Sagacity and Foreſight. I read, therefore,

——*I* thought *ſo*;

i. e. I gueſs'd, I propheſy'd it to be ſo in my own Thoughts.

Pauvre, *La-poop*, and *Mallicorn*; if all fail,
I will turn Citizen, a beauteous Wife
Is the Horn-book to th' richeſt Tradeſman's Life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dubois, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, *two Lacquies*, *a Page with two Piſtols.*

Dub. Here's a good even Piece of Ground, my Lords:
Will you fix here?
Orl. Yes, any where; Lacquey,
Take off my Spurs; upon a Bridge, a Rail
But my Sword's Breadth, upon a Battlement,
I'll fight this Quarrel.
Dub. O' the Ropes, my Lord.
Orl. Upon a Line.
Dub. So all our Country Duels
Are carried, like a Fire-work on a Thread.
Orl. Go now, ſtay with the Horſes; and, do you hear,
Upon your Lives, till ſome of us come to you,
Dare not to look this Way.
Dub. Except you ſee
Strangers or others that by chance or purpoſe
Are like to interrupt us.
Orl. Then give warning.
Long. Who takes a Sword? The Advantage is ſo ſmall,
As he that doubts, hath the free leave to chooſe.
Orl. Come, give me any, and ſearch me; 'tis not
The Ground, Weapon, or Seconds that can make
Odds in thoſe fatal Trials, but the Cauſe.
Ami. Moſt true, and, but it is no time to wiſh
When Men are come to do, I would deſire
The Cauſe 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our Swords.
And if my Siſter have out-liv'd her Honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her Shame.
Orl. Your Siſter, *Amiens*, is a Whore, at once.
Ami. You oft have ſpoke that Senſe to me before,
But never in this Language, *Orleans*;
And when you ſpoke it fair, and firſt, I told you
That it was poſſible you might be abus'd:

But

But now ſince you forget your Manners, you ſhall find,
If I tranſgreſs my Cuſtom; you do lie,
And are a Villain, which I had rather yet
My Sword had prov'd, than I been forc'd to ſpeak.
Nay, give us leave, and ſince you ſtand ſo haughtily
And highly on your Cauſe, let you and I,
Without engaging theſe two Gentlemen,
Singly determine it.
Long. My Lord, you'll pardon us.
Dub. I truſt your Lordſhips
May n't do us that Affront.
Ami. As how?
Dub. We kiſs
Your Lordſhip's Hand, and come to ſerve you here
With Swords.
Long. My Lord, we underſtand ourſelves.
Dub. We've had the honour to be call'd unto
The Buſineſs, and we muſt not now quit it
On any Terms.
Ami. Not Terms of Reaſon?
Long. No;
No Reaſon for the quitting of our Calling.
Dub. True,
If I be call'd to't I muſt ask no Reaſon.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is leſs: It is
A Favour, if my Throat be cut,
Your Lordſhip does me; which I never can,
[*A Noiſe within, crying down with your Swords.*
Nor muſt have hope how to requite. What Noiſe?
What Cry is that? My Lord, upon your Guard;
So, Treachery is afoot.

Enter Lady Orleans, Lamira, *and* Montague.

Lady. Oh here they are:
My Lord (dear Lady help me) help me all;
I have ſo woful Intereſt in both,
I know not which to fear for moſt, and yet
I muſt prefer my Lord. Dear Brother,

You are too underſtanding, and too noble
To be offended, when I know my Duty,
Though ſcarce my Tears will let me ſee to do it.
Orl. Out, loathed Strumpet.
Lady. Oh my deareſt Lord,
If Words could on me caſt the Name of Whore,
I then were worthy to be loath'd; but know,
That your Unkindneſs cannot make me wicked;
And therefore ſhould leſs uſe that Power upon me.
Orl. Was this your Art, to make theſe Actors come,
To make this Interlude? Withdraw, cold Man,
And if thy Spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one Stroke yet at thee for my Vengeance.
Ami. Thou ſhalt have Strokes, and Strokes, thou glorious Man,
Till thou breath'ſt thinner Air than that thou talkeſt.
Lam. My Lord, Count *Amiens*.
Lady. Princely Husband.
Orl. Whore.
Lam. You wrong her, impudent Lord; oh that I had
The Bulk of thoſe dull Men; look how they ſtand,
And no Man will revenge an innocent Lady.
Ami. You hinder it, Madam.
Lam. I would hinder you;
Is there none elſe to kill him?
Lady. Kill him, Madam?
Have you learn'd that bad Language? Oh repent,
(32) And be the Motive rather both kill me.
Orl. Then die my Infamy.
Mont. Hold, bloody Man.
Orl. Art thou there, Baſilisk?
Mont. To ſtrike thee dead, but that thy Fate deſerves ſome weightier Hand.
Dub. Sweet my Lord.

(32) *And be the Motive, rather both kill me.*] *i. e.* and rather perſuade them *both to kill me*. The Expreſſion for want of *that* being inſerted, is ſo obſcure, that the former Editors did not underſtand it, and therefore added a Comma, which utterly depriv'd it of all Meaning.

Orl.

Orl. Oh here's a Plot;
You bring your Champions with you; the Adultereſs
With the Adulterer: Out, howling———
Dub. Good my Lord.
Orl. Are you her Grace's Countenancer, Lady,
Th' Receiver to the poor vicious Couple.
Dub. Sweet my Lord.
Orl. Sweet Raſcal, didſt not tell me, Thou falſe Fellow,
This *Montague* here was murder'd?
Dub. I did ſo;
But he was falſer, and a worthleſs Lord,
Like thy foul ſelf, that would have had it ſo.
Long. Orleans, 'tis true, and ſhall be prov'd upon thee.
Mont. Thy Malice, Duke, and this thy wicked Nature,
Are all as viſible as thou; but I,
Born to contemn thy Injuries, do know,
That though thy Greatneſs may corrupt a Jury,
And make a Judge afraid, and carry out
A world of Evils with thy Title, yet
Thou art not quiet 't Home, thou bear'ſt about thee
That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too.
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed
Diſpleaſe me, is, to think that ſo much Baſeneſs
Stands here to have encountred ſo much Honour:
Pardon, my Lord, what late my Paſſion ſpake,
When you provok'd my Innocence.
Orl. Yes, do!
Oh! Flattery becomes him better than
The Suit he wears; give him a new one, *Amiens.*
Ami. Orleans,
'Tis here no Time or Place to jeſt or rail
Poorly with you, but I will find a Time to
Whiſper you forth to this, or ſome fit Place,
As ſhall not hold a ſecond Interruption.
Mont. I hope your Lordſhip's Honour and your Life,
Are deſtin'd unto higher Hazards; this is of
A meaner Arm.
Dub. Yes Faith, or none.
Long. He is not fit to fall by an honeſt Sword:

A Prince, and lie!
Dub. And ſlander, and hire Men
To publiſh the falſe Rumours he hath made.
Long. And ſtick 'em on his Friends, and Innocents.
Dub. And practiſe 'gainſt their Lives after their Fames.
Long. In Men that are the matter of all Lewdneſs,
Bawds, Thieves, and Cheaters, it were monſtrous.
Dub. But in a Man of Blood, how more conſpicuous?
Ami. Can this be?
Lady. They do ſlander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing Hangbies.
Long. How? Stand *Orleans*; ſtay, give me my Piſtols, Boy,
Hinder me not, by——I will kill him.
Lady. Oh, ſtay his Fury,
Ami. Longueville, my Friend.
Long. Not for myſelf, my Lord, but for Mankind,
And all that have an Intereſt to Virtue,
Or Title unto Innocence.
Ami. Why, hear me.
Long. For Juſtice Sake.
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To puniſh his Wife's, your Honour's, and my Lord's Wrongs here,
Whom I muſt ever call ſo; for your Loves
I'll ſwear, I'll ſacrifice——
Ami. Longueville,
I did not think you a Murderer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me.
Ami. By——If thou attempt
His Life, thy own is forfeit.
Mont. Fooliſh frantick Man,
The Murder will b' of us, not him.
Lady. Oh Heav'n!
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
The Juſtice out of Fates——
Singe but a Hair of him, thou dieſt.
Long. No matter.—— [*Shoots.*
Ami.

Ami. Villain.
Dub. My Lord, your Siſter's ſlain.
Ami. Biancha?
Mont. Oh hapleſs, and moſt wretched Chance.
Lam. Stand'ſt thou
Looking upon the Miſchief thou haſt made?
Thou godleſs Man, feeding thy Blood-ſhot Eyes
With the red Spectacle, and art not turn'd
To Stone with Horror? Hence, (33) and take the Wings
Of thy black Infamy, to carry thee
Beyond the Shoot of Looks, or Sound of Curſes,
(Which will purſue thee) till thou haſt out-fled
All but thy Guilt.
Orl. Oh wiſh it off again, for I am crack'd
Under the Burden, and my Heart will break,
How heavy Guilt is, when Men come to feel?
If you could know (34) the Mountain I ſuſtain
Of Horror, you would each take off your Part,
And more, to eaſe me: I cannot ſtand,
Forgive where I have wrong'd, I pray.
Ami. Look to him, *Montague*.
Long. My Lords and Gentlemen, the Lady is well,
But for Fear, unleſs that have ſhot her;
I have the worſt of it, that needs would venture
Upon a Trick had like to ha' coſt my Guts:

(33) ——*and take the wings of thy black*
Infamy to carry thee beyond the ſhoot of Looks,
Or Sound of Curſes, which will purſue thee ſtill:
Thou haſt out-fled all but thy Guilt:] As ſhe bids him fly on the Wings of Horror, from the Sight and Hearing of Men, it is evident, that *untill* or *till* ſhould connect the two Sentences. The Meaſure was all confuſed in the former Editions, both in this, and in moſt of the Speeches of this Play. Having reſtor'd that, I read,

—— —— —— *to carry thee*
Beyond the Shoot of Looks, or Sound of Curſes,
(Which will purſue thee) till *thou haſt out-fled*
All but thy Guilt.

(34) ——*the Mountain I ſuſtain*
Of Horror, you would each, &c.] Former Editions ſtriking out the Comma, and applying the *Horror* to the Perſons he ſpeaks to might be intelligible, but changing *with* to *of*, gives a much eaſier, as well as better Senſe, and was probably the Original.

Look

Look to her, ſhe'll be well, it was but Powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty Man
Would have been frighted ſooner; but I'm glad
He's come at laſt.

(35) *Lam.* How is *Biancha?* well? Lives ſhe? See.

Ami. Siſter——ſhe doth breathe.

Lady. Oh Gentlemen, think you that I can breathe,
That am reſtored to the hateful Senſe
Of feeling in me my dear Husband's Death?
Oh no, I live not; Life was that I left:
And what you have call'd me to, is Death indeed:
I cannot weep ſo faſt as he doth bleed.

Dub. Pardon me, Madam, he is well.

Lady. Ha! my Husband.

Orl. I cannot ſpeak whether my Joy or Shame
Be greater, but I thank the Heav'ns for both:
Oh look not black upon me, all my Friends,
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow unto
This Earth, till I have wept a Trench
That ſhall be great enough to be my Grave,
And I will think them too moſt manly Tears,
If they do move your Pities; it is true,
Man ſhould do nothing that he ſhould repent;
But if he have, and ſay that he is ſorry,
It is a worſe Fault, if he be not truly.

Lam. My Lord, ſuch Sorrow cannot be ſuſpected:
Here take your Honour'd Wife, and join your Hands.
——She hath married you again;
And Gentlemen, I do invite you all,
This Night to take my Houſe, where on the Morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling Feaſt,
I'll make myſelf a Husband and a Gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

(35) Lam. *How is* Biancha? *well?*
Ami. *Lives ſhe? See Siſter, doth ſhe breathe?*] This is not printed right, *Amiens* ſeems to call *Lamira* Siſter. The laſt Line might be wrote thus, ——*Lives ſhe? See,—Siſter—doth ſhe breathe?* But the following Arrangement of the Lines ſeems to introduce the Lady's Return to her Senſes more naturally.

Lam. *How is* Biancha? *well?*
Lives ſhe? See——Ami. *Siſter*——*She doth breathe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Montague, *and* Charlotte.

Char. WELL, now, I'm ſure you're mine.
Mont. I'm ſure I'm glad
I've one to own them; you will find me honeſt
As theſe Days go, enough; poor without Queſtion,
Which Beggars hold a Virtue; give me Meat, and I
Shall do my Work, elſe knock off my ſhoes
And turn me out again.
Char. You are a merry Fellow.
Mont. I have no great Cauſe.
Char. Yes, thy Love to me.
Mont. That's as we make our Game.
Char. Why, you repent then?
Mont. Faith no, worſe than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I ſhall love you,
And when you bid me go to Bed, obey,
Lie ſtill or move, as you ſhall miniſter;
(36) Keep a four-Nobles Nag, and a *Jack-Merling*,
Learn to love Ale, and play at Two-hand *Iriſh*,
And there's then all I aim at.
Char. Nay ſweet Fellow,
I'll make it ſomething better. *Mont.* If you do,
You'll make me worſe:
Now I am Poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that courſe; of all the King's Creatures,
I hate his Coin, keep me from that, and ſave me;
For if you chance out of your Houſewivery
To leave a hundred Pound or two, beſtow it
In Plumb-broth e'er I know it; elſe I take it,
Seek out a hundred Men that want this Money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry noble *Montague*;
And ſo I ſtand again at Livery.

(36) *Keep a four-Nobles Nag, and a Jack Merling,*] *i. e.* turn Falk'ner, a *Merlin*, being a Species of Hawk. The Meaſure was all confus'd in the former Editions.

Char.

Char. You've pretty Fancies, Sir, but married once,
This Charity will fall home to yourſelf.
Mont. I would it would, I am afraid my Looſeneſs
Is yet ſcarce ſtopt, though it have nought to work on
But the meer Air of what I have had.
Char. Pretty!
Mont. I wonder Sweet-heart why you'll marry me,
I can ſee nothing in myſelf deſerves it,
Unleſs the handſome wearing of a Band,
For that's my Stock now, or a pair of Garters,
Neceſſity will not let me loſe.
Char. I ſee, Sir,
A great deal more, a handſome Man, a Husband,
To make a right good Woman truly happy.
Mont. Lord, where are my Eyes, either you are fooliſh
As Wenches once a Year are, or far worſe,
Extremely virtuous; Can you love a poor Man
That but relies on cold Meat, and caſt Stockings,
One only Suit to his Back, which now is mewing?
But what will be the next Coat will poſe *Triſtram.*
If I ſhould levy from my Friends a Fortune;
I could not raiſe ten Groats to pay the Prieſt now.
Char. I'll do that Duty; 'tis not Means nor Money
Makes me purſue your Love; were your Mind Bankrupt,
I would ne'er Love you.

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace Wench, here's my Lady.
Lam. Nay, never ſhrink i'th' wetting, for my Preſence;
D'ye find her willing, *Montague?*
Mont. Willing, Madam?
Lam. How dainty you make of it, do not I know
You two love one another?
Mont. Certain, Madam,
I think ye'ave Revelations of theſe Matters:
Your Ladyſhip cannot tell me when I kiſt her.
Lam. But ſhe can, Sir.
Mont. But ſhe will not, Madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like Fairy-money,

They

They get no more cloſe Kiſſes.

Lam. Thou art wanton.

Mont. Heav'n knows I need not, yet I would be luſty:
But——my Provender ſcarce pricks me.

Lam. It ſhall be mended, *Montague*, I am glad
You're grown ſo merry.

Mont. So am I too, Madam.

Lam. You two will make a pretty handſome Conſort.

Mont. Yes, Madam, if my Fiddle fail me not.

Lam. Your Fiddle? why your Fiddle? I warrant thou
Mean'ſt madly.

Mont. Can you blame me? alas I am in Love.

Char. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Lam. How long have you been thus?

Mont. How, thus in Love?

Lam. You're very quick, Sir; no, I mean thus pleaſant.

Mont. Ever ſince I was poor.

Lam. A little Wealth would change you then?

Mont. Yes, Lady,
Into another Suit, but never more
Into another Man; I'll bar that mainly.
The Wealth I get hence-forward ſhall be charm'd
For ever hurting me, I'll ſpend it faſting:
As I live, noble Lady, there is nothing,
I've found, directly cures the Melancholy,
But Want and Wedlock; when I had ſtore of Money,
I ſimper'd ſometime, and ſpoke wondrous Wiſe,
But never laught out-right; now I am empty,
My Heart ſounds like a Bell, and ſtrikes at both ſides.

Lam. You're finely temper'd, *Montague.*

Mont. Pardon Lady,
If any way my free Mirth have offended;
'Twas meant to pleaſe you: if it prove too ſaucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever ſilenc'd.

Lam. I like it paſſing well; pray follow it:
This is my Day of Choice, and ſhall be yours too,
'Twere pity to delay ye: Call to the Steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleaſure he ſhould give you

Five

Five hundred Crowns; make yourſelf handſome, *Montague*,
Let none wear better Cloaths, 'tis for my Credit;
But pray be merry ſtill.
Mont. If I be not,
And make a Fool of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in Canvas, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter La-poop, Laverdine, *and* Mallicorne.

Lav. I am ſtrangely glad, I have found the myſtery
Of this diſguiſed Boy out; I ever truſted
It was a Woman, and how happily
I've found it ſo; and for myſelf, I'm ſure,
One that would offer me a thouſand Pound now
(And that's a pretty Sum to make one ſtagger)
In ready Gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her; ſhe's a dainty Wench,
And ſuch a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into Credit: Beauty does it.
Mal. Say we ſhould all meach here, and ſtay the Feaſt now,
What can the worſt be? we have plaid the Knaves,
That's without queſtion.
La-p. True, and as I take it,
This is the firſt Truth we have told theſe ten Years,
And for any thing I know, may be the laſt:
But grant we're Knaves, both baſe and beaſtly Knaves——
Mal. Say ſo then.
Lav. Well.
La-p. And likewiſe let it be conſidered, we have wrong'd,
And moſt maliciouſly, this Gentlewoman
We caſt to ſtay with, what muſt we expect now?
Mal. Ay, there's the point, we would expect good eating.
La-p. I know we would, but we may find good beating.
Lav. You ſay true, Gentlemen, and by——
Though I love Meat as well as any Man,
I care not what he be, if a eat, a God's Name;
Such Crab-ſauce to my Meat will turn my Palate.

Mal.

Mal. There's all the hazard, for the frozen *Montague*
Has now got Spring again, and warmth in him,
And without doubt dares beat us terribly.
For not to mince the matter, we are Cowards,
And have, and ſhall be beaten, when Men pleaſe
To call us into cudgeling.

La-p. I feel we're very prone that way.

Lav. The Sons of *Adam*.

La-p. Now, here then reſt the ſtate o'th' Queſtion;
Whether we yield our Bodies for a Dinner
To a ſound Dog-whip? for I promiſe ye,
If Men be given to Correction,
We can expect no leſs; or quietly
Take a hard Egg or two, and ten Mile hence
Bait in a Ditch, this we may do ſecurely;
For, to ſtay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral Miſchiefs come in Memory.

Mal. But pray ye hear me, is not this the Day
The Virgin Lady doth elect her Husband?

Lav. The Dinner is to that end.

Mal. Very well then,
Say we all ſtay, and ſay we ſcape this whipping,
And be well entertained, and one of us
Carry the Lady. *La-p.* 'Tis a ſeemly Saying,
I muſt confeſs; but if we ſtay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourſelves (i'th' end)
Will ask a Chriſtian Fear; I cannot ſee,
If I ſay true, what ſpecial Ornaments
Of Art or Nature, (lay aſide our Lying,
Whoring and Drinking, which are no great Virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this Lady.

Mal. Yet Women go not by the beſt parts ever;
That I have found directly.

Lav. Why ſhould we fear then?
They chuſe Men as they feed; ſometimes they ſettle
Upon a white-broth'd Face, a ſweet ſmooth Gallant,
And him they make an end of in a Night;
Sometimes a Gooſe, ſometimes a groſſer Meat,
A Rump of Beef will ſerve 'em at ſome Seaſon,

And fill their Bellies too, though without doubt
They're great Devourers: Stock-fiſh is a Diſh,
If it be well dreſt, for the toughneſs ſake
Will make the proudeſt of 'em long and leap for't.
They'll run mad for a Pudding, e'er they'll ſtarve.

La-p. For my own part I care not, come what can come,
If I be whipt, why ſo be it; if cudgell'd,
I hope I ſhall out-live it, I am ſure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been ſerv'd ſo,
And yet thank Heav'n, I'm here.

Mal. Here's Reſolution.

La-p. A little Patience, and a rotten Apple
Cures twenty worſe Diſeaſes; what ſay you, Sir?

Lav. Marry I ſay, Sir, If I had been acquainted
With (37) lamming in my Youth, as you have been;
With whipping, and ſuch Benefits of Nature,
I ſhould do better; as I am, I'll venture,
And if it be my luck to have the Lady,
I'll uſe my fortune modeſtly; if beaten,
You ſhall not hear a word, one I am ſure of,
And if the worſt fall, ſhe ſhall be my Phyſick.
Let's go then, and a merry wind be with us.

Mal. Captain, your Shoes are old, pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us; be bold, Sirs,
And howſoe'er our Fortune falls, let's bear
An equal burden; if there be an odd Laſh,
We'll part it afterwards.

La-p. I am arm'd at all Points. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Serving in a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* Then my Lady will have a Bedfellow to Night.

2 *Ser.* So ſhe ſays; Heav'n! what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her,
What a fight ſhe will make.

3 *Ser.* I marry Boys,
There will be ſport indeed, there will be grapling,

(37) *lamming*] i. e. *beating*.

She

She has a Murderer lies in her Prow,
I am afraid will fright his Main-maſt, *Robin.*
4 *Ser.* Who doſt thou think ſhall have her of thy Conſcience,
Thou art a wiſe Man?
3 *Ser.* If ſhe go the old way,
The way of Lot, the longeſt Cut ſweeps all
Without all queſtion.
1 *Ser.* She has loſt a Friend of me elſe;
What think ye of the Courtier?
2 *Ser.* Hang him Hedge-hog;
H'as nothing in him but a piece of (38) *Euphues*,
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny Ribband, all
About him, he is but one Pedlers Shop
Of Gloves and Garters, Pick-teeth and Pomander.
3. *Ser.* The Courtier! marry God bleſs her, *Steven*, ſhe
Is not mad yet, ſhe knows that Trindle-tail too well,
He's creſt-fall'n, and Pin-buttock'd, wi' leaping Landreſſes.
4 *Ser.* The Merchant? ſure ſhe will not be ſo baſe
To have him. 1 *Ser.* I hope ſo, *Robin*, he'll ſell us all
To th' Moors to make Mummy; nor the Captain?
4 *Ser.* Who; Potgun? that's a ſweet Youth indeed,
Will he ſtay, think ye? 3 *Ser.* Yes, without queſtion,
And have half din'd too, e'er the Grace be done;
He's good for nothing in the World but eating,
Lying and ſleeping; what other Men devour
In Drink he takes in Potage; they ſay h'as been
At Sea; a Herring-fiſhing, for without doubt
He dares not hale an Eelboat, i'th' way of War.

(38) —— *a piece of* Euphues,] *Euphues* or the *Anatomy of Wit*, was the Title of a Romance wrote by *Lilly*, Author of ſeveral Plays in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign. His Stile was ſtiff, pedantick, and affected, but was in ſuch vogue that Mr. *Blount* who publiſhed ſix of his Plays, ſays, that *Lilly*'s *Euphues* and his *England* taught the Court a new Language, and the Lady who could not *parlè Euphuiſm* was as little regarded as ſhe that now there ſpeaks not French. Here is a Banter upon the Court for this Practice; but it would much have improv'd it if *Laverdine* had frequently made uſe of this affected Stile, and *Euphuiſm* had made part of his Character through the whole Play. The Account of *Lilly* is taken from Mr. *Dodſly*'s Preface to his Collection of old Plays, and Mr. *Sympſon* quotes it alſo from *Langbain*.

2 *Ser.* I think ſo, they would beat him off with Butter.
3 *Ser.* When he brings in a Prize, unleſs it be
Cockles, or *Callis* Sand to ſcour with,
I'll renounce my five Mark a Year,
And all the hidden Art I have in carving,
To teach young Birds to whiſtle *Walſingham*;
Leave him to the Lime-boats; now, what think you
Of the brave *Amiens?*
1 *Ser.* That's a thought indeed.
2 *Ser.* Ay marry, there's a Perſon fit to feed
Upon a Diſh ſo dainty, and he'll do't
I warrant him i'th' Nick Boys, h'as a Body
World without end. 4 *Ser.* And ſuch a one my Lady
Will make no little of; but is not *Montague*
Married to Day? 3 *Ser.* Yes faith, honeſt *Montague*
Muſt have his bout too. 2 *Ser.* He's as good a Lad
As ever turn'd a Trencher; muſt we leave him?
3 *Ser.* He's too good for us, *Steven*, I'll give him Health
To his good luck to Night (39) i'th' old Beaker,
And it ſhall be Sack too. 4 *Ser.* I muſt have a Garter;
And Boys, I have beſpoke a Poſſet, ſome Body
Shall give me Thanks for't, 'tas a few Toys in't
Will raiſe Commotions in a Bed, Lad.
3 *Ser.* Away; my Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans *and his Lady*, *Arm in Arm*, Amiens, Lamire, Charlotte *like a Bride*, Montague *brave*, Laverdine, Longueville, Dubois, Mallicorn, *and* La-poop.

Lam. Seat yourſelves noble Lords and Gentlemen,
You know your places; many royal welcomes
I give your Grace; how lovely ſhews this change?
My Houſe is honour'd in this Reconcilement.
Orl. Thus Madam muſt you do, my Lady now
Shall ſee you made a Woman;

(39) ——*i'th' old* Beaker,] The Error of the laſt Edition corrected from the old Folio, without conſulting which Mr. *Sympſon* ſent me the ſame Reading from Conjecture.

And

And give you ſome ſhort Leſſons for your Voyage.
Take her Inſtructions, Lady, ſhe knows much.
Lam. This becomes you, Sir.
L. Orl. My Lord muſt have his Will.
Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, Sweet-heart; fair Lady,
This to your happy choice;—Brother *Amiens*,
You are the Man I mean it to.
Ami. I'll pledge you.
Orl. And with my Heart.
Ami. With all my Love I take it.
Lam. Noble Lords,
I'm proud ye've done this Day ſo much Content,
And me ſuch Eſtimation, that this hour
(In this poor Houſe) ſhall be a League for ever.
For ſo I know ye mean it.
Ami. I do, Lady.
Orl And I, my Lord.
Omnes. You've done a work of Honour.
Ami. Give me the Cup, where this Health ſtops, let that Man
Be either very ſick or very ſimple;
Or I am very angry: Sir, to you;
Madam, mithinks this Gentleman might ſit too;
He would become the beſt on's.
Orl. Pray ſit down, Sir,
I know the Lady of the Feaſt expects not
This Day ſo much old Cuſtom.
Ami. Sit down, *Montague*;
Nay, never bluſh for th' matter.
Mont. Noble Madam,
I have two Reaſons 'gainſt it, and I dare not;
Duty to you firſt, as you are my Lady,
And I your pooreſt Servant; next the cuſtom
Of this day's Ceremony.
Lam. As you are my Servant,
I may command you then.
Mont. To my Life, Lady.
Lam. Sit down, and here, I'll have it ſo.
Ami. Sit down, Man,

Never refuſe ſo fair a Lady's Offer.

Mont. It is your Pleaſure, Madam, not my Pride,
And I obey; I'll pledge ye now, my Lord;
Monſieur *Longueville.*

Long. I thank you, Sir. *Mont.* This to my Lady,
And her fair choice to Day, and Happineſs.

Long. 'Tis a fair Health, I'll pledge you tho' I ſink for't.

Lam. Montague, you are too modeſt; come I'll add
A little more Wine t' ye, 'twill make you merry,
This to the good I wiſh you——

Mont. Honour'd Lady,
I ſhall forget myſelf with this great Bounty.

Lam. You ſhall not, Sir, give him ſome Wine.

Ami. By Heav'n
You are a worthy Woman, and that Man
Is bleſt can come near ſuch a Lady.

Lam. (40) Such a Bleſſing
Wet Weather wiſhes.

Mont. At all, I'll not go
A Lip leſs, m' Lord.

Orl. 'Tis well caſt, Sir. *Mal.* If *Montague*
Get more Wine, we are all like to hear of it.

Lav. I do not like that ſitting there. *Mal.* Nor I,
Methinks he looks like a Judge. *La-p.* Now have I

(40) *Such a Bleſſing wet Weather* waſhes.] I believe an extreme genteel Anſwer of *Lamira*'s has been turn'd into abſolute Nonſenſe in all the Editions by the odd Connection of the Printer's or Tranſcriber's Ideas between *wet Weather and waſhing*. Inſtead of receiving *Amiens*'s Compliment in the Senſe he meant it, of the Man being bleſt who ſhould *come near*, i. e. marry and enjoy *Lamira*; ſhe anſwers, a Traveller caught in a ſhower of Rain might indeed *wiſh* ſuch a Bleſſing, *i. e.* of coming near me, as I have a warm Houſe to receive him. 'Tis the great excellency of Poetry to expreſs this ſo conciſely by perſonating *wet Weather*, and making that inſtead of the Traveller be the *Wiſher* of this Bleſſing. But this being probably above the Tranſcriber's Reach, he alter'd it into the nonſenſical Reading of the late Text. Much the greateſt Part of this Scene as well as the greateſt Part of the Play in general, was either printed as Proſe, or when the Meaſure was attempted, and the Lines rang'd as Verſe, moſt of them were wrong.

A kind

A kind of grudging of a beating on me,
I fear my hot Fit.
Mal. Drink apace, there's nothing
Allays a Cudgel like it. *Lam. Montague*, Now
I'll put my choice to you; who do you hold,
In all this honour'd Company, a Husband
Fit to enjoy thy Lady? Speak directly.
Mont. Shall I ſpeak, Madam?
Lam. Montague, you ſhall.
Mont. Then as I have a Soul, I'll ſpeak my Conſcience,
Give me more Wine, in *vino veritas*.
(41) Here's to myſelf and— *Lam. Montague*, have a care.
Speak to th' Cauſe.
Mont. Yes, Madam: Firſt I'll begin to thee.
Lav. Have at us.
La-p. Now for a Pſalm of Mercy.
Mont. (42) You good Monſieur,
You that belie the noble Name of Courtier,
And think your Claim good here, hold up your Hand;
Your Worſhip is indited here for a
Vain-glorious Fool.
Lav. Good, oh Sir.
Mont. For one whoſe Wit
Lies in a ten pound Waſtecoat; yet not warm;
Ye've travell'd like aFidler to make Faces,
And brought home nothing but a Caſe of Tooth-picks.
You would be married, and no leſs than Ladies,
And of the beſt ſort, can ſerve you; thou Silk-worm,
What haſt thou in thee to deſerve this Woman?
Name but the pooreſt piece of Man, good Manners,
There's nothing found about thee; Faith th'aſt none,
It lies pawn'd at thy Silk-man's for ſo much Lace,

(41) *Here's to myſelf, and* Montague *have a care.*] This whole Line has been hitherto giv'n to *Montague*, not ſure with much propriety. It is much more ſo to make *Lamira* check him, and this is a Reaſon for his immediately quitting his Self-recommendation.

(42) *You good Monſieur*, that you *belie the noble Name of Courtier*, &c.] The Reader will ſee how much a ſmall Tranſpoſition of *that you* for *you that* embarraſs'd the Conſtruction of the Paſſage, as alſo how much the Beauty of it was injur'd by being printed as Proſe.

Thy credit with his Wife cannot redeem it:
Thy Cloaths are all the Soul thou haſt, for ſo
Thou ſav'ſt them handſome for the next great Tilting,
Let who will take the t'other; thou wert ne'er Chriſten'd
(Upon my Conſcience) but in Barber's Water;
Thou art ne'er out o'the Baſon, thou art rotten,
And if thou dar'ſt tell Truth, thou wilt confeſs it;
——Thy Skin
Looks of a cheſnut colour, greaz'd with Amber,
All Women that on Earth do dwell thou lov'ſt,
Yet none that underſtand love thee again,
But thoſe that love the Spittle; get thee home,
Poor painted Butter-fly, the Summer's paſt;
Go ſweat, and eat dry Mutton, thou may'ſt live
To do ſo well yet; a bruis'd Chamber-maid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy Follies.
You have your Sentence. Now it follows, Captain,
I treat of you.

La-p. Pray Heav'n I may deſerve it.

Orl. Beſhrew my Heart, he ſpeaks plain.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a Raſcal, Captain.

La-p. A fine Calling.

Mont. A Water-coward.

Ami. He would make a pretty ſtuff.

Mont. May I ſpeak freely, Madam?

Lam. Here's none ties you.

Mont. Why ſhouldſt thou dare come hither with a Thought
To find a Wife here fit for thee? Are all
Thy ſingle Money Whores that fed on Carrots,
And fill'd the high Graſs with Familiars,
Fall'n off to Footmen? Prithee tell me truly,
For now I know thou dar'ſt not lie, could'ſt thou not
Wiſh thyſelf beaten well with all thy Heart now,
And out of pain? Say that I broke a Rib,
Or cut thy Noſe off, wer't not merciful for this Ambition?

La-p. Do your pleaſure, Sir, Beggars muſt not be Chuſers.

Orl.

Orl. He longs for beating.

Mont. But that I have nobler Thoughts poſſeſs my Soul,
Than ſuch brown Bisket, ſuch a piece of Dog-fiſh,
Such a moſt maungy Mackril-eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to th' Sea,
But ſpue, and catch Rats, and fear Men of War,
Though thou haſt nothing in the World to loſe
Aboard thee, but one piece of Beef, one Musket
Without a Cock for peace ſake, and a Pitch-barrel.
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
Than thus to loſe it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure Fellow,
The Merchant there of Catskins, till my Words,
Or Blows, or both, made ye two branded Wretches
To all the World hereafter; you would fain to
Venture your Bills of Lading for this Lady;
What would you give now for her? Some five frail
Of rotten Figs, good *Godſon*, would you not, Sir?
Or a Parrot that ſpeaks *High Dutch?* Can all thou ever ſaw'ſt
Of thine own fraughts from Sea, or Coſenage
(At which thou art as expert as the Devil)
Nay, ſell thy Soul for Wealth too, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy Friends, and raiſe a Mint of Mony,
Make thee dream all theſe double could procure
A kiſs from this good Lady? Canſt thou hope
She would lye with ſuch a nook of Hell as thou art,
And hatch young Merchant-furies? Oh ye Dog-bolts!
That fear no Hell but *Dunkirk*, I ſhall ſee you
Serve in a lowſy Lime-boat, e'er I die,
For mouldy Cheeſe and Butter, *Billingſgate*
Would not endure, or bring in rotten Pippins
To cure blue Eyes, and ſwear they came from *China*.

Lam. Vex 'em no more, alas they ſhake.

Mont. Down quickly
Upon your Marrow-bones, and thank this Lady.
I would not leave you thus elſe, there are Blankets,
And ſuch Delights for ſuch Knaves; but fear ſtill;

'Twill

'Twill be Revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of Marriage, ha' ye?
La-p. Surely no great mind now.
Mont. Nor you.
Mal. Nor I, I take it.
Mont. Two eager Suitors.
Lav. Troth 'tis wondrous hot,
Heav'n bleſs us from him.
Lam. You 've told me, *Montague*,
Who are not fit to have me, let me know
The Man you 'ld point out for me.
Mont. There he ſits;
My Lord of *Amiens*, Madam, is my choice,
He's noble every way, and worthy a Wife
With all the Dowries of———
Ami. Do you ſpeak, Sir,
Out of your Friendſhip to me?
Mont. Yes my Lord,
And out of Truth, for I could never flatter.
Ami. I would not ſay how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a Promiſe, but I'll thank ye,
As now I find you, in deſpite of Fortune,
A fair and noble Gentleman.
Lam. My Lords,
I muſt confeſs the choice this Man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be ſlighted; yet becauſe
We love to have our own Eyes ſometimes now,
Give me a little liberty to ſee
How I could fit myſelf, if I were put to't.
Ami. Madam, we muſt.
Lam. Are ye all agreed?
Omnes. We be.
Lam. Then as I am a Maid, I ſhall chuſe here.
Montague, I muſt have thee.
Mont. Why, Madam, I have learnt to ſuffer more
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with,
This way eſpecially.

Lam.

Lam. Thou think'ſt I jeſt now;
But by the Love I bear thee, I will have thee.
Mont. If you could be ſo weak to love a fall'n Man,
He muſt deſerve more than ever I can,
Or ever ſhall. Dear Lady, look but this way
Upon that Lord, and you will tell me them
Your Eyes are no true chuſers of good Men.
Ami. Do you then love him truly?
Lam. Yes, my Lord,
I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him,
And juſtly think he that has ſo well ſerv'd me
With his Obedience, being born to Greatneſs,
Muſt uſe me nobly of Neceſſity,
When I ſhall ſerve him.
Ami. 'Twere a deep Sin to croſs ye; noble *Montague*,
I wiſh ye all Content, and am as happy
In my Friends good as it were merely mine.
Mont. Your Lordſhip does ill to give up your Right;
I am not capable of this great Goodneſs,
There ſits my Wife that holds my Troth.
Char. I'll end all,
I wooed you for my Lady, and now give up my Title,
Alas poor Wench, my Aims are lower far.
Mont. How's this, Sweet-heart?
Lam. Sweet-heart 'tis ſo, the drift was mine, to hide
My purpoſe till it ſtruck home.
Omnes. Give you joy.
Lam. Prithee leave wondring, by this Kiſs I'll have thee.
Mont. Then by this Kiſs, and this, I'll ever ſerve ye.
Long. This Gentleman and I, Sir, muſt needs hope
Once more to follow ye.
Mont. As Friends and Fellows,
Never as Servants more.
Long. Dub. You make us happy.
Orl. Friend *Montague*, ye have taught me ſo much Honour,
I've found a fault i' myſelf, but thus I'll purge

My

My Conſcience of it; the late Land I took
By falſe Play from you, (43) with as much Contrition,
As with Entireneſs of Affection
To this moſt happy Day, again I render;
Be Maſter of your own, forget my Malice,
And make me worthy of your Love, Lord *Montague.*

Mont. You have won me and Honour to your Name.

Mal. Since
Your Lordſhip has begun good Deeds, we'll follow,
Good Sir forgive us, we are now thoſe Men
Fear you for Goodneſs ſake; thoſe Sums of Money
Unjuſtly we detain from you, on your Pardon
Shall be reſtor'd again, and we your Servants.

La-p. You're very forward, Sir, it ſeems you've Money,
I pray you lay out, I'll pay you, or pray for you,
As the Sea works.

Lav. Their Penance, Sir, I'll undertake, ſo pleaſe ye
To grant me one Concealment.

Long. A right Courtier,
Still begging.

Mont. What is it, Sir?

Lav. A Gentlewoman.

Mont. In my Gift?

Lav. Yes, Sir, in yours.

Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her.

[*Exit* Laverdine.

Lam. What Wench would he have?

Mont. Any Wench, I think.

(43) —— *with as much Contrition*, and *Entireneſs of Affection to this moſt happy Day again, I render*;] This being all printed as Proſe, ran readily into its true Meaſure, except in the Part—and *Entireneſs of Affection*; and here the Reader will obſerve, that there is certainly one Miſtake, for without changing *and* to *as*, the Comparative *as* in the firſt Part wants its reſponſive *as* in the ſecond, to make out the Compariſon. The Repetition of *with* too (which is all that is wanting to complete the Meaſure) is an additional Beauty to the Language, whether in Verſe or Proſe.

Enter

Enter Laverdine, *and* Veramor *like a Woman.*

Lav. This is the Gentlewoman.

Mont. 'Tis my Page, Sir.

Ver. No, Sir, I am a poor diſguiſed Lady,
That like a Page have followed you full long
For Love godwot.

Omnes. A Lady!—*Lav.* Yes, yes, 'tis a Lady.

Mont. It may be ſo, and yet we've lain together,
But by my troth I never found her, Lady.

L. Orl. Why wore you Boys Cloaths?

Ver. I will tell you, Madam,
I took Example by two or three Plays, that methought
Concerned me.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it?

Ver. Indeed Sir,
I knew it not myſelf, until this Gentleman
Open'd my dull Eyes, and by Perſuaſion made me
See it.

Ami. Could 's Power in Words make ſuch a Change?

Ver. Yes,
As truly Woman as yourſelf, my Lord.

Lav. Why, but hark you, are not you a Woman?

Ver. If Hands and Face make it not evident, you ſhall ſee more.

Mal. Breeches, Breeches, *Laverdine.*

La-p. 'Tis not enough, Women may wear thoſe Caſes.
Search further, Courtier.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

La-p. Oh thou freſh-water Gudgeon, wouldſt thou come
To point of Marriage with an *Ignoramus?*
Thou ſhould'ſt have had her Urine to the Doctors,
The fooliſh Phyſician could have made plain
(44) The Liquid *Epicæne*; a blind Man by the Hand Could

(44) *The liquid* Epicœne;——] There is great Humour in this, which will eſcape thoſe who are not acquainted with the Technical Words in

Could have diſcover'd the Ring from the Stone.
Boy, come to Sea with me, I'll teach thee to climb,
And come down by the Rope, nay to eat Rats.
Ver. (45) I ſhall devour my Maſter before the Priſon then,
Sir, I've began my Trade.
Mal. Trade? to the City, Child,
A flat Cap will become thee.
Mont. Gentlemen,
I beſeech you, moleſt yourſelves no further,
For his Preferment 'tis determined.
Lav. I'm much aſhamed, Sirs, and if my Cheek
Giveth not Satisfaction, break my Head.
Mont. Your Shame's enough, Sir.
Ami. (46) *Montague*, much Joy
Attend thy Marriage-Bed; by th' Example

Of

in Grammar: The *Epicœne Gender* is the *Doubtful*, or where the Sex is not diſtinguiſhed. The Adjective and Subſtantive are therefore jocoſely inverted, and the *liquid Epicœne*, is the ſame as the *dubious liquid*.

(45) *I ſhall devour my Maſter before the Priſon then,*] This is a Paſſage that has puzled Mr. *Sympſon* and myſelf. He propoſes to read *Poiſon* for *Priſon*, but he owns himſelf not ſatisfied with the Change; nor, indeed, do I ſee, what advance towards Senſe we can make by it. I am very far from being ſatisfied with what I am going to propoſe. It is very clear, that *Veramor* deſigns to call *La-poop* a *Rat*, and his natural Anſwer ſhould be, "—I ſhall then devour my "Maſter the firſt of all his Crew." I read therefore,

———*before* his Priſoners *then*.

The *Rats* of the Ship may be called ſuch.

(46) Montague, *much Joy attend thy Marriage-Bed;*
By thy Example of true Goodneſs, Envy is exil'd,
And to all honeſt Men that Truth intend,
I wiſh good Luck, fair Fate be ſtill thy Friend.] The Reader will here ſee another Inſtance, how much corrupted the Meaſure was in thoſe Parts of the Play which were rang'd as Verſe; which generally aroſe from the Printers making the Beginning of moſt Speeches the Beginning of a Verſe, when they are often a Concluſion of ſome foregoing Verſe, as in this Inſtance. Hence they were forc'd to curtail the next Lines, to bring two Lines and a half into two, and

I hope,

Of thy true Goodneſs, Envy is exil'd,
And to all honeſt Men that Truth intend,
I wiſh good Luck, fair Fate be ſtill their Friend.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

I hope, that the Original is only reſtor'd in ſtretching them again into due Dimenſions. In the laſt Line, I believe, for *thy Friend*, we ſhould read, *their Friend*, elſe we ſhould make a fuller Point than a Comma before it. The former ſeems moſt natural.

UPON AN

Honeſt Man's Fortune.

YOU that can look through Heav'n, and tell the Stars,
Obſerve their kind Conjunctions, and their Wars:
Find out new Lights, and give them where you pleaſe,
To thoſe Men Honours, Pleaſures, to thoſe Eaſe:
You that are God's Surveyors, and can ſhow
How far, and when, and why the Wind doth blow;
Know all the Charges of the dreadful Thunder,
And when it will ſhoot over, or fall under:
Tell me, by all your Art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by Truth, what ſhall become of me?
Find out my Star, if each one, as you ſay,
(47) *Have his peculiar Angel, and his Way:*
Obſerve my Fate, next fall into your Dreams,
Sweep clean your Houſes, and new-line your Schemes,
Then ſay your worſt; or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately? Or did fall?
Or am I poor? not able, no full Flame?
My Star, like me, unworthy of a Name?
Is it your Art can only work on thoſe,
That deal with Dangers, Dignities and Cloaths?
With Love, or new Opinions? You all lye,
A Fiſh-wife hath a Fate, and ſo have I,

(47) *Have his peculiar Angel, and his Way:*] *Way*, in its common Acceptation, is not Nonſenſe; it may ſignify his *Path of Life mark'd out to him by the Stars.* But Mr. *Sympſon* thinks it certainly corrupt, and conjectures firſt *Fay*, which, he ſays, ſignifies *Spirit*, or *Saie*, which he ſays, tho' a very uncommon Word, ſignifies *Fate:* As he quotes no Authority, I can only ſay, that I remember *Fay* uſed by *Spenſer* as the ſame with *Fairy*, but none of my Gloſſaries know ſuch a Word as *Saie*; and if an obſolete Word muſt be uſed, we need not depart at all from the Trace of the Letters; for *Wey* or *Way* (the ſpelling of former Ages, as well as the preſent, being extremely uncertain) may ſignify *Fate*; the *Weys* were the *Fates* of the *Northern* Nations, from whence the Witches in *Macbeth* are call'd *Weyward Siſters.* See Mr. *Warburton*'s ingenious and learned Note upon them.

But far above your finding; he that gives,
Out of his Providence, to all that lives,
And no Man knows his Treasure, no not you.
He that made Ægypt blind, from whence you grew
Scabby and lowsy, that the World might see
Your Calculations are as blind as ye.
He that made all the Stars, you daily read,
And from thence filch a Knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you; your Conjectures all
Are drunken Things, not how, but when they fall.
Man is his own Star, and the Soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect Man,
Commands all Light, all Influence, all Fate,
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our Acts our Angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal Shadows that walk by us still;
And when the Stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn Ignorance; all Things that are
Made for our general Uses, are at War,
Even we among ourselves, and from the Strife,
Your first unlike Opinions got a Life.
Oh Man! (48) *thou Image of thy Maker's Good,*
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy Blood
His Spirit is, that built thee? What dull Sense
Makes thee suspect, in Need, that Providence,
Who made the Morning, and who plac'd the Light
Guide to thy Labours; who call'd up the Night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet Showers
In hollow Murmurs, to lock up thy Powers;
Who gave thee Knowledge, who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the Tree?
Must he then be distrusted? Shall his Frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?

(48)—*Thou Image of thy Maker's Good,*] Mr. *Sympson* would read,
——*thy Maker Good,*
but I see not sufficient Reason for a Change, since good Men are, and all Men should endeavour to make themselves. *Images of the Goodness of God.* Nay, the Man who banishes Virtue from his Soul, forfeits the only valuable Likeness which he bears to his Maker.

He

He made the Angels thine, thy Fellows all,
Nay, even thy Servants, when Devotions call.
Oh! canſt thou be ſo ſtupid then, ſo dim,
To ſeek a ſaving Influence, and loſe him?
Can Stars protect thee? (49) *Or can Poverty,*
Which is the Light to Heav'n, put out his Eye?
He is my Star, in him all Truth I find,
All Influence, all Fate; and when my Mind
Is furniſh'd with his fulneſs, my poor Story
Shall out-live all their Age, and all their Glory;
The Hand of Danger cannot fall amiſs,
When I know what, and in whoſe Power it is.
(50) *Nor Want, the Curſe of Man, ſhall make me groan,*
A holy Hermit is a Mind alone.
Doth not Experience teach us all we can,
To work ourſelves into a glorious Man?
Love's but an Exhalation to beſt Eyes,
The Matter ſpent, and then the Fool's Fire dies?
Were I in Love, and could that bright Star bring
Increaſe to Wealth, Honour, and every thing;
Were ſhe as perfect good, as we can aim,
The firſt was ſo, and yet ſhe loſt the Game.
My Miſtreſs then be Knowledge and fair Truth;
So I enjoy all Beauty and all Youth;

(49) ——— —— ——*Or can Poverty,*
Which is the Light to Heav'n, put out his Eye?] This Poem has vaſt Beauties; what *Fletcher* had often banter'd in his Comedies, the Cheats of Aſtrology (almoſt univerſally believ'd in his Age) he now laſhes with the Spirit of a Claſſic Satiriſt, and the Zeal of a Chriſtian Divine. But the Line above, Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, *is ſad Stuff*; I own it a little obſcure, but far from deſerving that Title. Poverty and Affliction often bring Men to a due Senſe of their own State, and to an entire Dependence on their Creator, therefore may be conſider'd as *Lights* that often guide Men to Heav'n. Poets, whoſe Imaginations are ſo full of Sentiment as *Shakeſpear*'s and *Fletcher*'s, do not always ſtudy Perſpicuity in their Expreſſions ſo much as thoſe of cooler Diſpoſitions.

(50) For *want the* Cauſe *of Man*, &c.] That *For* was a Corruption, and that the true Reading was *nor*, appear'd evident at firſt Sight, and the old Folio confirms it; but what is the *Cauſe* of Man? This has run thro' all the Editions, but ſurely is a Corruption, and the true Reading moſt probably is *Curſe*. Mr. *Sympſon* concurr'd in both the Emendations.

And though to Time her Lights and Laws she lends,
She knows no Age that to Corruption bends.
Friends Promises may lead me to believe,
But he that knows his own Friend, knows to live.
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep Allay, whereby Man tougher is
(5) *To bear the Hammer, and the deeper still;*
We still arise more Image of his Will.
Sickness, an humorous Cloud 'twixt us and Light,
And Death, at longest but another Night.
Man is his own Star, and that Soul that can
Be honest, is the only Perfect Man.

(51) *To* hear *the Hammer,*] Former Editions; Mr. *Sympson* concurr'd in the Correction.

THE

THE MASQUE OF THE GENTLEMEN

of *Grays-Inn* and the *Inner-Temple*;

Performed before the

KING in the *Banqueting Houſe* in *Whitehall*,

At the MARRIAGE of the Illuſtrious

FREDERICK *and* ELIZABETH,

Prince and Princeſs Palatine of the *Rhine*.

A

MASQUE.

Enter Iris, *running*, Mercury *following*, *and catching hold of her.*

MERCURY.

STAY, light-foot *Iris*, for thou ſtriv'ſt in vain,
My Wings are nimbler than thy Feet.
Iris. Away,
Diſſembling *Mercury*, my Meſſages
Ask honeſt haſte; not like thoſe wanton ones,
Your thundering Father ſends.
Mer. Stay, fooliſh Maid,
Or I will take my riſe upon a Hill,
When I perceive thee ſeated in a Cloud,
In all the painted Glory that thou haſt,
And never ceaſe to clap my willing Wing,
Till I catch hold on thy diſcolour'd Bow,
And ſhiver it beyond the angry Power
Of your mad Miſtreſs to make up again.
Iris. Hermes forbear, *Juno* will chide and ſtrike;
Is great *Jove* jealous that I am employ'd
(1) On her Love-Errands? She did never yet
Claſp weak Mortality in her white Arms,

(1) Or *her Love Errands?*] Former Editions.

As he has often done ; I only come
To celebrate the long-wish'd Nuptials
Here in *Olympia*, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly Rivers, that have mixt
Their gentle-winding Waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand Streams, great as themselves.
I need not name them, for the Sound is loud
In Heav'n and Earth, and I am sent from her
The Queen of Marriage, that was present here,
And smil'd to see them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good *Hermes*, let me go.

Mer. Nay, you must stay, *Jove*'s Message is the same ;
Whose Eyes are Lightning, and whose Voice is Thunder,
(2) Whose Breath is Air and Wind, he will, who knows
How to be first in Earth, as well as Heav'n.

Iris. But what hath he to do with Nuptial Rites?
Let him sit pleas'd upon his starry Throne,
And fright poor Mortals with his Thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutual Darts of Eyes.

Mer. Alas, when ever offer'd he t' abridge
Your Lady's Power, but only now, in these,
Whose Match concerns the general Government?
Hath not each God a Part in these high Joys?
And shall not he the King of Gods presume
Without proud *Juno*'s Licence? Let her know,
That when enamour'd *Jove* first gave her Power
To link soft Hearts in undissolving Bands,
He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd
The Honour of this Marriage: Thou shalt stand
Still as a Rock, while I to bless this Feast

(2) *Whose Breath is* airy *Wind*,] *Airy* when apply'd to *Wind*, is at best an unnecessary Epithet, and adds nothing to the Idea contain'd in the Substantive ; but here it is worse, for as apply'd to the Breath of *Jupiter* it gives a *degrading Idea*, as if his Breath was a light trifling Wind, the Reverse of what the Context requires. I read therefore,

Whose Breath is Air and *Wind*,——

i. e. the wide-stretch'd Air, and the Wind from whatever Corner it blows, is only the Breath of *Jupiter*. Or else, whose Breath when pleas'd, is the gentle Air ; when angry, is Wind and Storm. In either of these Senses 'tis hop'd the Emendation may be admitted.

Will

Will ſummon up with mine all-charming Rod
The Nymphs of Fountains, from whoſe watry Locks
(Hung with the Dew of Bleſſing and Increaſe)
The greedy Rivers take their Nouriſhment.
Ye Nymphs, who bathing in your loved Springs,
Beheld theſe Rivers in their Infancy,
And joy'd to ſee them, when their circled Heads
Refreſh'd the Air, and ſpread the Ground with Flowers;
Riſe from your Wells, and with your nimble Feet
Perform that Office to this happy Pair,
Which in theſe Plains you to *Alphëus* did,
When paſſing hence, through many Seas unmixt,
He gain'd the Favour of his *Arethuſe*.

[*The Nymphs riſe, and dance a little, and then make a ſtand.*

Iris. Is *Hermes* grown a Lover? By what Power,
Unknown to us, calls he the Maids?

Mer. Preſumptuous *Iris*, I could make thee dance,
Till thou forget'ſt thy Lady's Meſſages,
And ran'ſt back crying to her; thou ſhalt know
My Power is more, only my Breath, and this,
Shall move fix'd Stars, and force the Firmament
To yield the *Hyades*, who govern Showers,
And dewy Clouds, in whoſe diſperſed Drops
Thou form'ſt the Shape of thy deceitful Bow.
Ye Maids, who yearly at appointed Times
Advance with kindly Tears the gentle Floods,
Deſcend, and pour your Bleſſing on theſe Streams,
Which rolling down from Heav'n-aſpiring Hills,
And now united in the fruitful Vales,
Bear all before them, raviſh'd with their Joy,
And ſwell in Glory, till they know no bounds.

[*The Cloud deſcends with the* Hyades, *at which the Maids ſeem to be rejoiced; they all dance a while together, then make another ſtand as if they wanted ſomething.*

Iris. Great Wit and Power hath *Hermes* to contrive
A lively Dance, which of one Sex conſiſts.

Mer. Alas poor *Iris!* *Venus* hath in ſtore
A ſecret Ambuſh of her winged Boys,

Who

Who lurking long within these pleasant Groves,
First stuck these Lovers with their equal Darts;
Those *Cupids* shall come forth, and join with these
To honour that which they themselves began.

[*The* Cupids *come forth and dance, they are weary with their blind pursuing the Nymphs, and the Nymphs weary with flying them.*

Iris. Behold the Statutes which(3) wise *Vulcan* plac'd
Under the Altar of *Olympian Jove*,
And gave to them an artificial Life:
See how they move, drawn by this Heav'nly Joy,
Like the wild Trees, which follow'd *Orpheus'* Harp.

[*The Statues come down, and they all dance, till the Nymphs out-run them, and lose them, then the* Cupids *go off, and last the Statues.*

Mer. And what will *Juno's Iris* do for her?

Iris. Just match this Shew, or mine Inventions fail;
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing Comets, Clouds and falling Stars,
And all my Kindred Meteors of the Air,
To have excell'd it; but I now must strive
To imitate Confusion; therefore thou,
Delightful *Flora*, if thou ever felt'st
Increase of Sweetness in those blooming Plants,
On which the Horns of my fair Bow decline,
Send hither all that rural Company
Which deck the May-games with their clownish Sports;
Juno will have it so.

[*The second Anti-Masque rusheth in, they dance their Measure, and as rudely depart.*

Mer. Iris, we strive,
Like Winds at Liberty, who should do worst
Ere we return. If *Juno* be the Queen
Of Marriages, let her give happy Way
To what is done in Honour of the State
She governs.

(3)——wild *Vulcan*—] As there is no Propriety in this Epithet, Mr. *Sympson* joins with me in rejecting it, and in reading *wise*, meaning only his *Wisdom* in mechanic Arts.

Iris.

Iris. *Hermes*, ſo it may be done
Merely in Honour of the State, and thoſe
That now have prov'd it; not to ſatisfy
The Luſt of *Jupiter*, in having Thanks
More than his *Juno*; if thy ſnaky Rod
Have Power to ſearch the Heav'n, or ſound the Sea,
Or call together all the Ends of Earth,
To bring thee any thing that may do grace
To us, and theſe, do it, we ſhall be pleas'd.

Mer. Then know, that from the Mouth of *Jove* himſelf,
Whoſe Words have Wings, and need not to be born,
I took a Meſſage, and I bore it through
A thouſand yielding Clouds, and never ſtaid
Till his high Will was done; the *Olympian* Games,
Which long had ſlept, at theſe wiſh'd Nuptials,
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his Knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their Tents
Reſt on this Hill, upon whoſe riſing Head

[*The Altar is diſcovered with the Prieſts about it, and the Statues under it, and the Knights lying in their Tents on each ſide, near the Top of the Hill.*

Behold *Jove*'s Altar, and his bleſſed Prieſts
Moving about it; come you holy Men,
And with your Voices draw theſe Youths along,
That till *Jove*'s Muſick call them to their Games,
Their active Sports may give a bleſt content
To thoſe, for whom they are again begun.

The firſt Song, when the Prieſts deſcend, and the Knights follow them.

Shake off your heavy Trance,
And leap into a Dance,
Such as no Mortals uſe to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow.

The

The second Song at the End of the first Dance.

On blessed Youths, for Jove *doth pause,*
Laying aside his graver Laws
For this Device:
And at the Wedding such a Pair,
Each Dance is taken for a Prayer,
Each Song a Sacrifice.

The third Song, after their many Dances, when they are to take out the Ladies.

SINGLE.

More pleasing were these sweet Delights,
If Ladies mov'd as well as Knights;
Run every one of you and catch
A Nymph, in honour of his Match:
And whisper boldly in her Ear,
Jove *will but laugh, if you forswear.*

ALL.

And this day's Sins he doth resolve,
That we his Priests should all absolve.

The fourth Song, when they have parted with the Ladies, a shrill Musick sounds, supposed to be that which calls them to the *Olympian* Games, at which they all make a seeming Preparation to depart.

You should stay longer if we durst,
Away, alas! That he that first
Gave Time wild Wings to fly away,
Has now no Power to make him stay.
And though these Games must needs be plaid,
I would these Pair, when they are laid,
And not a Creature nigh 'em,
Might catch his Sithe as he doth pass,
And clip his Wings, and break his Glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The

The fifth Song, when all is done, as they aſcend.

Peace and Silence be the Guide
To the Man, and to the Bride:
If there be a Joy yet new
In Marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the World may wonder:
If we ſhould ſtay, we ſhould do worſe,
And turn our Bleſſings to a Curſe,
By keeping you aſunder.

FOUR PLAYS

OR

MORAL REPRESENTATIONS

IN ONE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emanuel *King of* Portugal, *and* Caſtile.
Iſabella, *his Queen.*
Lords.
Frigoſo, *a Courtier.*
Rinaldo, *his Acquaintance.*
} *Spectators of the Play at the Celebration of their Nuptials.*

The Triumph of HONOUR.

Martius, *a* Roman *General.*
Valerius, *his Brother.*
Nicodemus, *a cowardly Corporal.*
Cornelius, *a wittal Sutler.*
Captain.
Sophocles, *Duke of* Athens.

WOMEN.

Diana.
Dorigen, Sophocles's *Wife, the Example of Chaſtity.*
Florence, *Wife to* Cornelius.

The Triumph of LOVE.

Cupid.
Rinaldo, *Duke of* Milan.
Benvoglio, } *Brothers, Lords of*
Randulpho, } Milan.
Gerard, } *Sons of the Duke,*
Ferdinand, } *ſuppoſed loſt.*

WOMEN.

Angelina, *Wife to* Benvoglio.
Violante, *her Daughter,* Gerard's *Miſtreſs.*
Dorothea, Violante's *Attendant.*
Cornelia, *the obſcured Dutcheſs.*

The Triumph of DEATH.

Duke of Anjou.
Lavall, *his luſtful Heir.*
Gentille, *a Courtier, Father to* Perolot.
Perolot, *contracted to* Gabriella.
Two Gentlemen.
A Spirit.
Shalloone, *Servant to* Lavall.

WOMEN.

Gabriella, *the deſpiſed Wife of* Lavall.
Hellena, *his ſecond Wife.*
Caſta, *Daughter to* Gentille.
Maria, *a Servant attending on* Gabriella.

The Triumph of TIME.

Jupiter.
Mercury.
Plutus.
Time.
Atropos.
Deſire.
Vain Delight.
Bounty.
Poverty.
Honeſty.
Simplicity.
Fame.

Four

Four PLAYS in One.

Enter Don Frigoſo.

FRIGOSO. [*Noiſe within.*

AWAY with thoſe bald-pated Raſcals there, their Wits are bound up in Vellum, they are not current here, Down with thoſe City Gentlemen, *&c.* out with thoſe——I ſay, and in with their Wives at the back Door. Worſhip and Place, I am weary of ye, ye lie on my Shoulders like a load of Gold on an Aſs's Back. A Man in Authority is but as a Candle in the Wind, ſooner waſted or blown out, than under a Buſhel. How now, what's the matter? Who are you, Sir?

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. Who am I, Sir? why, do y' not know me?

Fri. No by my——do I not.

Rin. I am ſure we din'd together to Day.

Fri. That's all one: As I din'd with you in the City, and as you paid for my Dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding to you: But as my Mind is ſince tranſmigrated into my Office, and as you come to Court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

Rin. Nay, but look ye, Sir.

Fri. Pardon me: If you had been my Bed-fellow theſe ſeven Years, and lent me Money to buy my Place, I

muſt not tranſgreſs Principles: This very talking with you is an ill Example.

Rin. Piſh, you are too punctual a Courtier, Sir: why, I am a Courtier too, yet never underſtood the Place or Name to be ſo infectious to Humanity and Manners, as to caſt a Man into a burning Pride and Arrogance, for which there is no Cure. I am a Courtier, and yet I will know my Friends, I tell you.

Fri. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But hark ye, Signior *Frigoſo*, you ſhall firſt underſtand, I have no Friends with me to trouble you.

Fri. Humh, that's a good Motive.

Rin. Not to borrow Money of you.

Fri. That's an excellent Motive.

Rin. No, my ſweet Don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Fri. Why, that is the very Motive of Motives, why I ought and will know thee; and if I had not wound thee up to this Promiſe, I would not have known thee theſe fifteen Years, no more than the arranteſt, or moſt founder'd *Caſtilian* that followed our new Queen's Carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear Don, but that you would place me conveniently to ſee the Play to Night.

Fri. That ſhall I, Signior *Rinaldo*; but would you had come ſooner: You ſee how full the Scaffolds are, there is ſcant room for a Lover's Thought here. Gentlewomen, ſit cloſe for ſhame: Has none of ye a little Corner for this Gentleman? I'll place ye, fear not. And how did our brave King of *Portugal*, *Emanuel*, bear himſelf to Day? You ſaw the Solemnity of the Marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit Husband for ſo gracious and excellent a Princeſs, as his worthy Mate *Iſabella* the King of *Caſtile*'s Daughter doth in her very external Lineaments, Mixture of Colours and joining Dove-like Behaviour, aſſure herſelf to be. And I proteſt, my dear Don, ſeriouſly, I can ſing prophetically nothing but bleſſed Hymns, and happy Occaſions to this ſacred Union of *Portugal* and *Caſtile*, which have ſo wiſely and mutually conjoined two ſuch virtuous and beautiful Princes as theſe are;

are; and in all Opinion like to multiply to their very laſt Minute.

Fri. The King is entering: Signior, hover here about, and as ſoon as the Train is ſet, clap into me, we'll ſtand near the State. If you have any Creditors here, they ſhall renew Bonds a twelvemonth on ſuch a Sight; but to touch the Pomel of the King's Chair in the ſight of a Citizen, is better Security for a thouſand double Duckets, than three of the beſt Merchants in *Lisbon*. Beſides, Signior, we will cenſure, not only the King in the Play here, that reigns his two Hours; but the King himſelf, that is to rule his Life-time: Take my Counſel: I have one Word to ſay to this noble Aſſembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your Method ſhall govern me.

Fri. (1) *Prologues are but Huiſhers before the wiſe,*
Why may not then an Huiſher prologize?
Here's a fair Sight, and were ye oftner ſeen
Thus gather'd here, 'twould pleaſe our King and Queen:
Upon my Conſcience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon, *and the Court of* Portugal;
Where your fair Eyes ſhall feed on no worſe Sights
Than Preparations made for Kings Delights.
We wiſh to Men Content, the manlieſt Treaſure,
And to the Women, their own wiſh'd for Pleaſure.
[Flouriſh.

Enter King Emanuel *and Queen* Iſabella, *Lords and Attendants.*

Ema. Fair Fountain of my Life, from whoſe pure Streams
The Propagation of two Kingdoms flows,
Never Contention riſe in eithers Breaſt,
But Conteſtation whoſe Love ſhall be beſt.

Iſab. Majeſtick Ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary Rivolet,

(1) *Prologues are* bad *Huiſhers before the wiſe,*] If Prologues are *bad* Huiſhers, how does the Conſequence follow, that therefore an Huiſher or *Uſher* ſhould prologize? I believe *bad* a Corruption, and that we ſhould read *but*, which renders the whole eaſy and intelligible.

Sun of my Beauty, that with radiant Beams
Doſt gild and dance upon theſe humble Streams,
Curſt be my Birth-hour, and my ending Day,
When back your Love-floods I forget to pay;
Or if this Breaſt of mine, your Cryſtal Brook,
Ever take other Form in, other Look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your Grace
A ſtrange Reflection, or another's Face,
But be your Love-book claſp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a Story, but your own;
A Water fix'd, that Ebbs nor Floods purſue,
Frozen to all, only diſſolv'd to you.

Ema. O, who ſhall tell the Sweetneſs of our Love
To future times, and not be thought to lye?
I look through this Hour like a Perſpective,
And far off ſee Millions of proſperous Seeds,
That our reciprocal Affection breeds.
Thus my white Rib, cloſe in my Breaſt with me,
Which nought ſhall tear hence, but Mortality.

Lords. Be Kingdoms bleſt in you, you bleſt in them.

Fri. Whiſt, Seignior; my ſtrong Imagination ſhews me Love, methinks, bathing in Milk, and Wine in her Cheeks: O! how ſhe clips him, like a Plant of Ivy.

Rin. Ay, Could not you be content to be an Owl in ſuch an Ivy-buſh, or one of the Oaks of the City, to be ſo clipt?

Fri. Equivocal Don, though I like the Clipping well, I could not be content either to be your Owl, or your Ox of the City. The Play begins. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter a Poet with a Garland.

Poet Prologue. *Low at your ſacred Feet our poor Muſe lays*
Her, and her Thunder-fearleſs verdant Bays.
Four ſeveral Triumphs *to your princely Eyes,*
Of Honour, Love *and* Death *and* Time *do riſe*
From our approaching Subject, which we move
Tow'ards you with Fear, ſince that a ſweeter Love,
A brighter Honour, *purer* Chaſtity
March in your Breaſts this Day triumphantly,
Than our weak Scenes can ſhow; then how dare we
Preſent like Apes and Zanies, things that be
Exemplify'd in you, but that we know
We ne'er crav'd Grace which you did not beſtow? *Enter*

Enter in Triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, Martius, Valerius, Sophocles *bound*, Nicodemus, Cornelius, *Captains and Soldiers.*

Mar. What means proud *Sophocles?*
Soph. To go even with *Martius*,
And not to follow him like his Officer:
I never waited yet on any Man.
Mar. Why poor *Athenian* Duke, thou art my Slave,
My Blows have conquered thee.
Soph. Thy Slave? proud *Martius*,
Cato thy Country-man (whoſe Conſtancy,
Of all the *Romans*, I did honour moſt)
Rip'd himſelf twice to avoid Slavery,
Making himſelf his own Anatomy.
But look thee, *Martius*, not a Vein runs here
From head to Foot, but *Sophocles* would unſeam, and
Like a Spring-garden ſhoot his ſcornful Blood
Into their Eyes, durſt come to tread on him:
As for thy Blows, they did not conquer me.
Seven Battles have I met thee Face to Face,
And given thee Blow for Blow, and Wound for Wound,
And 'till thou taught'ſt me, knew not to retire;
Thy Sword was then as bold, thy Arm as ſtrong,
Thy Blows then, *Martius*, cannot conquer me.
Val. What is it then?
Soph. Fortune.
Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worſe Man, and muſt follow him.
Soph. Young Sir, you err: If Fortune could be call'd
Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil
For any certain Space, thou hadſt ſpoke Truth;
But ſhe but jeſts with Man, and in Miſchance
Abhors all Conſtancy, flowting him ſtill
With ſome ſmall touch of good, or ſeeming good
Midſt of his Miſchief; which Viciſſitude
Makes him ſtrait doff his Armour, and his Fence
He had prepar'd before, to break her Stroaks.
So from the very Zenith of her Wheel,

When she has dandled some choice Favourite,
Given him his Boons in Women, Honour, Wealth,
And all the various Delicacies of Earth;
That the Fool scorns the Gods in his Excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' *Antipodes*,

Mar. Art sure we have taken him? Is this *Sophocles*?
His fetter'd Arms say No; his free Soul, Ay.
This *Athens* nurseth Arts, as well as Arms.

Soph. Nor Glory, *Martius*, in this Day of thine,
'Tis behind Yesterday, but before to Morrow;
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better Man,
The better Chance she has: The Man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favour least.

Mar. Methinks a graver Thunder than the Skies
Breaks from his Lips; I am amaz'd to hear,
And *Athens* Words, more than her Swords do fear. [*Aside.*
Slave *Sophocles.* (2) *Soph. Martius*, couldst thou aspire
(And did thy *Roman* Gods so love thy Prayers
And solemn Sacrifice, to grant thy Suit)
To gather all the Valour of the *Cæsars*
Thy Predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my Mind go less, nor pare
With all their Swords one Virtue from my Soul:
How am I vassal'd then? Make such thy Slaves,
As dare not keep their Goodness past their Graves.
Know, General, we two are Chances on

(2) Soph. Martius, *Slave* Sophocles, *couldst thou* acquire] A Transposition here has render'd this absolute Darkness. *Martius* being struck with Admiration at *Sophocles*'s Intrepidity, is resolv'd to put it to a farther Trial by Scoffs and Insults; he therefore begins with calling him *Slave* as the Answer evidently shews. There is therefore scarce doubt of the true Reading being as the Text is now reform'd, making the first Part of the Speech spoke aside, and then,

Slave Sophocles.
Soph. Martius, *couldst thou* acquire, *&c.*

But there is, I believe, a great Corruption still remaining in the Word *acquire*, to *acquire to gather* is bad English; besides as the Sentence stands, the Acquisition precedes the Prayers. 'Tis therefore most probable that the true Word is *aspire*, which seems clear of all Objections.

The

The Die of Fate; now thrown, thy Six is up,
And my poor One beneath thee, and next throw
May ſet me upmoſt, and caſt thee below.
Mar. Yet will I try thee more. Calamity [*Aſide.*
Is Man's true Touchſtone. Liſten, Inſolent Prince,
That dar'ſt contemn the Maſter of thy Life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy City Walls
With barbarous Cruelty, and call thy Wife,
To ſee it, and then after ſend her——
Soph. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. And then demoliſh *Athens* to the Ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her Fame,
And leave Succeſſion neither Stone nor Name.
Soph. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Doſt thou deride me?
Val. Kneel, ask *Martius*
For Mercy, *Sophocles*, and live happy ſtill.
Soph. Kneel, and ask Mercy? *Roman*, art a God?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd of any elſe.
Thou art a Fool, and I will loſe no more
Inſtructions on thee: Now I find thy Ears
[*Solemn Muſick.*

Enter Dorigen, *Ladies bearing a Sword.*

Are fooliſh, like thy tongue. My *Dorigen?*
Oh! muſt ſhe ſee me bound?
1 *Cap.* There's the firſt Sigh
He breath'd ſince he was born, I think.
2 *Cap.* Forbear,
All but the Lady his Wife.
Soph. How my Heart chides
The Manacles of my Hands, that let them not
Embrace my *Dorigen.*
Val. Turn but thy Face,
And ask thy Life of *Martius* thus, and thou
(With thy fair Wife) ſhalt live; *Athens* ſhall ſtand,
And all her Privileges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better *Athens* periſh'd, and my Wife,
Which (*Romans*) I do know a worthy one,

(3) Than *Sophocles* ſhould ſhrink of *Sophocles*,
Commit prophane Idolatry, by giving
The Reverence due to Gods to thee, blown Man.
Mar. Rough, ſtubborn Cynick.
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a courſer Wale, fuller of Pride,
Leſs temperate to bear Proſperity.
Thou ſeeſt my meer neglect hath rais'd in thee
A Storm more boiſtrous than the Oceans,
My Virtue Patience makes thee vitious.
Mar. Why, fair-ey'd Lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great General,
Victorious, godlike *Martius*, your poor Handmaid
Kneels, for her Husband will not, cannot; ſpeaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Liſten, *Roman*,
Thou whoſe advanced Front doth ſpeak thee *Roman*
To every Nation, and whoſe Deeds aſſure it,
Behold a Princeſs, (whoſe declining Head,
Like to a drooping Lilly after Storms,
Bows to thy Feet) and playing here the Slave,
To keep her Husband's Greatneſs unabated;
All which doth make thy Conqueſt greater: For,
If he be baſe in ought whom thou haſt taken,
Then *Martius* hath but taken a baſe Prize.
But if this Jewel hold luſtre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he 'th won.
O make him ſuch a Captive, as thy ſelf
Unto another wouldſt, great Captain, be;
'Till then, he is no Priſoner fit for thee.
Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed *Saturn* to ſweet Sleep, when *Jove*
Did firſt incenſe him with Rebellion;

(3) *Than* Sophocles *ſhould ſhrink* of Sophocles,] Mr. *Sympſon* would read,

Than Sophocles *ſhould ſhrink*, or Sophocles
Commit prophane Idolatry.

I own I much prefer the old Reading; *to ſhrink of Sophocles* ſignifies to ſhrink from the Dignity which he had hitherto preſerv'd, to fall beneath himſelf, and behave unworthy his Character. The Particle *of* in this Senſe is us'd to this day, we ſay, he falls ſhort *of* what was expected from him.

Athens

Athens doth make Women Philoſophers,
And ſure their Children chat the Talk of Gods.
Val. Riſe, beauteous *Dorigen.*
Dor. Not until I know
The General's Reſolution.
Val. One ſoft word
From *Sophocles* would calm him into Tears,
Like gentle Showers after tempeſtuous Winds.
Dor. To buy the World, he will not give a Word,
A Look, a Tear, a Knee, 'gainſt his own Judgment,
And the divine Compoſure of his Mind:
All which I therefore do, and here preſent
This Victor's Wreath, this rich *Athenian* Sword,
Trophies of Conqueſt, which, great *Martius*, wear,
And be appeas'd: Let *Sophocles* ſtill live.
Mar. He would not live.
Dor. He would not beg to live.
When he ſhall ſo forget, then I begin
To command, *Martius*; and when he kneels,
Dorigen ſtands; when he lets fall a Tear,
I dry mine Eyes, and ſcorn him.
Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the Face of *Athens* and thy Friends.
Self-will'd, ſtiff *Sophocles*, prepare to die,
And by that Sword thy Lady honour'd me,
With which herſelf ſhall follow. *Romans*, Friends,
Who dares but ſtrike this Stroke, ſhall part with me,
Half *Athens*, and my half of Victory.
Cap. By——not we.
Nic. Corn. We two will do it, Sir.
Soph. Away, ye Fiſh-fac'd Raſcals.
Val. Martius,
(4) To eclipſe this great Eclipſe labours thy Fame;
Valerius thy Brother ſhall for once
Turn Executioner: Give me the Sword.

(4) *To eclipſe this great Eclipſe labours thy Fame*;] This is ſo obſcure, that many Readers may think it requires an Explication. The Senſe ſeems to be.—*Sophocles* whilſt he lives will be a great Eclipſe to thy Fame, and thy Fame is now labouring to eclipſe him in thy turn, therefore thy Brother ſhall be his Executioner.

Now

Now *Sophocles*, I'll ſtrike as ſuddenly
As thou dar'ſt die.
Soph. Thou canſt not. And *Valerius*,
'Tis leſs Diſhonour to thee thus to kill me,
Then bid me kneel to *Martius: (5)* 'Tis to murder
The Fame of living Men, which great Ones do;
Their Studies ſtrangle; Poiſon makes away,
The wretched Hangman only ends the Play.
Val. Art thou prepared?
Soph. Yes.
Val. Bid thy Wife farewel.
Soph. No, I will take no leave: My *Dorigen*,
Yonder above, 'bout *Ariadne*'s Crown,
My Spirit ſhall hover for thee; prithee haſte.
Dor. Stay, *Sophocles*, with this tie up my Sight,
Let not ſoft Nature ſo transformed be
(And loſe her gentler-ſex'd Humanity)
To make me ſee my Lord bleed. So, 'tis well:
Never one Object underneath the Sun
Will I behold before my *Sophocles*.
Farewel: Now teach the *Romans* how to die.
Mar. Doſt know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou doſt not, *Martius*,
And therefore not what 'tis to live; to die

(5) ——————*'Tis to murder*
The Fame of living Men, which great Ones do;
Their Studies ſtrangle, Poiſon makes away,
The wretched Hangman only ends the Play.] Tho' falſe Pointings have render'd this quite dark, yet if the Printers have not made ſome Miſtake that I cannot diſcover, the Poet himſelf was very obſcure, and however proper the Sentiment, 'tis certainly ill expreſs'd. By making the firſt Part of the Sentence end at *ſtrangle*, the following Senſe may be deduced from it. To make their Fellow-Creatures kneel to them, as great Men frequently do, is worſe than murdering them; it renders them ſervile and ſlaviſh, debaſes them below the Dignity of their Nature, murders therefore their Fame and fetters and ſtrangles their *Studies*, *i. e.* the free Exertions of their rational Faculties. Whereas Poiſon makes away or deſtroys a Man without injuring his Fame, or diminiſhing the Dignity of his Soul; and the wretched deſpicable Hangman only puts an End to the Part we act upon the Stage of this World. This Sentiment is continued and improved in *Sophocles*'s next Speech upon Death.

Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old ſtale weary Work, and to commence
A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave
Deceitful Knaves, for the Society
Of Gods and Goodneſs. Thou thy ſelf muſt part
At laſt from all thy Garlands, Pleaſures, Triumphs,
And prove thy Fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave Life thus?
Soph. Why ſhould I grieve, or vex for being ſent
To them I ever lov'd beſt? Now I'll kneel,
But with my Back toward thee; 'tis the laſt Duty
This Trunk can do the Gods.
Mar. Strike, ſtrike, *Valerius*,
Or *Martius* Heart will leap out at his Mouth.
This is a Man, a Woman! Kiſs thy Lord,
And live with all the Freedom you were wont.
O Love! thou doubly haſt afflicted me,
With Virtue and with Beauty. Treacherous Heart,
My Hand ſhall caſt thee quick into my Urn,
E'er thou tranſgreſs this knot of Piety.
Val. What ails my Brother?
Soph. Martius, oh *Martius!*
Thou now haſt found a way to conquer me.
Dor. O Star of *Rome*, what Gratitude can ſpeak
Fit Words to follow ſuch a Deed as this?
Mar. Doth *Juno* talk, or *Dorigen?*
Val. You are obſerv'd.
Mar. This admirable Duke, *Valerius*,
With his diſdain of Fortune, and of Death,
Captiv'd himſelf, hath captivated me:
And though my Arm hath ta'en his Body here,
His ſoul hath ſubjugated *Martius* Soul:
By *Romulus*, he is all Soul, I think;
He hath no Fleſh, and Spirit can't be gyv'd;
Then we have vanquiſh'd nothing; he is free,
And *Martius* walks now in Captivity.
Soph. How fares the Noble *Roman?*
Mar. Why?
Dor. Your Blood
Is ſunk down to your Heart, and your bright Eyes

Have

Have loſt their Splendor.
Mar. Baſer Fires go out
When the Sun ſhines on 'em: I am not well,
(6) An Epileptick Fit I uſe to have,
After my heats in War careleſly cool'd.
Soph. Martius ſhall reſt in *Athens* with his Friends,
'Till this Diſtemper leave him: O great *Roman!*
See *Sophocles* do that for thee, he could not
Do for himſelf, weep. *Martius*, by the——
It grieves me that ſo great a Soul ſhould ſuffer
Under the Body's weak Infirmity.
Sweet Lady, take him to thy loving Charge,
And let thy Care be tender.
Dor. Kingly Sir,
I am your Nurſe and Servant.
Mar. Oh dear Lady,
My Miſtreſs, nay My Deity; guide me, Heav'n,
Ten wreaths triumphant *Martius* will give,
To change a *Martius* for a *Sophocles:*
Can't not be done *(Valerius)* with this Boot?
Inſeparable Affection, ever thus
Collegue with *Athens Rome.*
Dor. Beat warlike Tunes,
Whilſt *Dorigen* thus honours *Martius*'s Brow
With one Victorious Wreath more.
Soph. And *Sophocles*
Thus girds his Sword of conqueſt to his Thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn, but cut out Victory.
Lords. For ever be it thus. [*Exeunt.*
Corn. Corporal *Nicodemus*, a word with you.
Nic. My worthy Sutler
Cornelius, it befits not *Nicodemus*
The *Roman* Officer to parley with

(6) *An* Apoplectick *Fit* ——] Whether there is any leſſer degree of the Apoplexy that does not deprive a Man of his Senſes, I am not Phyſician enough to know; but to make a Man accuſtom'd to Apoplectic Fits ſeems improper, ſince the third Stroke is generally held fatal. I rather believe the Poets wrote *Epileptick*, a Diſtemper that *Shakeſpear* from Hiſtory gives to two very great Soldiers, *Julius Cæſar* and *Henry* IVth.

A Fellow of thy Rank, th' Affairs of the Empire
Are to be occupied. *Corn.* Let the Affairs of
The Empire lie a while unoccupied,
Sweet *Nicodemus*, I do require the Money at
Thy Hands, which thou doſt owe me; and if fair Means
Cannot attain, force of Arms ſhall accompliſh.
Nic. Put up and live.
Corn. I have put up too much already,
Thou Corporal of Concupiſcence, for I ſuſpect
Thou haſt diſhonoured my Flock-bed, and with
Thy fooliſh Eloquence, and that bewitching
Face of thine drawn my Wife, the young Harlotry Baggage,
To proſtitute herſelf unto thee. Draw therefore,
For thou ſhalt find thyſelf a mortal Corporal.
Nic. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, and hear: I will
Rather deſcend from my high Honour, 'nd argue
Theſe Contumelies with thee, than clutch thee
(Poor Fly) within theſe eaglet Claws of mine;
Or draw my Sword of Fate on a Peaſant, a
(7) *Beſognio*, a *Cocoloch*, as thou art.
Thou ſhalt firſt underſtand this fooliſh Eloquence,
And this intolerable Beauty of mine
(Both which, I proteſt, are meerly natural)
Are the gifts of the Gods, with which I have
Neither ſent baudy Sonnet, nor amorous Glance,
Or (as the vulgar call it) a ſheeps Eye
To thy betrothed *Florence*.
Corn. Thou lieſt.
Nic. O Gods of *Rome*, was *Nicodemus* born
To bear theſe Braveries from a poor Provant?
Yet when Dogs bark, or when the Aſſes bray,
The Lion laughs, not roars, but goes his Way.
Corn. A——o' your poetical Vein: This verſifying
My Wife has hornified me. Sweet Corporal Cods-head,
no more ſtanding on your Punctilio's and Punketto's of
Honour, they are not worth a Louſe; the truth is, thou

(7) Beſognio, *a* Cocoloch,——] A *Beſognio*; *i. e.* a needy Perſon or Beggar, but what a *Cocoloch* is, my Dictionaries are ſilent.

art

art the General's Bygamy, that is, his Fool, and his Knave; thou art a Miſcreant and Recreant, not an Horſe-boy in the Legions, but has beaten thee; thy beginning was Knap-ſack, (8) and thy ending will be Halter-ſack.

Nic. Methinks I am now *Sophocles*, the wiſe, and thou art *Martius*, the mad.

Corn. No more of your Tricks, good Corporal Leather-chops: I ſay, thou haſt diſhonoured me, and ſince Honour now-a-days is only repaired by Money, pay me, and I am ſatisfied; even reckoning keeps long Friends.

Nic. Let us continue Friends then, for I have been even With thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I've paid thy Wife.

Corn. Flow forth my Tears, thou haſt flowred her, *Tarquin*,
The Garden of my Delight, hedged about,
In which there was but one Bowling-alley
For mine own private Procreation,
Thou haſt, like a Thief i' th' Night, leaped the Hedge,
Entred my Alley, and without my Privity
Plaid thine own Rubbers.

Nic. How long ſhall Patience thus ſecurely ſnore?
Is it my Fault, if theſe attractive Eyes,
This budding Chin, or roſy-colour'd Cheek,
This comely Body, and this waxen Leg,
Have drawn her into a Fool's Paradiſe?
(9) By *Cupid*'s Bow(I do ſwear by no other)
She's chaſter far than *Lucrece*, her Grand-mother,
Pure as Glaſs-window, e'er the Rider daſh it,
Whiter than Lady's Smock, when ſhe did waſh it:

(8) —— *And thy ending will be* Halter-ſack.] The Junction of *Sack* and *Halter* here, is only to preſerve a jingle of Words without meaning. We may, perhaps, reſtore a Quibble with ſome little Senſe in it, if we read *Halter-ſick.*

(9) *By* Cupid's——*I do ſwear (no other)*] With this *Hiatus* the Line has been hitherto printed, *Bow* or *Arrow* were probably the Original, but what is *(no other)* and why in a Parentheſis? The Parentheſis, I believe, belongs to *I do ſwear*; and the Inſertion of the prepoſition *by* makes out a Comic hobling Verſe: I read therefore,

By Cupid's *Bow (I do ſwear by no other)*

For

For well thou wot'ſt (though now my Heart's Commandreſs)
I once was free, and ſhe but the Camp's Landreſs.
Corn. Ay, ſhe then came ſweet to me; no part about her but ſmelt of Soap-ſuds, (10) like a *Dryad* out of a Waſh-bowl. Pray, or pay.
Nic. Hold.
Corn. Was thy Cheeſe mouldy, or thy Penny-worths ſmall?
Was not thy Ale the mightieſt of the Earth in Malt,
And thy Stope fill'd like a Tide; was not thy Bed ſoft, and
Thy Bacon fatter than a Dropſy? Come, Sir.
Nic. Mars then inſpire me with the fencing Skill
Of our Tragedian Actors. Honour pricks;
And Sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one cruſh, one paſs, and now a high, *Lavalto* fall:
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all.

Enter Wife.

Wife. O that ever I was born; why Gent?
Corn. Meſſaline of *Rome*,
Away diſloyal Concubine: I will
Be deafer to thee, than thou art to others:
I will have
My hundred Drachma's he owes me, thou arrant Whore.
Wife. I know he is an hundred Drachma's o' th' ſcore;
But what o' that? No Bloodſhed, ſweet *Cornelius*.
O my Heart; o' my Conſcience 'tis fal'n thorow
The Bottom of my Belly. O my ſweet *Didymus*,
If either of ye miskill one another,
What will become o' your *Florence?* Pacify
Yourſelves, I pray.
Corn. Go to, my Heart's not Stone;
I am not Marble, dry your Eyes, my *Florence*;

(10)—*Like a* Dryad *out of a Waſh-bowl.*] This was probably a deſign'd Miſtake of *Dryad* for *Naiad*, and therefore Mr. *Sympſon*, who quarrels with the Printer for making the Author talk ſo improperly, ſeems to be angry without Reaſon. It is not the Author but *Cornelius* talks Nonſenſe.

The

The ſcurvy Apes-face knoweth my blind ſide
Well-enough, leave puling; will this content ye?
Let 'm taſte thy nether Lip, which i' ſign of Amity
I thus take off again, (11) go thy ways, and
Provide *the friendly Juice of* the Cows Udder.

Nic. Lily of Concord. And now, honeſt Sutler,
Since I've had Proof as well of thy good Nature,
As of thy Wife's before, I will acquaint thee with a Project
Shall fully ſatisfy thee for thy Debt.
Thou ſhalt underſtand I'm ſhortly to be knighted.

Corn. The Devil thou art.

Nic. Renounce me elſe; for the Suſtenance of which Worſhip
(Which Worſhip many times wants Suſtenance)
I have here the General's Grant to have the leading of
Two hundred Men.

Corn. You jeſt, you jeſt.

Nic. Refuſe me elſe to the Pit.

Corn. Mercy on us, ha' you not forgot yourſelf? By your ſwearing you ſhould be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, Sir, here's his Hand, read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nic. I know that.
'Thas pleas'd the General to look upon
My Service. Now, Sir, ſhall you join with me in
Petitioning for fifty Men more, in regard
Of my Arrearages to you; which if granted,

(11) *Go thy ways, and provide the Cow's Udder.*] As all the reſt of the Speech is a Burleſque Sublimity of Stile, and the whole was eaſily reſtor'd to its Droll Meaſure, there is Reaſon to ſuſpect this ſudden fall of Stile and loſs of Metre to ariſe from ſome Omiſſions, which, I hope, will be reſtor'd. There is no particular Propriety in her providing a *Cow's Udder* rather than any other Diſh; but as Milk is the Emblem of Peace, and ſhe is immediately afterwards call'd *Lily of Concord*, there is great Humour in celebrating their Treaty of Friendſhip by a Libation of Milk to the Goddeſs of Peace. I read therefore,

——— ——— *which in ſign of Amity*
I thus take off again, go thy ways, and
Provide the friendly Juice of *the Cow's Udder.*

I will

I will beſtow th' whole Profit of thoſe fifty
Men upon thee and on thine Heirs for ever,
Till *Atropos* do cut this ſimple Thread.
Corn. No more, dear Corporal, Sir *Nicodemus*
That ſhall be, (12) I do cry your Worſhip's Mercy,
I am your Servant, Body, Goods, Moveables, and Immoveables;
Uſe my Houſe, uſe my Wife, uſe me, abuſe me,
Do what you liſt.
Nic. A figment is a candid Lye,
This is an old Paſs. Mark what followeth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Martius, *and two Captains.*

Mar. Pray leave me, you are *Romans*, honeſt Men,
Keep me not Company, I am turn'd Knave,
Have loſt my Fame and Nature. *Athens*, *Athens*,
This *Dorigen* is thy *Palladium:*
He that will ſack thee, muſt betray her firſt,
Whoſe Words wound deeper than her Husband's Sword,
Her Eyes make Captive ſtill the Conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that End.
O ſubtle Devil, what a golden Ball
Did tempt, when thou didſt caſt her in my Way!
Why, fooliſh *Sophocles*, brought'ſt thou not to field
Thy Lady, that thou might'ſt have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his Wreathes
That hang like Jewels on the ſeven-fold Hill,
And bid *Rome* ſend him out to fight with Men,
(For that ſhe knew he durſt) and not 'gainſt Fate
Or Deities, what Mortal conquers them?
Inſatiate *Julius*, when his Victories
Had run o'er half the World, had he met her,
There he had ſtop'd the legend of his Deeds,
Laid by his Arms, been overcome himſelf,

(12)—— *I do cry your* Wiſhes *Mercy,*] If this be genuine, the Meaning is, I beg pardon of your Expectations, in which you are already a Knight. But it will be more intelligible to read, *Worſhip's Mercy:* He calls him afterwards before *Martius*,
His Worſhip *Sir Nicodemus.*

And let her vanquish th' other half. And Fame
Made beauteous *Dorigen*, the greater Name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not; no, my Tears
Cast on my Heart, shall quench these lawless Fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd Desires.

Enter Dorigen, *with Ladies.*

Dor. Great Sir, my Lord commands me visit you,
And thinks your retir'd Melancholy proceeds
From some distaste of worthless Entertainment.
Will't please you take your Chamber? How d' ye do, Sir?
Mar. Lost, lost again; the wild Rage of my Blood
Doth Ocean-like o'erflow the shallow Shore
Of my weak Virtue; my Desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way.
Dor. What says my Lord?
Mar. Dismiss your Women, pray,
And I'll reveal my Grief.
Dor. Leave me.
Mar. Long Tales
Of Love (whilst Love itself might be enjoy'd)
Are languishing delays.
There is a secret strange lies in my Breast,
I will partake wi' you, which much concerns
Your Lord, yourself, and me. Oh!
Dor. Strange Secrets, Sir,
Should not be made so cheap to Strangers, yet
If your strange Secret do no lower lie
Than in your Breast, discover it.
Mar. I will.
Oh! Can you not see it, Lady, in my Sighs?
Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?
Mar. Scorn me not, *Dorigen*, with Mocks: *Alcides*,
That master'd Monsters, was by Beauty tam'd,
Omphale smil'd his Club out of his Hand,
And made him spin her Smocks. O Sweet, I love you,
And I love *Sophocles:* I must enjoy you,
And yet I would not injure him.
Dor. Let go;
You hurt me, Sir, farewell. Stay, is this *Martius?*

I will

I will not tell my Lord; he'll ſwear I lie.
Doubt my Fidelity, before thy Honour.
How haſt thou vex'd the Gods, that they would let thee
Thus violate Friendſhip, Hoſpitality,
(13) And all the Bonds of ſacred Piety?
Sure thou but tri'ſt me out of love to him,
And would'ſt reject me, if I did conſent.
O *Martius*, *Martius*, wouldſt thou in one Minute
Blaſt all thy Laurels, which ſo many Years
Thou haſt been purchaſing with Blood and Sweat?
Hath *Dorigen* ever been written, read,
Without the Epithet of chaſte, chaſte *Dorigen?*
And would'ſt thou fall upon her Chaſtity,
Like a black Drop of Ink, to blot it out?
When Men ſhall read the Records of thy Valour,
Thy hitherto-brave Virtue, and approach
(Highly content yet) to this foul Aſſault
Included in this Leaf, this ominous Leaf,
They ſhall throw down the Book, and read no more,
Though the beſt Deeds enſue, and all conclude,
That ravell'd the whole Story, whoſe ſound Heart
(Which ſhould have been) prov'd the moſt Leprous Part.

Mar. O! Thou confut'ſt divinely, and thy Words
Do fall like Rods upon me; but they have
Such ſilken Lines and ſilver Hooks, that I
Am faſter ſnar'd; my Love has ta'en ſuch hold,
That (like two Wreſtlers) though thou ſtronger be,
And haſt caſt me, I hope to pull thee after.
I muſt, or periſh.

Dor. Periſh, *Martius*, then;
For I here vow unto the Gods; theſe Rocks,
Theſe Rocks we ſee ſo fix'd, ſhall be remov'd,
Made champion Field, e'er I ſo impious prove,
To ſtain my Lord's Bed with adulterous Love.

(13) *And all the* Bounds *of ſacred Piety?*] Tho' this be good Senſe, yet as *Bonds* is the more natural and better Word, I believe it the Original.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The Gods protect fair *Dorigen.*
Dor. Amen.
From all you Wolvish *Romans.* [*Exit.*
Val. Ha? What's this?
Still, Brother, in your Moods! O then my Doubts
Are Truths. Have at it, I must try a Way
To be resolv'd.
Mar. How strangely dost thou look? What ail'st thou?
Val. What ail'st thou?
Mar. Why, I'm mad.
Val. Why, I am madder. *Martius*, draw thy Sword,
And lop a Villain from the Earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on some Tree about this Place
I'll hang myself: *Valerius* shall not live
To wound his Brother's Honour, stain his Country,
(14) And brand it with Ingratitude to all Times.
Mar. For what can all this be?
Val. I am in Love.
Val. Why so am I. With whom? ha?
Val. Dorigen.
Mar. With *Dorigen?* How dost thou love her? speak.
Val. Even to the Height of Lust; and I must have her,
Or else I die.
Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring Traitor.
On all the Confines I have rid my Horse,
Was there no other Woman for thy Choice
But *Dorigen?* Why, Villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and Fool,
'Tis I must have her, or I die.
Val. O all ye Gods,
With Mercy look on this declining Rock
Of Valour and of Virtue; breed not up
(From Infancy) in Honour, to full Man,
As you have done him, to destroy; here, strike,
For I have only search'd thy Wound; dispatch;
Far, far be such Love from *Valerius*,
So far he scorns to live to be call'd Brother

(14) *And branded*] Former Editions. I read, *brand* it.

By

By him dares own ſuch Folly and ſuch Vice.
Mar. 'Tis Truth thou ſpeak'ſt; but I do hate it: Peace.
If Heav'n will ſnatch my Sword out of my Hand,
And put a Rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is deſtin'd to be odious
In his old Age, muſt undergo his Fate.

Enter Cornelius *and* Nicodemus.

Corn. If you don't back me, I ſhall never do't.
Nic. I warrant you.
Corn. Humh, humh; Sir; my Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Ha? What's the Matter?
Corn. Humh; concerning the odd fifty, my Lord, an't pleaſe your Generality, His Worſhip Sir *Nicodemus.*
Mar. What's here? a Paſs? you would for *Rome:* you Lubbers?
Doth one Day's Lazineſs make ye covet home?
Away, ye boariſh Rogues; ye Dogs, away.

Enter Wife.

(15) *Corn.* Oh, oh, oh:
Wife. How now Man, are you ſatisfied?
Corn. Ay, ay, ay;
A——o' your Corporal: I am paid ſoundly,
I was ne'er better paid in all my Life.
Wife. Marry the God's Bleſſing on his Honour's Heart:
You've done a charitable Deed, Sir, many more ſuch
May you live to do, Sir: The Gods keep you, Sir,
The Gods protect you. [*Exit.*
Mar. Theſe Peaſants mock me ſure, *Valerius,*
Forgive my Dotage, ſee my Aſhes urn'd,
And tell fair *Dorigen,* (ſhe that but now
Left me this harſh Vow, ſooner theſe Rocks
Should be remov'd, than ſhe would yield) that I
Was yet ſo loving, on her Gift to die.
Val. O *Jupiter* forbid it, Sir, and grant

(15) Wife. *Oh! oh! oh!*
How now Man——] As it is plain the Wife, by her Queſtion, knows not of her Husband's Diſappointment or Beating, the *ohs!* are improper to her, and evidently belong to *Cornelius.*

This my Device may certify thy Mind:
You are my Brother, nor must perish thus;
Be comforted: Think you fair *Dorigen*
Would yield your Wishes, if these envious Rocks
By Skill could be remov'd, or by Fallacy
She made believe so?

Mar. Why, she could not chuse;
Th' *Athenians* are religious in their Vows,
Above all Nations.

Val. Soft, down yonder Hill
The Lady comes this Way, once more to try her,
If she persist in Obstinacy; by my Skill
Learn'd from the old *Chaldean* was my Tutor,
Who train'd me in the Mathematicks, I will
So dazzle and delude her Sight, that she
Shall think this great Impossibility
Effected by some supernatural Means.
Be confident; this Engine shall at least,
'Till the Gods better order, still this Breast. [*Exit* Val.

Mar. O my best Brother, go; and for Reward
Chuse any Part o' th' World, I'll give it thee.
(16) O little *Love*, Men say thou art a God,
Thou might'st have got a fitter Fool than I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, Basilisk? Remove thine Eyes,
I'm sick to Death with thy Infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have Mercy on me; save him, Lady,
Whose single Arm defends all *Rome*, whose Mercy
Hath sav'd thy Husband's and thy Life.

Dor. To spoil

(16) *O little* Rome, *Men say thou art a God,*] *Rome* in this Place is in every Light absurd. For why was the Mistress of the World to be called *little?* Why a God when she was always represented as a Female and a Goddess? And lastly, tho' he was become a Fool, it was not *Rome* that made him so. For these Reasons it is almost self-evident, that *Love* was the true Reading. I had wrote this before I saw, that at five Lines below, *all Rome* is mention'd with a particular Emphasis, this having been mark'd for Italicks, might draw the Printer's Eye to it, and a small Degree of Absence cause him to insert it in this Place.

Our

Our Fame and Honours? No, my Vow is fixt,
And ſtands as conſtant as theſe Stones do, ſtill.
Mar. Then pity me, ye Gods, you only may
Move her, by tearing theſe firm Stones away.
[*Solemn Muſick.*
[*A Miſt ariſeth, the Rocks remove.*

Enter Valerius *like* Mercury, *ſinging.*

Val. Martius *rejoice*, Jove *ſends me from above*
His Meſſenger, to cure thy deſperate Love,
To ſhew raſh Vows cannot bind Deſtiny.
Lady, behold, the Rocks tranſplanted be.
Hard-hearted Dorigen, *yield, leſt for Contempt,*
They fix thee here a Rock, whence they're exempt.
Dor. What ſtrange Deluſion's this? What Sorcery
Affrights me with theſe Apparitions?
My colder Chaſtity's nigh turn'd to Death.
Hence, lewd Magician; dar'ſt thou make the Gods
Bawds to thy Luſt; will they do Miracles
To further Evil? Or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do ſo, I dare hate them,
And will no longer ſerve 'em. *Jupiter*,
Thy golden Shower, nor thy Snow-white Swan,
Had I been *Læda*, or bright *Danae*,
Had bought mine Honour. Turn me into Stone
For being good, and bluſh when thou haſt done.
[*Exit* Dorigen.

Enter Valerius.

Mar. O my *Valerius*, all yet will not do;
Unleſs I could ſo draw mine Honeſty
Down to the Lees to be a Raviſher,
She calls me Witch, and Villain.
Val. Patience, Sir,
The Gods will puniſh Perjury. Let her breathe
And ruminate on this ſtrange Sight. Time decays
The ſtrongeſt, faireſt Buildings we can find;
But ſtill *Diana*, fortify her Mind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles *and* Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not, bright *Dorigen*; for thou haſt ſtood
Conſtant and chaſte, it ſeems, 'gainſt Gods and Men,
When Rocks and Mountains were remov'd. Theſe Wonders
Do ſtupify my Senſes. *Martius*,
This is inhumane. Was thy Sickneſs Luſt?
Yet were this Truth, why weeps ſhe? Jealous Soul,
What doſt thou thus ſuggeſt? Vows, Magick, Rocks,
Fine Tales, and Tears? She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her viſit him; ſhe often did,
Had many Opportunities. Humh, 'tis naught: O!
No Way but this. Come, weep no more, I have ponder'd
This Miracle: The anger of the Gods,
Thy Vow, my Love to thee and *Martius*:
He muſt not periſh, nor thou be forſworn,
Leſt worſe Fates follow us; go, keep thy Oath,
For Chaſte, and Whore, are Words of equal length;
But let not *Martius* know, that I conſent.
O! I am pull'd in Pieces.

Dor. Ay? Say you ſo?
I'll meet you in your Path. O wretched Men!
With all your Valour and your Learning, Bubbles.
Forgive me, *Sophocles*. Yet why kneel I
For Pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient Servant, antedating
My Lord's Command? Sir, I have often, and already given
This Boſom up to his Embraces, and
Am proud that my dear Lord is pleas'd with it;
Whoſe gentle honourable Mind I ſee
Participates even all, his Wife and all,
Unto his Friend. You are ſad, Sir. *Martius* loves me,
And I love *Martius* with ſuch Ardency,
As never marry'd Couple could: I muſt
Attend him now. My Lord, when you have need
To uſe your own Wife, pray, Sir, ſend for me;
'Till then, make uſe of your Philoſophy. [*Exit.*

Soph. Stay, *Dorigen*: O me, inquiſitive Fool!
Thou

Thou that didſt order this congeſted heap
When it was *Chaos*, 'twixt thy ſpacious Palms
Forming it to this vaſt Rotundy;
Diſſolve it now; ſhuffle the Elements,
That no one proper by itſelf may ſtand.
Let the Sea quench the Sun, and in that Inſtant
The Sun drink up the Sea: Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to thoſe Deeds that muſt be done. [*Exit.*

Enter Martius, Valerius, *Captains and Soldiers, with Drums and Colours, at one Door; and* Dorigen *with Ladies, at another.*

Dor. Hail, General of *Rome*; from *Sophocles*,
That honours *Martius*, *Dorigen* preſents
Herſelf to be diſhonour'd: Do thy Will;
For *Sophocles* commands me to Obey.
Come, violate all Rules of Holineſs,
And rend the conſecrated Knot of Love.

Mar. Never, *Valerius*, was I bleſt 'till now:
Behold the end of all my weary Steps,
The Prize of all my Battels: Leave us all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus Joy begin,
In zealous Love a Minute's Loſs is Sin.

Val. Can *Martius* be ſo vile? or *Dorigen?*

Dor. Stay, ſtay, and Monſter, keep thou further off;
I thought thy brave Soul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on ſtill on ſuch Terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, ſince thy deſperate Luſt
Nothing can cure but Death, I'll die for thee,
While my chaſte Name lives to Poſterity.

Mar. Live, live, thou Angel of thy Sex: forgive,
'Till by thoſe golden Treſſes thou be'ſt ſnatch'd
Alive to Heav'n; for thy Corruption's
So little, that it cannot ſuffer Death.
Was ever ſuch a Woman? O my Mirror!
How perfectly thou ſhew'ſt me all my Faults,
Which now I hate; and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the Fires in the *Zodiack*
Drop on this curſed Head.

All. O bleſs'd Event!

Dor.

Dor. Riſe like the Sun again in all his Glory,
After a dark Eclipſe.
Mar. Never without a Pardon.

Enter Sophocles, *and two or three with him.*

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven yourſelf.
Soph. Behold their Impudence; are my Words juſt?
Unthankful Man, Viper to Arms, and *Rome*
Thy natural Mother; have I warm'd thee here
To corrode ev'n my Heart? *Martius*, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.
Mar. Why, *Sophocles?*
Then prithee kill me; I deſerve it highly;
For I have both tranſgreſs'd 'gainſt Men and Gods;
But am repentant now, and in beſt caſe
T' uncaſe my Soul of this oppreſſing Fleſh;
Which, tho' (Gods witneſs) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy Wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her Goodneſs that reſtrain'd and held me now:
But take my Life, dear Friend, for my Intent,
Or elſe forgive it.
Val. By the Gods of *Athens*,
Thoſe Words are true, and all direct again.
Soph. Pardon me, *Dorigen.*
Mar. Forgive me, *Sophocles*,
And *Dorigen* too, and every one that's good.
Dor. Riſe, noble *Roman*; belov'd *Sophocles*,
Take to thy Breaſt thy Friend.
Mar. And to thy Heart
Thy matchleſs Wife: Heav'n has not Stuff enough,
To make another ſuch; for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy bleſt ſake
(O thou Infinity of Excellence)
Henceforth in Mens Diſcourſe *Rome* ſhall not take
The Wall of *Athens*, as 'tofore. But when
In their fair Honours we to ſpeak do come,
We'll ſay 'twas ſo in *Athens* and in *Rome.*

[*Exeunt in Pomp.*

Diana

Diana *deſcends.*

Diana. *Honour ſet ope thy Gates, and with thee bring*
My Servant and thy Friend, fair Dorigen;
Let her triumph with him, her Lord and Friend,
Who, tho' miſ-led, ſtill Honour was their end.
[Flouriſh.

Enter the Shew of Honour's *Triumph; a great Flouriſh of Trumpets and Drums within; Then enter a Noiſe of Trumpets ſounding chearfully; Then follows an armed Knight bearing a Crimſon Banneret in his Hand, with the Inſcription* Valour; *by his Side a Lady bearing a Watchet Banneret, the Inſcription* Clemency; *Next* Martius *and* Sophocles *with Coronets; Next, two Ladies, one bearing a white Banneret, the Inſcription* Chaſtity; *The other a black, the Inſcription* Conſtancy; *Then* Dorigen *crown'd; Laſt, a Chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a Perſon crown'd, with a Scepter on the Top, in an antick Eſcutcheon is written* Honour. *As they paſs over,* Diana *aſcends.*

Rin. How like you it?

Fri. Rarely; ſo well, I would they would do it again. How many of our Wives now-a-days would deſerve to Triumph in ſuch a Chariot?

Rin. That's all one; you ſee they triumph in Caroches.

Fri. That they do, by the Maſs; but not all neither; many of them are content with Carts. But Seignior, I have now found out a great Abſurdity i' faith.

Rin. What was't?

Fri. The Prologue preſenting four Triumphs, made but three Legs to the King: a three-legg'd Prologue, 'twas monſtrous.

Rin. 'Thad been more monſtrous to have had a four-legg'd one. Peace, the King ſpeaks.

Em. Here was a Woman, *Iſabel.*

Iſa. Ay, my Lord,
But that ſhe told a Lye to vex her Husband;
Therein ſhe fail'd.

Em. She ſerv'd him well enough;

He

He that was so much Man, yet would be cast
To Jealousy for her Integrity.
This teacheth us, the Passion of Love
Can fight with Soldiers, and with Scholars too.
Isa. In *Martius*, Clemency and Valour shewn,
In the other, Courage and Humanity;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By Clemency and Valour.
Em. Rightly observ'd,
As she by Chastity and Constancy;
What hurt's now in a Play, against which some rail
So vehemently? thou and I, my Love,
Make excellent use methinks: I learn to be
A lawful Lover void of Jealousy,
And thou a constant Wife. Sweet Poetry's
A Flower, where Men, like Bees and Spiders, may
Bear Poison, or else Sweets and Wax away.
Be venom-drawing Spiders they that will;
I'll be the Bee, and suck the Honey still. [*Flourish.*

Cupid *descends.*

Cupid. *Stay, Clouds, ye rack too fast: bright* Phœbus, *see,*
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chastity:
Give Love now leave, in Purity to shew
Unchaste Affections fly not from his Bowe.
Produce the sweet Example of your Youth,
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your Truth.
[Flourish.

Enter Violante (*with Child*) *and* Gerrard.

Vio. Why does my *Gerrard* grieve?
Ger. O my sweet Mistress,
'Tis not Life (which by our *Milan* Law
My Fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little Finger
Of this your noble Burden from least hurt,
Because your Blood is in't. But since your Love
Made poor incompatible me the Parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear Blood
Falls under the same cruel P nalty;

And

And can Heav'n think fit ye die for me?
For Heav'n's ſake ſay I raviſh'd you, I'll ſwear it,
To keep your Life and your Repute unſtain'd.
Vio. O *Gerrard*, th' art my Life and Faculties:
And if I loſe thee, I'll not keep mine own;
The thought of whom ſweetens all Miſeries.
Wouldſt have me murder thee beyond thy Death?
Unjuſtly ſcandal thee with Raviſhment?
It was ſo far from Rape, that Heav'n doth know,
If ever the firſt Lovers, e'er they fell,
Knew ſimply in the State of Innocence,
Such was this Act, this, that doth ask no bluſh.
Ger. O! but my rareſt *Violante*, when
My Lord *Randulpho*, Brother to your Father,
Shall underſtand this, how will he exclaim,
That my poor Aunt, and me, with his free Alms
Hath nurs'd, ſince *Milan* by the Duke of *Mantua*
(Who now uſurps it) was ſurpriz'd? That time
My Father and my Mother were both ſlain,
With my Aunt's Husband, as ſhe ſays, their States
Deſpoil'd and ſeiz'd; 'tis paſt my Memory,
But thus ſhe told me: only thus I know,
Since I could underſtand, your honour'd Uncle
Hath given me all the liberal Education
That his own Son might look for, had he one;
Now will he ſay, Doſt thou requite me thus?
O! the Thought kills me.
Vio. Gentle, gentle *Gerrard*,
Be cheer'd, and hope the beſt. My Mother, Father,
And Uncle love me moſt indulgently,
Being the only Branch of all their Stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldſt not grieve
With this unwelcome News, ſhall ever hear
Violante's Tongue reveal, much leſs accuſe
Gerrard to be the Father of his own;
I'll rather ſilent die, that thou may'ſt live
To ſee thy little Offspring grow and thrive.

Enter

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Miſtreſs, away, your Lord and Father ſeeks you:
I'll convey *Gerrard* out at the back Door;
He 'as found a Husband for you, and inſults
In his Invention, little thinking you
Have made your own Choice, and poſſeſs'd him too.
Vio. A Husband? 't muſt be *Gerrard*, or my Death.
Farewel; be only true unto thy ſelf,
And know Heav'n's Goodneſs ſhall prevented be,
E'er worthieſt *Gerrard* ſuffer harm for me.
Ger. Farewel, my Life and Soul. Aunt, to your Counſel
I flee for aid. O unexpreſſible Love! thou art
An undigeſted heap of mixt Extremes
Whoſe Pangs are Wakings, and whoſe Pleaſures Dreams.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina *and* Ferdinand.

Ben. My *Angelina*, never didſt thou yet
So pleaſe me, as in this conſent; and yet
Thou'aſt pleas'd me well, I ſwear, old Wench: ha, ha.
Ferdinand, ſhe's thine own; thou'ſt have her, Boy,
Ask thy good Lady elſe.
Ferd. Whom ſhall I have, Sir?
Ben. Whom d'ye think, i' faith?
Ang. Gueſs.
Ferd. Noble Madam,
I may hope (prompted by ſhallow Merit)
Thro' your profound Grace, for your Chamber-maid.
Ben. How's that? how's that?
Ferd. Her Chamber-pot, my Lord. You modeſt Aſs,
Thou never ſhew'dſt thy ſelf an Aſs 'till now.
'Fore Heav'n I'm angry with thee. Sirrah, Sirrah,
(17) This whit-meat Spirit's not yours legitimate,
Advance

(17) *This* whitmeat *Spirit's not yours, legitimate,*] I put a Hyphen to *whitmeat*, it being a compound Word like *Whit-Sunday*, i. e. *White-Sunday*, alluding to the white Garments the newly-baptiz'd uſed to wear. It would be an affront to the Reader's Underſtanding

to

Advance your hope, and't pleaſe you: gueſs again.
Ang. And let your Thoughts flie higher: aim them right;
Sir, you may hit, you have the faireſt white.
Ferd. If I may be ſo bold then, my good Lord,
Your Favour doth encourage me to aſpire
To catch my Lady's Gentlewoman.
Ben. Where?
Where would you catch her?
Do you know my Daughter *Violante*, Sir?
Ang. Well ſaid; no more about the Buſh.
Ferd. My good Lord,
I have gaz'd on *Violante*, and the Stars,
Whoſe Heav'nly Influence I admir'd, not knew,
Nor ever was ſo ſinful to believe
I might attain 't.
Ben. Now you're an Aſs again;
For if thou ne'er attain'ſt, 'tis only long
Of that faint Heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your Lord's Heir, mine, *Benvoglio*'s Heir,
My Brother's too, *Randulpho*'s; her Deſcent
Not behind any of the *Millanois*.
And *Ferdinand*, although thy Parentage
Be unknown, thou know'ſt that I 've bred thee up
From five years old, and (do not bluſh to hear it)
Have found thy Wiſdom, Truſt, and fair Succeſs
So full in all m' Affairs, that I am fitter
To call thee Maſter, than thou me thy Lord.
Thou can'ſt not be but ſprung of gentleſt Blood;
Thy Mind ſhines through thee, like the radiant Sun,
Although thy Body be a beauteous Cloud.
Come, ſeriouſly this is no Flattery,
And well thou know'ſt it, though thy modeſt Blood
Riſe like the Morning in thy Cheek to hear't.
Sir, I can ſpeak in earneſt: Virtuous Service,
So meritorious *Ferdinand*, as yours,

to explain the meaning *of whit-meat Spirit*; he will obſerve, that I ſcratch out a Comma after *yours*, underſtanding *legitimate* adverbially, as if he had ſaid,—This weak effeminate Spirit is not legitimately yours, you had it not from your Father.

(Yet

(Yet baſhful ſtill, and ſilent?) ſhould extract
A fuller Price than Impudence exact:
And this is now the Wages it muſt have;
My Daughter is thy Wife, my Wealth thy Slave.

Ferd. Good Madam, pinch; I ſleep; does my Lord mock,
And you aſſiſt? Cuſtom's inverted quite;
For old Men now-a-days do flout the young.

Ben. Fetch *Violante*. As I intend this
Religiouſly, let my Soul find Joy or Pain.

[*Exit* Angelina.

Ferd. My honour'd Lord and Maſter, if I hold
That Worth could merit ſuch Felicity,
You bred it in me, and firſt purchas'd it;
It is your own, and what Productions
In all my Faculties my Soul begets,
Your very mark is on, you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you:
You ſav'd my Life, Sir, in the Maſſacre;
There you begot me new, ſince foſter'd me.
O! Can I ſerve too much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis ſlender Payment to your Bounty.
Your Daughter is a Paradiſe, and I
Unworthy to be ſet there; you may chuſe
The royalſt Seeds of *Milan*.

Ben. Pr'ythee peace,
Thy Goodneſs makes me weep; I am reſolv'd:
I am no Lord o' th' time, to tie my Blood
To ſordid Muck; I have enough, my Name,
M' Eſtate and Honours I will ſtore in thee,
Whoſe Wiſdom will rule well, keep and increaſe:
A Knave or Fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each Hour, diminiſh every Day.
Thou art her Price-lot then, drawn out by Fate;
An honeſt wiſe Man is a Prince's Mate.

Ferd. Sir, Heav'n and you have over-charg'd my Breaſt
With Grace beyond my Continence; I ſhall burſt:
The Bleſſing you have given me, witneſs Saints,
I would not change for *Milan*. But, my Lord,

Is

Is ſhe prepar'd?

Ben. What needs Preparative,
Where ſuch a Cordial is preſcrib'd as thou?
Thy Perſon and thy Virtues in one Scale,
Shall poize hers, with her Beauty and her Wealth;
If not, I add my Will unto thy Weight;
Thy Mother's with her now. Son, take my Keys,
And let thy preparation for this Marriage,
(This welcome Marriage) long determin'd here,
Be quick, and gorgeous. ——— *Gerrard.*

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good Lord,
My Lord, your Brother craves your Conference
Inſtantly, on Affairs of high import.

Ben. Why, what News?

Ger. The Tyrant, my good Lord,
Is ſick to death of his old Apoplexy,
Whereon the States adviſe, that Letters-miſſive
Be ſtraight diſpatch'd to all the Neighbour-Countries,
And Schedules too divulg'd on every Poſt,
To enquire the loſt Duke forth; their Purpoſe is
To re-inſtate him.

Ben. 'Tis a pious Deed.
Ferdinand, to my Daughter; this Delay,
Though to ſo good a purpoſe, angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be ſecret, Son.
Go woo with Truth and Expedition. [*Exit.*

Ferd. O my unſounded joy! How fares my *Gerrard*,
My noble Twin-friend? Fie, thy Look is heavy,
Sullen, and ſowre; blanch it: Didſt thou know
My Cauſe of Joy, thou'dſt never ſorrow more,
I know thou lov'ſt me ſo. How doſt thou?

Ger. Well,
Too well, my fraught of Health my Sickneſs is;
In Life, I'm dead; by living dying ſtill.

Ferd. What ſublunary Miſchief can predominate
A wiſe Man thus? Or doth thy Friendſhip play
(In this antipathous Extreme) with mine,
Leſt Gladneſs ſuffocate me? I, I, I do feel

My Spirit's turn'd to Fire, my Blood to Air,
And I am like a purified Eſſence
Try'd from all droſſy Parts.
Ger. Wer't but my Life,
(18) The Loſs were Sacrifice; but Virtue muſt
For me be ſlain, and Innocence made Duſt.
Ferd. Farewel, good *Gerrard.*
Ger. Deareſt Friend, ſtay.
Ferd. Sad Thoughts are no Companions for me now,
Much leſs ſad Words; thy Boſom binds ſome Secret,
Which do not truſt me with; for mine retains
Another, which I muſt conceal from thee.
Ger. I would reveal it, 'tis a heavy Tale:
Canſt thou be true, and ſecret ſtill?
Ferd. Why, Friend?
If you continue true unto yourſelf,
I have no means of Falſhood. Lock this Door;
Come, yet your Priſoner's ſure.
Ger. Stay, *Ferdinand.*
Ferd. What is thy trouble? Love?
Why, thou art capable of any Woman.
Doth Want oppreſs thee? I will lighten thee,
Haſt thou offended Law? My Lord and thine,
And I, will ſave thy Life. Does Servitude
Upbraid thy Freedom, that ſhe ſuffers it?
Have patience but three Days, and I will make thee
Thy Lord's Companion. Can a Friend do more?
Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?
Ferd. Firſt, let
This Cabinet keep your Pawn, and I will truſt:
Yet for the Form of Satisfaction,
Take this my Oath to boot. By my preſum'd

(18) *The Loſs were* ſacrific'd, *but Virtue*
Muſt for me be ſlain, and Innocence made Duſt.] It is no Wonder, that the Editors ſhould not much regard the Senſe, who were ſo totally negligent of the Meaſure. How can a Loſs be *ſacrific'd?* I read *Sacrifice, i. e.* my Life would then be not ſo much a Loſs as a Sacrifice for the ſake of the Perſon I love. The Correction of the Metre is very obvious.

The Loſs were Sacrifice, *for Virtue muſt*
For me be ſlain, and Innocence made Duſt.

Gentry,

Gentry, and ſacred known Chriſtianity,
I'll die, e'er I reveal thy Truſt.
Ger. Then hear it.
Your Lord's fair Daughter, *Violante*, is
My betroth'd Wife, goes great with Child by me;
And by this Deed both made a Prey to Law.
How may I ſave her Life? adviſe me, Friend.
Ferd. What did he ſay? *Gerrard*, whoſe Voice was that?
O Death unto my Heart, Bane to my Soul!
My Wealth is vaniſh'd like the rich Man's Store:
In one poor Minute all my dainty Fare
But juggling Diſhes; my fat Hope, Deſpair.
Ger. Is this ſo odious? where's your Mirth?
Ferd. Why thou
Haſt robb'd me of it. *Gerrard*, draw thy Sword;
(19) And if thou lov'ſt my Miſtreſs Chaſtity,
Defend it, elſe I'll cut it from thy Heart,
Thy theeviſh Heart that ſtole it, and reſtore't;
Do Miracles to gain her.
Ger. Was ſhe thine?
Ferd. Never, but in my Wiſh, and her Father's Vow,
Which now he left with me, on ſuch ſure Terms,
He call'd me Son, and will'd me to provide
My wedding Preparation.
Ger. Strange.
Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly.
Ger. Ferdinand,
My Love is old to her, thine new-begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine Oath.
Ferd. It manacles me, *Gerrard*, elſe this Hand
Should bear thee to the Law. Farewel for ever:
Since Friendſhip is ſo fatal, never more
Will I have Friend: thou'ſt put ſo ſure a Plea,
That all my Weal's litigious made by thee. [*Exit.*

(19) *If thou lov'ſt my Miſtreſs Chaſtity,*] The Context evidently ſhews, that *Miſtreſs* is here the Genitive Caſe, a Liberty that Poets often take with Words ending in *s*, which muſt be trebled *Miſtreſs's* to form the Caſe properly.

Ger. I did no Crime to you. His Love tranſports him;
And yet I mourn that cruel Deſtiny
Should make us two thus one another's Croſs:
We 've lov'd ſince Boys; for the ſame time caſt him
On Lord *Benvoglio*, that my Aunt and I
Were ſuccour'd by *Randulpho:* Men have call'd us,
The Parallels of *Milan*; and ſome ſaid
We were not much unlike. O Heav'n divert,
That we ſhould (ever ſince that time) be breeding
Mutual Deſtruction.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. O where are you? you have made a fair Hand. By—yonder is your Aunt with my Lady; ſhe came in, juſt as ſhe was wooing your Miſtreſs for another; and what did me ſhe, but out with her Purſe, and ſhew'd all the naked truth, i' faith. Fie upon you, you ſhould never truſt an old Woman with a Secret; they cannot hold; they cannot hold ſo well as we, and you'd hang 'em. Firſt, there was ſwearing and ſtaring, then there was howling and weeping, and O my Daughter, and O my Mother.

Ger. The effect, the effect.

Dor. Marry no way, but one with you.

Ger. Why welcome. Shall ſhe 'ſcape?

Dor. Nay, ſhe has made her 'ſcape already.

Ger. Why, is ſhe gone?

Dor. The 'ſcape of her Virginity, I mean.
You Men are as dull, you can conceive nothing;
You think it is enough to beget.

Ger. Ay;
But ſurely, *Dorothea*, that 'ſcap'd not;
Her Maiden-head ſuffer'd.

Dor. And you were the Executioner.

Ger. But what's the Event? Lord how thou ſtarv'ſt me, *Doll?*

Dor. Lord how thou ſtarv'ſt me, *Doll?* By—I would Fain ſee you cry a little. Do you ſtand now,

As

As if you could get a Child? Come, I'll rack you no more:
This is the Heart of the Buſineſs, always provided,
Signior, that if it pleaſe the Fates to make you a Lord,
You be not proud, nor forget your poor Hand-maid *Doll*,
Who was partly acceſſary to the Inciſion of
This *Holofernian* Maiden-head.

Ger. I will forget my Name firſt. Speak.

Dor. Then thus;
My Lady knows all; and her Sorrow is
Reaſonably well digeſted, She has vow'd
To conceal it from my Lord, until Delay
Ripen things better; wills you to attend her
This Evening at the back Gate; I'll let you in,
Where her own Confeſſor ſhall quickly put you
Together lawfully, e'er the Child be born;
Which Birth is very near, I can aſſure you;
All your Charge is your Vigilance; and to bring with you
Some truſty Nurſe, to convey the Infant out of the Houſe.

Ger. Oh beam of Comfort, take! Go, tell my Lady
I pray for her as I walk; my Joys ſo flow,
That what I ſpeak or do, I do not know. [*Exeunt.*

Dumb Shew.

Enter Violante *at one Door, weeping, ſupported by* Cornelia *and a Friar; at another Door,* Angelina *weeping, attended by* Dorothea. Violante *kneels down for pardon.* Angelina *ſhewing Remorſe, takes her up, and cheers her; ſo doth* Cornelia. Angelina *ſends* Dorothea *for* Gerrard. *Enter* Gerrard *with* Dorothea: Angelina *and* Cornelia *ſeem to chide him, ſhewing* Violante's *heavy Plight.* Violante *rejoiceth in him; he makes Signs of Sorrow, intreating Pardon:* Angelina *brings* Gerrard *and* Violante *to the Friar; he joins them hand in hand, takes a Ring from* Gerrard, *puts it on* Violante's *Finger, bleſſeth them;* Gerrard *kiſſeth her; the Friar takes his Leave.* Violante *makes ſhew of great Pain, is inſtantly convey'd in by the Women,* Gerrard *is bid ſtay; he walks in Meditation, ſeeming to pray. Enter* Dorothea, *whiſpers*

him, sends him out. Enter Gerrard *with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a Purse. To them enter* Angelina *and* Cornelia *with an Infant; they present it to* Gerrard, *he kisseth and blesseth it, puts it into the Nurse's Arms, kneels, and takes his leave.* Exeunt *all severally.*

Enter Benvoglio *and* Randulpho.

Ben. He's dead you say then.

Rand. Certainly; and to hear
The People dissect him now he's gone,
Makes my Ears burn, that lov'd him not: Such Libels,
Such Elegies and Epigrams they've made,
More odious than he was. Brother, great Men
Had need to live by love, meting their Deeds
With Virtue's Rule; found with the weight of Judgment
Their privat'st Action: for though while they live
Their Power and Policy masque their Villanies,
Their Bribes, their Lust, Pride, and Ambition,
And make a many Slaves to worship 'em,
That are their Flatterers, and their Bawds in these:
These very Slaves shall, when these great Beasts die,
Publish their Bowels to the vulgar Eye.

Ben. 'Fore Heav'n 'tis true. But is *Rinaldo*, Brother,
Our good Duke, heard of living?

Rand. Living, Sir,
And will be shortly with the Senate: has
Been close conceal'd at *Mantua*, and reliev'd:
But what's become of his? no Tidings yet?
But, Brother, 'till our good Duke shall arrive,
Carry this News here. Where's your *Ferdinand?*

Ben. Oh busie, Sir, about, this Marriage:
And yet my Girl o' th' sudden is fall'n sick:
You'll see her e'er you go?

Rand. Yes; well I love her,
And yet I wish I had another Daughter
To gratify my *Gerrard*, who, by——
Is all the Glory of my Family,
But has too much Worth to live so obscure;
I'll have him Secretary of Estate
Upon the Duke's Return; for Credit me,

The

The Value of that Gentleman's not known:
His ſtrong Abilities are fit to guide
The whole Republick; he hath Learning, Youth,
Valour, Diſcretion, Honeſty of a Saint,
His Aunt is wondrous good too.

Enter Violante *in a Bed*; Angelina *and* Dorothea *ſitting by her.*

Ben. You have ſpoke
The very Character of *Ferdinand:*
One is the others Mirror. How now, Daughter?
Rand. How fares my Neice?
Viol. A little better, Uncle, than I was.
I thank you.
Rand. Brother, a meer cold.
Ang. It was
A Cold and Heat, I think; but Heav'n be thanked,
We've broken that away.
Ben. And yet, *Violante*,
You'll lye alone ſtill, and you ſee what's got.
Dor. Sure, Sir, when this was got, ſhe had a Bed-fellow.
Rand. What has her Cholick left her in her Belly?
Dor. 'Thas left her, but ſhe has had a ſore Fit.
Rand. Ay, that ſame Cholick and Stone inherent to us
O' th' Woman's ſide: Our Mothers had them both.
Dor. So has ſhe had, Sir. How theſe old Fornicators
Talk? ſhe had more need of Mace-Ale, and
Rheniſh-Wine Caudles, Heav'n knows,
Than your aged Diſcipline.
Ben. Say.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the Man; and on Recovery
Will wholly be diſpos'd by you.
Ben. That's my Wench:
How now? Wkat Change is this? Why *Ferdinand*,
Are theſe your Robes of Joy ſhould be endu'd?
Doth *Hymen* wear Black? I did ſend for you
To have my honourable Brother witneſs
The Contract I will make 'twixt you and her.

Put off all Doubt; she loves ye: What d'ye say?
Rand. Speak Man, why look you so distractedly?
Ferd. There are your Keys, I will no Contract, I.
Divinest *Violante*, I will serve you
Thus on my Knees, and pray for you. *Juno, Lucina fer opem.*
My Inequality ascends no higher:
I dare not marry you.
Ben. How's this?
Ferd. Good night,
I have a Friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a Storm. Strange Tricks these, are they not?
And wherefore all this? Shall I tell you? no,
Thorough mine Ears, my Heart a Plague hath caught,
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My Grief to any; for it has no Cure.
On, wandring Steps, to some remote Place move:
I'll keep my Vow, though I have lost my Love. [*Exit.*
Ben. 'Fore Heav'n, distracted for her! Fare you well:
I'll watch his Steps; for I no Joy shall find,
'Till I have found his Cause, and calm'd his Mind. [*Exit.*
State. He's overcome with Joy.
Ang. 'Tis very strange.
Rand. Well, Sister, I must leave you: the Time's busy.
Violante, chear you up; and I pray Heav'n
Restore each to their Love, and Health again. [*Exit.*
Viol. Amen, great Uncle. Mother, what a Chance
Unluckily is added to my Woe,
In this young Gentleman?
Ang. True, *Violante*,
It grieves me much. *Doll*, go you instantly,
And find out *Gerrard*; tell him his Friends hap,
And let him use best Means to comfort him,
But as his Life preserve this Secret still.
Viol. Mother, I'd not offend you: Might not *Gerrard*
Steal in, and see me in the Evening?
Ang. Well,
Bid him do so.

Viol.

Viol. Heav'n's Bleſſing o' your Heart.
Do ye not call Child-bearing, Travel, Mother?
Ang. Yes.
Viol. It well may be. The bare-foot Traveller
That's born a Prince, and walks his Pilgrimage,
Whoſe tender Feet kiſs the remorſeleſs Stones
Only, ne'er felt a Travel like to it.
Alas, dear Mother, you groan'd thus for me,
And yet how diſobedient have I been!
Ang. Peace, *Violante*, thou haſt always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. *Gerrard* is better, Mother:
Oh if you knew the implicite Innocency
Dwells in his Breaſt, you'd love him like your Pray'rs.
I ſee no Reaſon but my Father might
Be told the Truth, being pleas'd for *Ferdinand*
To woo himſelf; and *Gerrard* ever was
His full Comparative: My Uncle loves him,
As he loves *Ferdinand*.
Ang. No, not for the World,
Since his Intent is croſs'd: Lov'd *Ferdinand*
Thus ruin'd, and a Child got out of Wedlock;
His Madneſs would purſue ye both to Death.
Viol. As you pleaſe, Mother; I am now, methinks,
Even in the Land of Eaſe; I'll ſleep.
Ang. Draw in
The Bed nearer the Fire, and ſilken Reſt,
Tie all thy Cares up. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Benvoglio *privately after him.*

Ferd. Oh bleſſed Solitude! Here my Grief may ſpeak;
And Sorrow, I will argue with thee now:
Nothing will keep me Company: The Flowers
Die at my Moan; the gliding ſilver Streams
Haſten to flee my Lamentations;
The Air rolls from 'em; and the golden Sun
Is ſmother'd pale as *Phœbe* with my Sighs:
Only the Earth is kind, that ſtays. Then Earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens

Impoſe

(20) Impoſe me Love what I can ne'er enjoy?
Before Fruition was impoſſible,
I did not thirſt it. *Gerrard*, ſhe is thine,
Seal'd and deliver'd; but 'twas ill to ſtain
Her Virgin State, e'er ye were married.
Poor Infant, what's become of thee? thou know'ſt not
The Woe thy Parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,
Bury this cloſe in thy Sterility;
Be barren to this Seed, let it not grow;
For if it do, 'twill bud no Violet
Nor Gilly-flower, but wild Brier, or rank Rue,
Unſavory and hurtful.
Ben. Ferdinand,
Thy ſteel hath digg'd the Earth, thy words my Heart.
Ferd. Oh! I have violated Faith, betray'd
My Friend and Innocency.
Ben. Deſperate Youth,
Violate not thy Soul too: I have Showers
For thee, young Man; but *Gerrard* Flames for thee.
Was thy baſe Pen made to daſh out mine Honour,
And proſtitute my Daughter, Baſtard, Whore,
Come, turn thy Female Tears into Revenge,
Which I will quench my Thirſt with, e'er I ſee
Daughter or Wife, or branded Family.
By——both die; and for amends,
Ferdinando be my Heir. I'll to my Brother,
Firſt tell him all, then to the Duke for Juſtice;
(21) This Morning he's receiv'd. Mountains nor Seas
Shall bar my Flight to Vengeance: the foul Stain
Printed on me, thy Blood ſhall rinſe again. [*Exit.*

(20) *Impoſe* upon *me Love, what I can ne'er enjoy?*] Mr. *Sympſon* has very juſtly ſtruck out *upon*, as a Corruption: The Expreſſion *Impoſe me Love*, i. e. *oblige me to love*, being new to the Editors, they added wrong Points, and the *upon* to make ſomething that appeared to them like Senſe, tho' with real Injury to both Senſe and Meaſure.

(21) *This Morning he's* receiv'd.——] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *arriv'd*, but ſurely *receiv'd* is infinitely more expreſſive, as it not only ſpeaks his Arrival, but his being recogniz'd by all his Subjects as Duke of *Milan*.

Ferd.

Ferd. I have tranſgreſs'd all Goodneſs, witleſly
Rais'd mine own curſe from all Poſterity;
I'll follow, to redreſs in what I may;
If not, your Heir can die as well as they. [*Exit.*

Dumb Shew.

Enter Duke Rinaldo *with Attendants, at one Door; States,* Randulpho, *and* Gerrard, *at another: They kneel to the Duke, he accepts their Obedience, and raiſes them up; they prefer* Gerrard *to the Duke, who entertains him; they ſeat the Duke in State. Enter* Benvoglio *and* Ferdinand: Benvoglio *kneels for Juſtice;* Ferdinand *ſeems to reſtrain him.* Benvoglio *gives the Duke a Paper; Duke reads, frowns on* Gerrard, *ſhews the Paper to the States, they ſeem ſorry, conſult, cauſe the Guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then* Randulpho *and* Benvoglio *ſeem to crave Juſtice, Duke vows it, and* exit *with his Attendants.* Randulpho, Benvoglio *and* Ferdinand *confer. Enter to them* Cornelia *with two Servants; ſhe ſeems to expoſtulate,* Randulpho *in Scorn cauſeth her to be thruſt out poorly.* Exit Randulpho. Benvoglio *beckons* Ferdinand *to him, with much ſeeming Paſſion, ſwears him, then ſtamps with his Foot. Enter* Dorothea *with a Cup weeping, ſhe delivers it to* Ferdinand *who with Diſcontent* exit, *and* exeunt Benvoglio *and* Dorothea.

Enter Violante.

Viol. Gerrard not come? Nor *Dorothy* return'd?
What adverſe Star rul'd my Nativity?
The time to Night has been as dilatory
As languiſhing Conſumptions. But 'till now
I ne'er durſt ſay, my *Gerrard* was unkind.
Heav'n grant all things go well; and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear; my Dreams
Have been portentous. I did think I ſaw
My Love array'd for Battle with a Beaſt,
A hideous Monſter, arm'd with Teeth and Claws,
Grinning, and venomous, that fought to make
Both us a Prey: On's Tail was laſh'd in Blood

Law;

Law; and his Forehead I did plainly ſee
Held Characters that ſpell'd *Authority*.
This rent my Slumbers; and my fearful Soul
Ran ſearching up and down my diſmay'd Breaſt,
To find a Port t'eſcape. Good faith, I'm cold;
But *Gerrard*'s Love is colder; here I'll ſit,
And think myſelf away.

Enter Ferdinand *with a Cup and a Letter.*

Ferd. The Peace of Love
Attend the ſweet *Violante*; read,
For the ſad News I bring, I do not know;
Only I am ſworn to give you that, and this.
Viol. Is it from *Gerrard?* gentle *Ferdinand*,
How glad am I to ſee you thus well reſtor'd?
In troth he never wrong'd you in his Life,
Nor I, but always held fair Thoughts of you,
Knew not my Father's meaning 'till of late;
Could never have known it ſoon enough: for, Sir,
Gerrard's, and my Affection began
In Infancy; my Uncle brought him oft
In long Coats hither; you were ſuch another;
The little Boy would kiſs me being a Child,
And ſay, he lov'd me, give me all his Toys,
Bracelets, Rings, Sweet-meats, all his roſy Smiles:
I then would ſtand, and ſtare upon his Eyes,
Play with his Locks, and ſwear I lov'd him too;
For ſure, methought, he was a little Love,
He woo'd ſo prettily in Innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering Beam of Love kindle my Blood,
Both which, time ſince hath made a Flame and Flood.
Fer. Oh gentle Innocent! methinks it talks
Like a Child ſtill, whoſe white Simplicity
Never arrived at Sin. Forgive me, Lady,
I have deſtroyed *Gerrard* and thee; rebell'd
Againſt Heav'n's Ordinance; diſ-pair'd two Doves,
Made 'em ſit mourning; ſlaughter'd Love, and cleft
The Heart of all Integrity. This Breaſt
Was truſted with the Secret of your Vow

By *Gerrard*, and reveal'd it to your Father.
Viol. Hah!
Ferd. Read, and curſe me.
Viol. Neither: I will never
Nor Write, nor read again.
Ferd. My Penance be it.
Your Labyrinth is found, your Luſt proclaim'd. [Reads.
Viol. Luſt? Hum.
My Mother ſure felt none when I was got.
Ferd. *I, and the Law implacably offended*;
Gerrard's *impriſon'd, and to die.*
Viol. Oh Heav'n!
Ferd. *And you to ſuffer with Reproach and Scoffs*
A publick Execution; *I have ſent you*
An Antidote 'gainſt Shame, Poiſon; *by him*
You have moſt wrong'd: give him your penitent Tears.
Viol. Hum: 'tis not truth.
Ferd. *Drink, and farewel for ever:*
And tho' thy Whoredom blemiſh thy whole Line,
Prevent the Hangman's ſtroke, and die like mine.
Viol. Oh wo is me for *Gerrard:* I have brought
Confuſion on the nobleſt Gentleman
That ever truly lov'd. But we ſhall meet
Where our Condemners ſhall not, and enjoy
A more refin'd Affection than here;
No Law, nor Father hinders Marriage there
'Twixt Souls divinely affi'd as (ſure) ours were:
There we will multiply and generate Joys,
Like fruitful Parents. Luckleſs *Ferdinand*,
Where's the good old Gentlewoman, my Husband's Aunt?
Ferd. Thruſt from your Uncle, to all Poverty.
Viol. Alas the pity: reach me, Sir, the Cup;
I'll ſay my Prayers, and take my Father's Phyſick.
Ferd. Oh Villain that I was, I had forgot
To ſpill the reſt, and am unable now
To ſtir to hinder her.
Viol. What ail you, Sir?
Ferd. Your Father is a Monſter, I a Villain,
This Tongue has kill'd you; pardon, *Violante*,
Oh pardon, *Gerrard*; and for Sacrifice

Accept

Accept my Life, to expiate my Fault.
I have drunk up the Poiſon.
Viol. Thou art not ſo
Uncharitable: A better Fellow far,
Thou'ſt left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,
And calls for more Blood ſtill to quench his Thirſt.
I pledge thee, *Ferdinand*, to *Gerrard*'s Health:
Dear *Gerrard*, poor Aunt, and unfortunate Friend,
Ay me, that Love ſhould breed true Lovers end.
Fer. Stay, Madam, ſtay; help hoa, for Heav'n's ſake help;
Improvident Man, that good I did intend
For Satisfaction, ſaving of her Life,
(22) My equal cruel Stars made me forget.

Enter Angelina *with two Servants*

Ang. What Spectacle of Death aſſaults me? oh!
Viol. My deareſt Mother, I am dead, I leave
Father, and Friends and Life, to follow Love.
Good Mother, love my Child, that did no ill.
Fie, how Men lie, that ſay, Death is a pain:
Or has he chang'd his Nature? like ſoft Sleep
He ſeizes me. Your Bleſſing. Laſt, I crave,
That I may reſt by *Gerrard* in his Grave.
Ferd. There lay me too: Oh! noble Miſtreſs, I
Have caus'd all this, and therefore juſtly die.
That Key will open all.
Ang. Oh viperous Father:
For Heav'n's ſake, bear 'em in: Run for Phyſicians,
And Medicines quickly: Heav'n, thou ſhalt not have her
Yet; 'tis too ſoon: Alas, I have no more,
And taking her away, thou robb'ſt the Poor. [*Exeunt.*
[*Flouriſh.*

(22) *My* equal *cruel Stars made me forget.*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read,

My unequal *cruel Stars*——

but as *equal* is good Senſe, I don't change the Text; I underſtand *equal* adverbially, *viz.* my Stars *equally cruel* in this Inſtance as in all others.

Enter

Enter Duke, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio, Gerrard, *Executioner, and Guard.*

Duke. The Law, as greedy as your red deſire,
Benvoglio, hath caſt this Man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent Parts are ſwallow'd up
In one foul Wave. Is *Violante* ſent for?
Our Juſtice muſt not lop a Branch, and let
The Body ſtill grow.

Ben. Sir, ſhe will be here
Alive or dead, I am ſure.

Ger. How chearfully my Countenance comments Death?
That which makes Men ſeem horrid, I will wear
Like to an Ornament. Oh *Violante!*
Might my Life only ſatisfie the Law,
How jocundly my Soul would enter Heav'n?
Why ſhouldſt thou die? Thou wither'ſt in thy Bud,
As I have ſeen a Roſe, e'er it was blown.
I do beſeech your Grace, the Statute may
(In this Caſe made) be read: Not that I hope
T'extenuate my Offence or Penalty,
But to ſee whether it lay hold on her.
And ſince my Death is more exemplary
Than juſt, this publick Reading will adviſe
Caution to others.

Duke. Read it.

Ran. Brother, does not
Your Soul groan under this Severity?

Statute read.

A Statute provided in caſe of unequal Matches, Marriages againſt Parents conſent, ſtealing of Heirs, Rapes, Proſtitutions, and ſuch like: That if any Perſon meanly deſcended, or ignorant of his own Parentage, which implies as much, ſhall, with a foul intent, unlawfully ſollicite the Daughter of any Peer of the Dukedom, he ſhall for the ſame Offence forfeit his Right Hand: But if he further Proſtitute her to his Luſt, he ſhall firſt have his Right Hand cut off, and then ſuffer Death by the common Executioner. After whom, the Lady ſo offending ſhall likewiſe the next Day, in the ſame manner, die for the Fact.

Ger.

Ger. This Statute has more Cruelty than Senſe:
I ſee no Ray of Mercy. Muſt the Lady
Suffer Death too? Suppoſe ſhe were inforc'd,
By ſome Confederates born away, and Raviſh'd;
Is ſhe not guiltleſs?

Duke. Yes, if it be prov'd.

Ger. This caſe is ſo: I raviſh'd *Violante.*

State. Who ever knew a Rape produce a Child?

Ben. Piſh, theſe are idle. Will your Grace command
The Executioner proceed?

Duke. Your Office.

Ger. Farewel to thy inticing Vanity,
Thou round gilt Box, that doſt deceive Man's Eye:
The wiſe Man knows, when open thou art broke,
The Treaſure thou includ'ſt is Duſt and Smoke,
Even thus, I caſt thee by. My Lords, the Law
Is but the great Man's Mule, he rides on it,
And tramples poorer Men under his Feet;
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright Gate,
One's Rags ſhall enter 'fore the other's State.
Peace to ye all: Here, Sirrah, ſtrike: this Hand
Hath *Violante* kiſs'd a thouſand times;
It ſmells ſweet ever ſince: this was the Hand
Plighted my Faith to her; do not think thou canſt
Cut that in ſunder with my Hand. My Lord,
As free from ſpeck as this Arm is, my Heart
Is of foul Luſt, and every Vein glides here
As full of Truth. Why does thy Hand ſhake ſo
'Tis mine muſt be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever conſtant.

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Hold; your Sentence
Unjuſtly is pronounced, my Lord: This blow
Cuts your Hand off; for his is none of yours,
But *Violante*'s, given in holy Marriage
Before ſhe was delivered, conſummated
With the free Will of her Mother, by her Confeſſor,
In Lord *Benvoglio*'s Houſe.

Ger. Alas good Aunt,

That

That helps us nothing; elſe I had reveal'd it.
Duke. What Woman's this?
Ben. A baſe Confederate
In this proceeding, kept of Alms long time
By him; who now expos'd to Miſery,
Talks thus diſtractedly. Attach her, Guard.
Ran. Your Cruelty (Brother) will have end.
Cor. You'd beſt
Let them attach my Tongue.
Duke. Good Woman, Peace:
For were this Truth, it doth not help thy Nephew;
The Law's infring'd by their diſparity,
That forfeits both their Lives.
Cor. Sir, with your Pardon,
Had your Grace ever Children?
Duke. Thou haſt put
A queſtion, whoſe ſharp point toucheth my Heart:
I had two little Sons, Twins, who were both
(With my good Dutcheſs) ſlain as I did hear;
At that time when my Dukedom was ſurpriz'd.
Cor. I have heard many ſay (my gracious Lord)
That I was wondrous like her.
All. Ha?
Duke. By all Man's Joy, it is *Cornelia*,
My deareſt Wife.
Cor. To ratify me her,
Come down, *Alphonſo*, one of thoſe two Twins,
And take thy Father's Bleſſing; thou haſt broke
No Law, thy Birth being above thy Wife's:
Aſcanio is the other, nam'd *Fernando*,
Who by remote means, to my Lord *Benvoglio*
I got preferr'd; and in poor Habits clad,
(You fled, and th' Innovation laid again)
I wrought myſelf into *Randulpho*'s Service,
With my eldeſt Boy; yet never durſt reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themſelves,
Until the Tyrant's Death.
Duke. My Joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded Sail: I cannot ſpeak.
Ger. Fetch *Violante* and my Brother.

Ben. Run,
Run like a ſpout, you Rogue: A——o' Poiſon,
That little Whore I truſted, will betray me.
Stay, Hangman, I have work for you; there's Gold;
Cut off my Head, or hang me preſently.

Soft Muſick.

Enter Angelina *with the Bodies of* Ferdinand *and* Violante *on a Bier*; Dorothea *carrying the Cup and Letter, which ſhe gives to the Duke*; *he reads, ſeems ſorrowful*; *ſhews it to* Cornelia *and* Gerrard, *they lament over the Bier.* Randulpho *and* Benvoglio *ſeem fearful, and ſeem to report to* Angelina *and* Dorothea *what hath paſſed before.*

Ran. This is your Raſhneſs, Brother.

Duke. Oh Joy, thou wert too great to laſt;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes,
Unnatural Father; poor *Aſcanio.*

Ger. Oh Mother! Let me be *Gerrard* again,
And follow *Violante.*

Cor. Oh my Son——

Duke. Your Lives yet, bloody Men, ſhall anſwer this.

Dor. I muſt not ſee 'em longer grieve. My Lord,
Be comforted; let Sadneſs generally
Forſake each Eye and Boſom; they both live:
For Poiſon, I infus'd meer *Opium*;
Holding compulſive Perjury leſs Sin
Than ſuch a loathed Murder would have been.

All. (23) Oh bleſſed Maiden!

Dor. Muſick, gently creep
Into their Ears, and fright hence lazy Sleep.
Morpheus, command thy Servant Sleep
In leaden Chains no longer keep
This Prince and Lady: Riſe, wake, riſe,
And round about convey your Eyes:
Riſe Prince, go greet thy Father and thy Mother;
Riſe thou, t' imbrace thy Husband and thy Brother.

(23) *Oh Bleſſed* Madam] As *Dorothea* was only a waiting Maid, *Madam* is quite improper, and the true Reading moſt probably *Maiden.* I had wrote this before I turn'd to the firſt Editions, where I found the Conjecture confirm'd.

Duke.

Duke. Cor. Son, Daughter.
(24) *Ger.* Father, Mother, Brother, Wife.
Viol. Are we not all in Heav'n?
Ger. Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Duke. Hear it.
Dor. If I had ſerv'd you right, I ſhould have ſeen
Your old Pate off, e'er I had reveal'd.
Ben. Oh Wench!
Oh honeſt Wench! If my Wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's thy Reward.
(25) *Duke.* 'Tis true.
Ferd. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Ger. Why kneel you, honeſt Maſter?
Ferd. My good Lord.
Ger. Dear Mother.
Duke. Riſe, riſe, all are Friends: I owe ye
For all their Boards: And Wench, take thou the Man
Whoſe Life thou ſav'dſt; leſs cannot pay thy Merit.
How ſhall I part my Kiſs? I cannot: Let
One generally therefore join our Cheeks.
A Pen of Iron, and a Leaf of Braſs,
To keep this Story to Eternity:
And a *Promethean* Wit. Oh ſacred Love,
Nor Chance, nor Death can thy firm Truth remove.
[*Exeunt.*
King. Now *Iſabella.* [*Flouriſh.*
Iſab. This can true Love do.
I joy they all ſo happily are pleas'd:
The Ladies and the Brothers muſt Triumph.

(24) Ferd. *Father, Mother, Brother.*
Ger. *Wife.*] According to this Reading *Ferdinand* whoſe Senſes were but juſt recovered, knows perfectly all that has paſt whilſt he was aſleep; altho' he afterwards asks how can this be. I firſt thought a Note of Interrogation might ſolve it, by ſuppoſing *Cornelia* to have informed him in a Whiſper and then he might ask the Queſtion.
Father? Mother? Brother?
But putting the whole into *Gerrard*'s Mouth tal es away the difficulty much more eaſily.
(25) Ferd. *'Tis true.*
Duke. *'Tis very ſtrange.*] Here again the Speakers were evidently wrong, and had chang'd Places.

King. They do:
For *Cupid* ſcorns but t' have his Triumph too. [*Flouriſh.*

The TRIUMPH.

Enter divers Muſicians, then certain Singers bearing Bannerets inſcribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord: Next Gerrard *and* Ferdinand *with Garlands of Roſes: Then* Violante; *laſt, a Chariot drawn by two* Cupids, *and a* Cupid *ſitting in it.* [Flouriſh.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Love, and the ſtrength of fair Affection,
(Moſt Royal Sir) what long ſeem'd loſt, have won
Their perfect Ends, and crown'd thoſe conſtant Hearts
With laſting Triumph, whoſe moſt virtuous Parts,
Worthy Deſires, and Love, ſhall never end.
Now turn we round the Scene, and (Great Sir) lend
A ſad and ſerious Eye to this of Death,
This black and diſmal Triumph; where Man's Breath,
Deſert, and guilty Blood aſcend the Stage,
And view the Tyrant, ruin'd in his Rage. [Exit.
[Flouriſh.

Enter Lavall, Gabriella *and* Maria.

Gab. No, good my Lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me; all thoſe Affections
You came firſt clad in to my Love, like Summer,
Luſty and full of Life; all thoſe Deſires
That like the painted Spring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving the happy promiſe of an Harveſt,
How have I ſeen drop off, and fall forgotten?
With the leaſt luſtre of another's Beauty,
How oft (forgetful Lord) have I been blaſted?
Was I ſo eaſily won? Or did this Body
Yield unto your falſe Embraces, with leſs Labour
Than if you'd carried ſome ſtrong Town?
Lav. Good *Gabriella.*
Gab. Could all your Subtilties and Sighs betray me,
The Vows ye ſhook me with, the Tears ye drown'd me,
Till I came fairly off with honour'd Marriage?

Oh

Oh fie, my Lord.

Lav. Prithee good *Gabriella.*

Gab. Would I had never known ye, nor your Honours,
They are ſtuck too full of Griefs: Oh happy Women,
That plant your Love in equal honeſt Boſoms,
Whoſe ſweet Deſires, like Roſes ſet together,
Make one another happy in their Bluſhes,
Growing and dying without ſenſe of Greatneſs,
To which I am a Slave! I, and that bleſt Sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy Mothers,
Link'd me to this Man's Luſt alone, there left me
I dare not ſay I am his Wife, 'tis dangerous:
His Love, I cannot ſay; alas, how many?

Lav. You grow too warm; pray be ye content, you beſt know
The times Neceſſity, and how our Marriage,
Being ſo much unequal to mine Honour,
While the Duke lives, I ſtanding high in Favour;
And whilſt I keep that ſafe, next to the Dukedom,
Muſt not be known, without my utter Ruin.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream, Wench,
The glory of a Dutcheſs. How ſhe tires me?
How dull and leaden is my Appetite
To that ſtale Beauty now? Oh, I could curſe
And crucify myſelf for childiſh doating
Upon a Face that feeds not with freſh Figures
Every freſh Hour; ſhe's now a Surfeit to me.

Enter Gentille.

Who's that? *Gentille?* I charge ye, no Acquaintance
You nor your Maid with him, nor no Diſcourſe,
Till times are riper.

Gent. Fie, my noble Lord,
Can you be now a ſtranger to the Court,
When your moſt virtuous Bride, the beauteous *Hellena,*
Stands ready like a Star to gild your Happineſs,
When *Hymen*'s luſty Fires are now a lighting,
And all the Flower of *Anjou?*

Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of Adornment, have a little

Made me so slow, *Gentille*, which now in readiness,
I am for Court immediately.
Gent. Take heed, Sir,
This is no time for trifling, nor she no Lady
To be now entertain'd with Toys; 'twill cost ye——
Lav. You're an old Cock, *Gentille*.
Gent. By your Lordship's Favour.
Lav. Prithee away; 'twill lose time.
Gent. Oh my Lord,
Pardon me that by all means.
Lav. We have business
A-foot, Man, of more moment.
Gent. Than my Manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.
Lav. Take to Morrow.
Gent. Even now, by your Lordship's leave. Excellent Beauty,
My Service here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my best Friend, your dead Father,
To you his living Virtue, and wish heartily,
That firm Affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying Root, and flourish
Betwixt my daughter *Casta*, and your Goodness,
Who shall be still your Servant.
Gab. I much thank ye.
(26) *Lav.*——o' this dreaming Puppy. Will ye go, Sir?
Gent. A little more, good Lord.
Lav. Not now, by——
Come, I must use ye.
Gent. Goodness dwell still with you.
[*Exeunt* Gentille *and* Lavall.
Gab. The sight of this old Gentleman, *Maria*,
Pulls to mine Eyes again the living Picture

(26) Lav.——Oh *this dreaming Puppy.*——] The Execration which these *Hiatus's* are to be supply'd with is most frequently *Pox*, and therefore the *Oh!* here is wrong, and it should be *o'!* I have sometimes wonder'd how the Printers of these Plays came to be so delicate beyond any of their Contemporaries to leave out almost all Execrations and Exclamations, many of them probably as innocent as any thing of the kind. But as they had done it, we with pleasure continue it, as some of them might perhaps be exceptionable.

Of

Of *Perolot* his virtuous Son, my firſt Love,
That died at *Orleans*.

Mar. You have felt both Fortunes,
And in extreams, poor Lady; for young *Perolot*,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durſt not make known his Love to Friend or Father:
My Lord *Lavall*, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.

Gab. No more: Let's in, Wench,
There let my Lute ſpeak my Laments, they've tired me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Courtiers.

1 *Court.* I grant, the Duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for Succeſſion,
I know his care as honourable in the choice too.
Marine's fair virtuous Daughter, but what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this Travel,
When he that bears the main Roof, is ſo rotten?

2 *Court.* You have hit it now indeed: For if Fame lie not,
He is untemperate.

1 *Court.* You expreſs him poorly,
Too gentle Sir; the moſt deboiſht and barbarous;
Believe it, the moſt void of all Humanity,
Howe'er his Cunning cloke it to his Uncle,
And thoſe his Pride depends upon.

2 *Court.* I have heard too,
Given exceſſively to drink.

1 *Court.* Moſt certain,
And in that Drink moſt dangerous: I ſpeak theſe things
To one I know loves Truth, and dares not wrong her.

2 *Court.* You may ſpeak on.

1 *Court.* Uncertain as the Sea, Sir,
Proud and deceitful as his Sin's Great Maſter;
His Appetite to Women, (for there he carries
His main Sail ſpread) ſo boundleſs and abominable,
That but to have her Name by that Tongue ſpoken,
Poiſons the Virtue of the pureſt Virgin.

2 *Court.* I am ſorry for young *Gabriella* then,

A Maid reputed, ever of fair Carriage,
For he's been noted viſiting.
1 *Court.* She is gone then,
Or any elſe, that Promiſes, or Power,
Gifts, or his guileful Vows can work upon,
But theſe are but poor Parcels.
2 *Court.* 'Tis great Pity.
1 *Court.* Nor want theſe Sins a chief Saint to befriend 'em,
The Devil follows him; and for a Truth, Sir,
Appears in viſible Figure often to him,
At which time he's poſſeſt with ſudden Trances,
Cold deadly Sweats, and griping of the Conſcience,
Tormented ſtrangely, as they ſay.
2 *Court.* Heav'n turn him:
This Marriage-day may'ſt thou well curſe, fair *Hellen.*
But let's go view the Ceremony.
1 *Court.* I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*
[*Muſick.*

Enter Gabriella, *and* Maria *above.* *And* Lavall, *Bride, States in Solemnity as to Marriage, and paſs over,* viz. *Duke,* Marine *and* Longaville.

Mar. I hear 'em come.
Gab. Would I might never hear more.
Mar. I told you ſtill; but you were ſo incredulous.
See, there they kiſs.
Gab. Adders be your Embraces.
The Poiſon of a rotten Heart, oh *Hellen!*
Blaſt thee as I have been; juſt ſuch a Flattery,
With that ſame cunning Face, that Smile upon't,
Oh mark it, *Maria,* mark it ſeriouſly,
That Maſter Smile caught me.
Mar. There's the old Duke, and
Marine her Father.
Gab. Oh!
Mar. There *Longaville*———
The Ladies now.
Gab. Oh! I am murder'd, *Maria.*
Beaſt, moſt inconſtant Beaſt.

Mar.

Mar. There——

Gab. There I am not;
No more——I am not there: Hear me, oh Heav'n!
And all you Pow'rs of Juſtice bow down to me;
But you of Pity die. I am abus'd,
She that depended on your Providence,
She is abus'd, your Honour is abus'd.
That noble Piece ye made, and call'd it Man,
Is turn'd to Devil; all the World's abus'd:
Give me a Woman's Will, provok'd to Miſchief,
A two-edg'd Heart; my ſuffering thoughts to wild-fires,
And my Embraces to a timeleſs Grave turn.

Mar. Here I'll ſtep in, for 'tis an Act of Merit.

Gab. I am too big to utter more.

Mar. Take time then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille *and* Caſta.

Gent. This ſolitary Life at home undoes thee,
Obſcures thy Beauty firſt, which ſhould prefer thee;
Next fills thee full of ſad Thoughts, which thy Years
Muſt not arrive at yet, they choke thy Sweetneſs:
Follow the time, my Girl, and it will bring thee
Even to the Fellowſhip of the nobleſt Women,
Hellen herſelf, to whom I would prefer thee,
(And under whom this poor and private Carriage,
Which I am only able yet to reach at,
Being caſt off, and all thy Sweets at Luſtre,)
Will take thee as a fair Friend and prefer thee.

Caſt. Good Sir, be not ſo cruel as to ſeek
To kill that ſweet Content y'have bred me to:
Have I not here enough to thank Heav'n for?
The free Air uncorrupted with new Flattery?
The Water that I touch, unbrib'd with Odours
To make me ſweet to others; the pure Fire
Not ſmother'd up, and chok'd with luſtful Incenſe
To make my Blood ſweat; but burning clear and high,
Tells me my Mind muſt flame up ſo to Heav'n.
What ſhould I do at Court, wear rich Apparel?
Methinks theſe are as warm, and for your State, Sir,
Wealthy enough; Is it you'd have me proud,

And

And like a Pageant, ſtuck up for Amazements?
Teach not your Child to tread that Path, for fear, Sir,
Your dry Bones after Death, groan in your Grave
The Miſeries that follow.

Gent. Excellent *Caſta.*

Caſt. When ſhall I pray again? (a Courtier)
Or when I do, to what God? What new Body
And new Face muſt I make me, with new manners?
For I muſt be no more myſelf. Whoſe Miſtreſs
Muſt I be firſt? With whoſe Sin-offering ſeaſon'd?
And when I'm grown ſo great and glorious
With Proſtitution of my burning Beauties,
That great Lords kneel, and Princes beg for Favours,
Do you think I'll be your Daughter, a poor Gentleman's,
Or know you for my Father?

Enter Lavall.

Gent. My beſt *Caſta.*
Oh my moſt virtuous Child! Heav'n reigns within thee;
Take thine own Choice, ſweet Child, and live a Saint ſtill.
The Lord *Lavall*, ſtand by, Wench.

Lav. Gabriella,
She cannot, nor ſhe dares not make it known,
My Greatneſs cruſhes her, when e'er ſhe offers:
Why ſhould I fear her then?

Gent. Come: let's paſs on, Wench.

Lav. Gentille, come hither; who's that Gentlewoman?

Gent. A Child of mine, Sir, who obſerving Cuſtom,
Is going to the Monaſtery to her Prayers.

Lav. A fair one, a moſt ſweet one; fitter far
To beautify a Court, than make a Votariſt.
Go on, fair Beauty, and in your Orizons
Remember me: Will ye, fair ſweet?

Caſt. Moſt humbly. [*Exeunt.*

Lav. An admirable Beauty: How it fires me!

Enter a Spirit.

But ſhe's too full of Grace, and I too wicked.
I feel my wonted Fit: Defend me, Goodneſs.
Oh! It grows colder ſtill, and ſtiffer on me,

My

My Hair ſtands up, my Sinews ſhake and ſhrink;
Help me good Heav'n, and good Thoughts dwell within me.
Oh get thee gone, thou evil evil Spirit,
Haunt me no more, I charge thee.
Spir. Yes, *Lavall:*
Thou art my Vaſſal, and the Slave to Miſchief,
I blaſt thee with new Sin: Purſue thy Pleaſure;
Caſta is rare and ſweet, a blowing Beauty;
Set thy Deſires afire, and never quench 'em
'Till thou enjoy'ſt her; make her all thy Heav'n,
And all thy Joy, for ſhe is all true Happineſs:
Thou art powerful, uſe Command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy Friend.
Lav. Oh help me, help me.
Spir. Her Virtue, like a Spell, ſinks me to Darkneſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentille *and* Caſta.

Gent. He's here ſtill. How is't, noble Lord? Methinks, Sir,
You look a little wildly? Is it that way?
Is't her you ſtare on ſo: I've ſpy'd your Fire, Sir,
But dare not ſtay the flaming; come.
Lav. Sweet Creature,
Excellent Beauty, do me but the Happineſs
To be your humbleſt Servant. Oh fair Eyes,
Oh bleſſed, bleſſed Sweetneſs, divine Virgin!
Caſta. Oh good my Lord, retire into your Honour:
You're ſpoken good and virtuous, plac'd at Helm,
To govern others from Miſchances; from Example
Of ſuch fair Chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or ſure we ſhould direct our Lives.
I know y'are full of Worth, a School of Virtue
Daily inſtructing us that live below ye,
I make no doubt, dwells there.
Lav. I cannot anſwer,
She has ſtruck me dumb with Wonder.
Caſt. Goodneſs guide ye. [*Exeunt.*
Lav. She's gone, and with her all Light, and has left me Dark

Dark as my black Desires. Oh devil Lust,
How dost thou hug my Blood, and whisper to me,
There is no Day again, no time, no living,
Without this lusty Beauty break upon me?
Let me collect myself, I strive like Billows,
Beaten against a Rock, and fall a Fool still.
I must enjoy her, and I will; from this Hour
My Thoughts, and all my Business shall be nothing.

Enter Maria.

My eating, and my sleeping, but her Beauty,
And how to work it.

Mar. Health to my Lord *Lavall.*
Nay, good Sir, do not turn with such Displeasure;
I come not to afflict your new-born Pleasures;
My honour'd Mistress—neither let that vex ye,
For nothing is intended, but safe to you.

Lav. What of your Mistress? I am full of Business.

Mar. I will be short, my Lord; she, loving Lady,
Considering the unequal tye between ye,
And how your Ruin with the Duke lay on it,
As also the most noble Match now made,
By me sends back all Links of Marriage,
All holy Vows, and Rights of Ceremony,
All Promises, Oaths, Tears, and all such Pawns
You left in Hostage, only her Love she cannot,
For that still follows ye, but not to hurt ye,
And still beholds ye, Sir, but not to shame ye:
In Recompence of which, this is her Suit, Sir,
Her poor and last Petition, but to grant her,
When weary Nights have cloy'd ye up with Kisses,
(As such must come) the Honour of a Mistress,
The Honour but to let her see those Eyes,
(Those Eyes she doats on, more than Gods on Goodness)
And but to kiss you only; with this Prayer,
(A Prayer only to awake your Pity)
And on her Knees she made it, that this Night
You'll bless her with your Company at Supper.

Lav. I like this well, and now I think on't better,
I'll make a present Use from this Occasion.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, good my Lord, be not ſo cruel to her,
Becauſe ſhe has been yours.
Lav. And to mine own end
A rare way I will work.
Mar. Can Love for ever,
The Love of her, my Lord, ſo periſh in ye?
As ye deſire in your Deſires to proſper.
What Gallant under Heav'n, but *Anjou's* Heir then,
Can brag ſo fair a Wife, and ſweet a Miſtreſs?
Good noble Lord.
Lav. Ye miſ-apply me, *Maria*,
Nor do I want true Pity to your Lady:
Pity and Love tell me, too much I've wrong'd her
To dare to ſee her more: Yet if her Sweetneſs
Can entertain a Mediation,
And it muſt be a great one that can cure me;
My Love again, as far as Honour bids me,
My Service and myſelf———
Mar. That's nobly ſpoken.
Lav. Shall hourly ſee her; Want ſhall never know her;
Nor where ſhe has beſtow'd her Love, repent her.
Mar. Now whither drives he?
Lav. I have heard, *Maria*,
That no two Women in the World more lov'd,
Than thy good Miſtreſs, and *Gentille*'s fair Daughter.
Mar. What may this mean? You have heard a Truth, my Lord:
But ſince the ſecret Love betwixt you two,
My Miſtreſs durſt not entertain ſuch Friendſhip;
Caſta is quick, and of a piercing Judgment,
And quickly will find out a Flaw.
Lav. Hold, *Maria:*
Shrink not, 'tis good Gold, Wench: prepare a Banquet,
And get that *Caſta* thither; for ſhe's a Creature
So full of forcible divine Perſwaſion,
And ſo unwearied ever with good Offices,
That ſhe ſhall cure my ill Cauſe to my Miſtreſs,
And make all Errors up.
Mar. I'll do my beſt, Sir:
But ſhe's too fearful, coy, and ſcrupulous,

To

To leave her Father's Houſe ſo late; and baſhful
At any Man's appearance, that I fear, Sir,
'Twill prove impoſſible.
Lav. There's more Gold, *Maria*,
And fain thy Miſtreſs wondrous ſick to Death, Wench.
Mar. I have ye in the wind now, and I'll pay ye.
Lav. She cannot chuſe but come; 'tis Charity,
The chief of her Profeſſion: undertake this,
And I am there at Night; if not, I leave ye.
Mar. I will not loſe this Offer, tho' it fall out
Clean croſs to that we caſt, I'll undertake it,
I will, my Lord; ſhe ſhall be there.
Lav. By——?
Mar. By—— ſhe ſhall.
Lav. Let it be ſomething late then.
For being ſeen; now Force or Favour wins her,
My Spirits are grown dull, ſtrong Wine, and ſtore,
Shall ſet 'em up again and make me fit
To draw home at the Enterprize I aim at. [*Exit.*
Mar. Go thy way, falſe Lord; if thou hold'ſt, thou pay'ſt
The price of all thy Luſts. Thou ſhalt be there,
Thou modeſt Maid, if I have any working,
And yet thy Honour ſafe; for which this Thief
I know has ſet this meeting; but I'll watch him.

Enter Perolot.

Per. Maria.
Mar. Are mine Eyes mine own? or, bleſs me,
Am I deluded with a flying Shadow?
Per. Why do you ſtart ſo from me?
Mar. It ſpeaks ſenſibly,
And ſhews a living Body; yet I'm fearful.
Per. Give me your Hand, good *Maria.*
Mar. He feels warm too.
Per. And next your Lips.
Mar. He kiſſes perfectly.
Nay, and the Devil be not worſe!—You are *Perolot?*
Per. I was, and ſure I ſhould be: Can a ſmall Diſtance,
And ten ſhort Months, take from your Memory

The

The Figure of your Friend, that you ſtand wond'ring?
Be not amaz'd, I am the ſelf-ſame *Perolot*,
Living and well; Son to *Gentille*, and Brother
To virtuous *Caſta*; to your beauteous Miſtreſs,
The long ſince poor betroth'd, and ſtill vow'd Servant.
Mar. Nay, ſure he lives. My Lord *Lavall*, your Maſter,
Brought News long ſince to your much mourning Miſtreſs,
Ye dy'd at *Orleans*; bound her with an Oath too,
To keep it ſecret from your aged Father,
Leſt it ſhould rack his Heart.
Per. A pretty Secret,
To try my Miſtreſs's Love, and make my Welcome
From Travel of more worth; from whence, Heav'n be thank'd,
My Buſineſs for the Duke diſpatch'd to th' purpoſe,
And all my Money ſpent, I am come home, Wench.
How does my Miſtreſs? for I have not yet ſeen
Any, nor will I, 'till I do her Service.
Mar. But did the Lord *Lavall* know of your Love, Sir,
Before he went?
Per. Yes, by much force he got it,
But none elſe knew; upon his Promiſe too,
And Honour to conceal it faithfully
'Till my Return; to further which he told me,
My Buſineſs being ended from the Duke
He would procure a Penſion for my Service,
Able to make my Miſtreſs a fit Husband.
Mar. But are you ſure of this?
Per. Sure as my Sight, Wench.
Mar. Then is your Lord a baſe diſſembling Villain,
A Devil Lord, the damn'd Lord of all Lewdneſs,
And has betray'd ye, and undone my Miſtreſs,
My poor ſweet Miſtreſs: Oh that Leacher Lord,
Who, poor Soul, ſince was married.
Per. To whom, *Maria?*
Mar. To that unlucky Lord, a—— upon him;
Whoſe hot Horſe-appetite being allay'd once
With her chaſte Joys, married again (ſcarce cool'd;
The Torches yet not out the yellow *Hymen*

Lighted

Lighted about the Bed, the Songs yet ſounding)
Marine's young noble Daughter *Helena*,
Whoſe Miſchief ſtands at door next. Oh that Recreant!
Per. Oh Villain! Oh moſt unmanly Falſhood!
Nay, then I ſee my Letters were betray'd too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his Miſchiefs,
Loaden and burſt: Come, lead me to my Lady.
Mar. I cannot, Sir, *Lavall* keeps her conceal'd.
Beſides, her Griefs are ſuch, ſhe will ſee no Man.
Per. I muſt, and will go to her; I will ſee her:
There be my Friend, or this ſhall be thy furtheſt.
Mar. Hold, and I'll help thee: but firſt ye ſhall ſwear to me,
As you are true and gentle, as ye hate
This beaſtly and baſe Lords where I ſhall place ye,
(Which ſhall be within Sight) 'till I diſcharge ye,
Whate'er you ſee or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I do by——
Mar. Stay here about the Houſe then,
'Till it be later; yet the time's not perfect:
There at the back Door I'll attend you truly.
Per. Oh monſtrous, monſtrous, beaſtly Villain. [*Exit.*
Mar. How croſs this falls, and from all expectation?
And what the end ſhall be, Heav'n only yet knows:
Only I wiſh, and hope. But I forget ſtill,
Caſta muſt be the Bait, or all miſcarries. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille *with a Torch*, Shalloone *above.*

Gen. Holla, *Shalloone.*
Shal. Who's there?
Gen. A Word from the Duke, Sir.
Shal. Your Pleaſure.
Gen. Tell your Lord he muſt to Court ſtraight.
Shal. He is ill at eaſe; and prays he may be pardon'd
The Occaſions of this Night.
Gen. Be like he is drunk then:
He muſt away; the Duke and his fair Lady,
The beauteous *Helena*, are now at *Cent.*
Of whom ſhe has ſuch Fortune in her Carding,
The Duke has loſt a thouſand Crowns, and ſwears,

He

He will not go to Bed, 'till by *Lavall*
The Tide of Loſs be turn'd again. Awake him,
For 'tis the Pleaſure of the Duke he muſt riſe.

Shal. Having ſo ſtrict command, Sir, to the contrary, I dare not do it: I beſeech your Pardon.

Gen. Are you ſure he is there?

Shal. Yes.

Gen. And aſleep?

Shal. I think ſo?

Gen. And are you ſure you will not tell him, *Shalloone?*

Shal. Yes, very ſure.

Gen. Then I am ſure, I will.
Open, or I muſt force.

Shal. Pray ye ſtay, he is not,
Nor will not be this Night. You may excuſe it.

Gen. I knew he was gone about ſome Woman's Labour.
As good a Neighbour, tho' I ſay it, and as comfortable:
Many ſuch more we need, *Shalloone.* Alas, poor Lady,
Thou art like to lye croſs-leg'd to Night. Good Monſieur,
I will excuſe your Maſter for this once, Sir,
Becauſe ſometimes I've lov'd a Wench myſelf too.

Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, Sir.

Gen. But for your Lye, *Shalloone*,
If I had you here, it ſhould be no good hearing;
For your Pate I would pummel.

Shal. A fair good Night, Sir.

Gen. Good Night, thou noble Knight Sir *Pandarus.*
My Heart is cold o' th' ſudden, and a ſtrange dulneſs
Poſſeſſes all my Body: Thy Will be done, Heav'n.
[*Exit.*

Enter Gabriella *and* Caſta; *and* Maria *with a Taper.*

Caſta. 'Faith Friend, I was even going to my Bed,
When your Maid told me of your ſudden Sickneſs:
But from my Grave (ſo truly I love you)
I think your Name would raiſe me: Ye look ill
Since laſt I ſaw ye, much decay'd in Colour;

Yet, I thank Heav'n, I find no such great danger
As your Maid frighted me withal: take Courage,
And give your Sickness course: some Grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender Spirits,
And wanting open way to vent itself,
Murders your Mind, and chokes up all your Sweetness.

Gab. It was my Maid's Fault, worthy Friend, to trouble ye,
So late, upon so light a Cause; yet since I have ye
Oh my dear *Casta.*

Casta. Out with it, i' God's Name.

Gab. (27) The Closet of my Heart, I will lock here, Wench, [Lavall *knocks within.*
And things shall make ye tremble. Who's that knocks there?

Mar. 'Tis *Lavall.*

Gab. Sit you still. Let him in.
I am resolv'd, and all you wronged Women,
You noble Spirits, that as I have suffer'd
(28) Under this glorious base insulting Man,
Lend me your Causes, then your Cruelties,
For I must put on Madness above Women.

Casta. Why do you look so ghastly?

Gab. Peace: No harm, Dear.

(27) *The Closet of my Heart, I will* lock *here, Wench,*] It is more natural to read,

——— *I will* unlock, *Wench.*

as Mr. *Sympson* would read, and at first Sight the same Change occur'd to me, but the old Reading is certainly Sense, and a stronger Sense, *viz.* That she would lock up all her Secrets in *Casta*'s Breast, which she must lay her hand on or point to while she speaks.

(28) *Under this glorious* Beast-insulting *Man,*] This compound Word must be strain'd very much, to force it into any Meaning that will suit the Context. Mr. *Sympson* therefore agrees with me in supposing it corrupt. I had read,

Under this glorious Beast; insulting *Man,*

but his Conjecture, tho' not quite so near the Trace of the Letters, makes better Sense, and I therefore prefer it,

Under this glorious base *insulting Man.*

Enter

Enter Lavall.

Lav. There, take my Cloke and Sword: Where is this Banquet?

Mar. In the next Room.

Caſta. How came he here? Heav'n bleſs me.

Lav. Give me ſome Wine, Wench; fill it full, and ſprightly.

Gab. Sit ſtill, and be not fearful.

Lav. Till my Veins ſwell,
And my ſtrong Sinews ſtretch like that brave *Centaur*,
That at the Table ſnatch'd the Bride away
In ſpight of *Hercules*.

Caſta. I am betray'd.

Lav. Nay ſtart not, Lady; 'tis for you that I come,
And for your Beauty: 'Tis for you, *Lavall*
Honours this Night; to you, the ſacred Shrine
I humbly bow, offering my Vows and Prayers;
To you I live.

Gab. In with the Powder quickly:
So, that and the Wine will rock ye.

Lav. Here, to the Health
(29) Of the moſt beauteous and divine fair *Caſta*;
The Star of Sweetneſs.

Gab. Fear him not, I'll die firſt.
And who ſhall pledge ye?

Lav. Thou ſhalt, thou tann'd Gipſey:
And worſhip to that Brightneſs give, cold *Tartar*.
By——ye ſhall not ſtir; ye are my Miſtreſs,

(29) *Of the moſt beauteous and divine, fair* Caſta,
The Star of Sweetneſs.] *Fair* here, after the Epithets *beauteous and divine*, is certainly needleſs, if not an anti-climax. Three Ways of correcting it occur, either by taking *divine* adverbially, and making a compound Word *divine-fair*, or by making *fair* a Subſtantive, changing the Comma and reading,

Of the moſt beauteous and divine Fair, *Caſta*,

Or, which ſeems preferable to either of theſe, to repeat the Word *Star*, and to read

Of the moſt beauteous and divine Star, *Caſta*,
The Star of Sweetneſs.

The glory of my Love, the great Adventure,
The Miſtreſs of my Heart, and ſhe my Whore.
Gab. Thou ly'ſt, baſe, beaſtly Lord; drunker than Anger,
Thou ſows'd Lord, got by a Surfeit, thou lyeſt baſely.
Nay, ſtir not: I dare tell thee ſo. Sit you ſtill.
If I be Whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art ſo abſolute and full a Villain.
No Sacrament can ſave that piece tied to thee.
How often haſt thou woo'd in thoſe Flatteries,
Almoſt thoſe very Words, my Conſtancy?
What Goddeſs have I not been, or what Goodneſs?
What Star, that is of any Name in Heav'n,
Or Brightneſs? Which of all the Virtues
(But Drunkenneſs, and Drabbing, thy two Morals)
Have not I reach'd to? What Spring was ever ſweeter?
What *Scythian* Snow ſo white? What Cryſtal chaſter?
Is not thy new Wife now the ſame too? Hang thee,
(30) Baſe Bigamiſt, thou Horror of all Women.
Caſta. How's this? O! Heav'n defend me.
Gab. Thou ſalt-itch,
For whom no Cure but ever-burning Brimſtone
Can be imagin'd.
Lav. Ha, ha, ha.
Gab. Doſt thou laugh, thou breaker

(30) *Baſe Bigamiſt, thou* Honour of ill Women.] The Senſe here may be, that by Bigamy a Man puts his Wives in the Rank of Miſtreſſes, and honours ill Women by making honeſt ones upon a par with them. Or we may interpret it, that by being a publick Whoremaſter, he does all the Honour he can to ill Women. But neither of theſe ſeem very clear, or very proper to cloſe the Climax of his Villanies: I think it therefore highly probable, that the Original might be,

——*Thou* Horror *of* all *Women.*

After this was wrote, I found *Gabriella* calling *Lavall,*

The baſe Diſhonour of a thouſand Women.

If we ſuppoſe therefore that the Poet would chooſe to repeat the ſame Expreſſion twice in the ſame Piece, the Line might here run,

Baſe Bigamiſt, Diſhonour of all Women.

But I rather think a good Writer would chooſe to avoid this, eſpecially where other Expreſſions were obvious and equally as good.

Of

Of all Law, all Religion, of all Faith,
Thou Soul-contemner?
Lav. Peace, thou paltry Woman,
And ſit by me, Sweet.
Gab. By the Devil?
Lav. Come,
And lull me with Delights.
Gab. It works amain now.
Lav. Give me ſuch Kiſſes as the Queen of Shadows
Gave to the ſleeping Boy ſhe ſtole on *Latmus*;
Look round about in ſnaky Wreaths cloſe-folded,
Thoſe roſie Arms about my Neck, O! *Venus.*
Gab. Fear not, I ſay.
Lav. Thou admirable Sweetneſs,
Diſtil thy Bleſſings like thoſe ſilver Drops,
That falling on fair Grounds, riſe all in Roſes;
Shoot me a thouſand Darts from thoſe fair Eyes,
And through my Heart transfix 'em all, I'll ſtand 'em.
Send me a thouſand Smiles, and preſently
I'll catch 'em in mine Eyes, and by Love's Power
Turn 'em to *Cupids* all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high ſhe looks, and Heav'nly! More Wine for me.
Gab. Give him more Wine, and good Friend be not fearful.
Lav. Here on my Knee, thou Goddeſs of Delights,
This luſty Grape I offer to thy Beauties;
See how it leaps to view that perfect Redneſs
That dwells upon thy Lips; now, how it bluſhes
To be outbluſh'd. Oh! Let me feed my Fancy,
And as I hold the purple God in one Hand
Dancing about the brim and proudly ſwelling,
Deck'd in the pride of Nature, young and blowing,
So let me take fair *Semele* in the other,
And ſing the Loves of Gods, then drink their Nectar,
Not yet deſir'd.
Caſta. Oh!
Lav. Then like luſty *Tarquin*,
Turn'd into Flames with *Lucrece* coy Denials,

His Blood and Spirits equally Ambitious,
I force thee for my own.
Caſta. O help me, Juſtice:
Help me, my Chaſtity.
Lav. Now I am bravely quarried. [Perolot *above.*
Per. 'Tis my Siſter.
Gab. No, bawdy Slave, no Treacher, ſhe's not carried.
[*Exit* Caſta.
Per. She's looſe again, and gone. I'll keep my Place ſtill.
Mar. Now it works bravely; ſtand, he cannot hurt ye.
Lav. O my ſweet Love, my Life.
[*He falls down and ſleeps.*
Mar. He ſinks.
Lav. My Bleſſing.
Mar. So, now he is ſafe a while.
Gab. Lock all the Doors, Wench,
Then for my Wrongs.
Per. Now I'll appear to know all.
Gab. Be quick, quick, good *Maria*, ſure and ſudden.
Per. Stay, I muſt in firſt.
Gab. O' my Conſcience!
It is young *Perolot:* Oh my ſtung Conſcience!
It is my firſt and nobleſt Love.
Mar. Leave wondring,
And recollect yourſelf; the Man is living;
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that Devil.
Per. 'Tis moſt true, Lady; your unhappy Fortune
I grieve for as mine own, your Fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for Kiſſes:
I have heard all, and know all, which mine Ears
Are crack'd apieces with, and my Heart periſh'd.
I ſaw him in your Chamber, ſaw his Fury.
And am a-fire till I have found his Heart out.
What do you mean to do? For I'll make one.
Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he ſhall die)
Per. He muſt, he muſt.
Gab. We'll watch him till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.
Per. 'Tis nothing.

No,

No, take him dead drunk now without Repentance,
His Leachery inſeam'd upon him.
Gab. Excellent.
Per. I'll do't myſelf; and when 'tis done, provide ye,
For we'll away for *Italy* this Night.
Gab. We'll follow through all hazards.
Per. Oh falſe Lord,
Unmanly, miſchievous; how I could curſe thee;
But that but blaſts thy Fame; have at thy Heart, Fool:
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy Life out.
Lav. Oh! does the Devil ride me?
Per. Nay then.
Lav. Murder.
Nay, then take thy ſhare too.
Per. Help, oh! He has ſlain me.
Bloody Intentions muſt have Blood.
Lav. Hah?
Per. Heav'n.
Gab. He ſinks, he ſinks, for ever ſinks; oh Fortune!
Oh Sorrow! How like Seas thou flow'ſt upon me?
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep *Maria*,
Weep this young Man's Misfortune: Oh thou trueſt!

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spirit. That that has mark'd thy Soul, Man.
Lav. And art thou come again, thou diſmal Spirit?
Spirit. Yes, to devour thy laſt.
Lav. Mercy upon me.
Spirit. Thy Hour is come; Succeſſion, Honour, Pleaſure,
And all the Luſtre thou ſo long haſt look'd for,
Muſt here have end: Summon thy Sins before thee.
Lav. Oh my affrighted Soul!
Spirit. There lies a black one;
Thy own beſt Servant by thy own Hand ſlain,
Thy Drunkenneſs procur'd it: There's another:
Think of fair *Gabriella*, there ſhe weeps;
And ſuch Tears are not loſt.

Lav. Oh miſerable!
Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous *Caſta.*
Lav. No more, no more, thou Wild-fire.
Spirit. Laſt, thy laſt Wife,
Think on the wrongs ſhe ſuffers.
Lav. O my Miſery.
Oh! whither ſhall I fly?
Spirit. Thou haſt no Faith, Fool.
Hark to thy knell. [*Sings and vaniſhes.*
Lav. Millions of Sins muſter about mine Eyes now:
Murders, Ambitions, Luſt, falſe Faiths; O Horror,
In what a ſtormy form of Death thou rid'ſt now!
Methinks I ſee all Tortures, Fires, and Froſts,
Deep-ſinking Caves, where nothing but Deſpair dwells,
The baleful Birds of Night hovering about 'em;
A Grave, methinks, now opens, and a Hearſe
Hung with my Arms tumbles into it: Oh!
Oh! My afflicted Soul: I cannot pray;
And the leaſt Child that has but Goodneſs in him
May ſtrike my Head off; ſo ſtupid are my Powers:
I'll lift mine Eyes up though.
Mar. Ceaſe theſe Laments,
They are too poor for Vengeance: *Lavall* lives yet.
Gab. Then thus I dry all ſorrows from theſe Eyes,
Fury and Rage poſſeſs 'em now; damn'd Divel.
Lav. Hah?
Gab. This for young *Perolot.*
Lav. O Mercy, Mercy.
Gab. This for my Wrongs.
Lav. But one ſhort Hour to cure me. [*Knock within.*
Oh be not cruel: Oh! oh.
Mar. Heark, they knock.
Make haſte for Heav'n's ſake, Miſtreſs.
Gab. This for *Caſta.*
Lav. Oh, O, O, O! [*He dies.*
Mar. He's dead, come quickly, let's away with him,
'Twill be too late elſe.
Gab. Help, help up to th' Chamber.
[*Exeunt with* Lavall's *Body.*

Enter

Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentille, Caſta, *and Attendants with Lights.*

Duke. What frights are theſe?
Gent. I'm ſure here's one paſt frighting.
Bring the Lights nearer; I've enough already.
Out, out, mine Eyes. Look, *Caſta.*
Lord. 'Tis young *Perolot.*
Duke. When came he over? Hold the Gentlewoman,
She ſinks; and bear her off.
Caſt. O my dear Brother! [*Exit.*
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope too,
And very ſhortly. Murdered?
[Gabriella, Maria, *with* Lavall's *Body, above.*
Duke. Who's above there?
Gab. Look up, and ſee.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it;
Behold the drunken Murderer
Of that young Gentleman; behold the rankeſt,
The vileſt, baſeſt Slave that ever flouriſh'd.
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there's the Cauſe I did it:
Read, if your Eyes will give you leave.
Hell. Oh! monſtrous.
Gab. Nay, out it ſhall; there, take his falſe Heart to ye;
The baſe Diſhonour of a thouſand Women:
Kept it in Gold, Duke, 'tis a precious Jewel.
Now to myſelf, for I have liv'd a fair Age,
Longer by ſome Months than I had a Mind to.
Duke. Hold.
Gab. Here, young *Perolot*; my firſt contracted
True love ſhall never go alone.
Duke. Hold, *Gabriella,*
I do forgive all.
Gab. I ſhall die the better,
Thus let me ſeek my Grave, and my Shames with me.
Mar. Nor ſhalt thou go alone, my noble Miſtreſs:
Why ſhould I live, and thou dead?

Lord.

Lord. Save the Wench there.
Mar. She is, I hope; and all my Sins here written.
Duke. This was a fatal Night.
Gent. Heav'n has his working,
Which we cannot contend againſt.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your Grace has your Alas too.
Duke. Would 'twere equal,
For thou haſt loſt an honeſt noble Child.
Gent. (31) 'Tis Heir enough he'as left a good Remembrance.
Duke. See all their Bodies bury'd decently,
Though ſome deſerv'd it not. How do you, Lady?
Hell. Even with your Graces leave, ripe for a Monaſtery;
There will I wed my Life to Tears and Prayers,
And never know what Man is more.
Duke. Your Pleaſure;
How does the Maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, Sir,
The ſame Courſe that my Lady takes.
Gent. And my Courſe
Shall be my Beads at home; ſo pleaſe your Grace
To give me leave to leave the Court.
Duke. In Peace, Sir,
And take my Love along.
Gent. I ſhall pray for ye.
Duke. Now to ourſelves; retire we, and begin
By this Example to correct each Sin. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

(31) *'Tis Heir enough* has loſt *a good Remembrance.*] The fault of this Line evidently aroſe from the Printer's taking the Word *loſt* from the Line above, and repeating it in this; in which caſe the true Word is often excluded without the leaſt Trace of its Letters being preſerv'd: Yet ſtill the Miſtake is more eaſily made when the Words bear ſome reſemblance to each other. For the former Reaſon I had conjectur'd,

'Tis Heir enough h'as got *a good Remembrance.*

got making a direct Antitheſis to *loſt* in the former Line; but for the ſecond Reaſon I prefer Mr. *Sympſon*'s Conjecture *left* to my own, and have put it into the Text.

King

King Em. By this we plainly view the two Impoſtumes
That choke a Kingdom's Welfare; Eaſe and Wantonneſs;
In both of which *Lavall* was capital:
For firſt, Eaſe ſtole away his Mind from Honour,
That active noble Thoughts had kept ſtill working,
And then deliver'd him to Drink and Women,
Luſt and outragious Riot; and what their Ends are,
How infamous and foul, we ſee Example.
Therefore, that great Man that will keep his Name,
And gain his Merit out of Virtue's Schools,
Muſt make the Pleaſures of the World his Fools. [*Flouriſh.*

The TRIUMPH.

Enter Muſicians; next them, Perolot *with the Wound he died with; them* Gabriella *and* Maria, *with their Wounds; After them, four Furies with Bannerets, inſcrib'd* Revenge, Murder, Luſt *and* Drunkenneſs, *ſinging; next them,* Lavall *wounded; then Chariot with Death, drawn by the Deſtinies.* [*Flouriſh.*

Enter PROLOGUE.

From this ſad Sight aſcend your noble Eye,
And ſee old Time *helping triumphantly,*
Helping his Maſter Man: *View here his Vanities,*
And ſee his falſe Friends, like thoſe glutted Flies,
That when they've ſuckt their Fill, fall off, and fade
From all Remembrance of him, like a Shade.
And laſt, view who relieves him; and that gone,
We hope your Favour, and our Play is done. [Flouriſh.

Enter Anthropos, Deſire *and* Vain Delight; Bounty.

Anth. What haſt thou done, *Deſire,* and how imploy'd
The Charge I gave thee, about levying Wealth
For our Supplies?

Deſire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Try'd all, and all my Ways, yet all miſcarry'd;
There dwells a ſordid Dulneſs in their Minds,
Thou Son of Earth, colder than that thou 'rt made of.

I came to *Craft*, found (32) all his Hooks about him,
And all his Nets baited and ſet; his ſly ſelf
And greedy *Lucre* at a ſerious Conference
Which way to tie the World within their Statutes:
(33) Buſineſs of all ſides and of all ſorts ſwarming
Like Bees broke looſe in Summer: I declared
Your Will and Want together, both inforcing
With all the Power and Pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell ſhort.

Anth. His Anſwer.

Deſire. This he gave me.
Your Wants are never ending; and thoſe Supplies
That came to ſtop thoſe Breaches, are ever laviſh'd
Before they reach the Main, in Toys and Trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded Puppets: *Vain Delight*
He ſays has ruin'd ye, with clapping all
That comes in for Support, on Cloaths, and Coaches,
Perfumes and powder'd Pates; and that your Miſtreſs,
The Lady *Pleaſure*, like a Sea devours
At length both you and him too. If you have Houſes,
Or Land, or Jewels, for good Pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be ready to ſupply Occaſions;
If not, he locks his Ears up, and grows ſtupid.
From him, I went to *Vanity*, whom I found
Attended by an endleſs Troop of Tailors,
Mercers, Embroiderers, Feather-makers, Fumers,

(32) ——*all his Hooks about him,*
And all his Nets baited and ſet;——] Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, that to bait and ſet Nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *Hooks* and *Nets* change Places: But *Nets* are ſometimes baited and ſet as well as Hooks, as for Cray-fiſh, Grigs, *&c.* ſo that the Change is not neceſſary.

(33) *Buſineſs of all ſides and of all ſorts*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks the common Expreſſion was the Original here,

Buſineſs of all ſize and of all ſorts,

Or elſe *of all ſixes*. But I can by no means admit either into the Text, for the old Reading is perfect good Senſe. And the firſt Change propos'd is ſcarce *Engliſh*; the other hurts the Meaſure; and its being a vulgar Expreſſion is the very Reaſon why a Poet would not uſe it.

All

All Occupations opening like a Mart,
That ſerve to rig the Body out with Bravery;
And thro' the Room new Faſhions flew like Flies,
In thouſand gaudy Shapes: *Pride* waiting on her,
And buſily ſurveying all the Breaches
Time and decaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which ſtill with Art ſhe piec'd again, and ſtrengthened.
I told your Wants; ſhe ſhew'd me Gowns and Head-tires,
Embroider'd Waſte-coats, Smocks ſeam'd thro' with Cut-works,
Scarfs, Mantles, Petticoats, Muffs, Powders, Paintings,
Dogs, Monkies, Parrots, which all ſeem'd to ſhew me
The way her Money went. From her to *Pleaſure*
I took my Journey:

Anth. And what ſays our beſt Miſtreſs?

Deſire. She danc'd me out this Anſwer preſently:
Revels and Maſques had drawn her dry already.
I met old *Time* too, mowing Mankind down,
Who ſays you are too hot, and he muſt purge ye.

Anth. A cold *quietus*. Miſerable Creatures,
Born to ſupport and beautify your Maſter,
The Godlike Man, ſet here to do me Service,
The Children of my Will; why, or how dare ye,
Created to my uſe alone, diſgrace me?
Beaſts have more Courteſie; they live about me,
Offering their warm Wool to the Shearer's Hand
To cloath me with, their Bodies to my Labours;
Nay, even their Lives they daily ſacrifice,
And proudly preſs with Garlands to the Altars,
To fill the God's Oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downy Sails to do me Service.
Their ſweet Airs ever echoing to mine Honour,
And to my Reſt their plumy Softs they ſend me.
Fiſhes, and Plants, and all where Life inhabits,
But mine own curſed kind obey their Ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miſerable mine,
Into whoſe ſtony Hearts, Neglect of Duty,

Squint-

Squint-ey'd *Deceit* and *Self-love* (34) are crept closely:
None feel my Wants, not one befriend me?
Desire. None, Sir.
Anth. Thou hast forgot (*Desire*) my best Friend *Flattery*;
He cannot fail me.
Delight. Fail? He will sell himself,
And all within his Power, close to his Skin first.
Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first Venture,
But found him in a young Lord's Ear so busie,
So like a smiling Show'r pouring his Soul
In at his Portals, his Face in a thousand Figures
Catching the vain Mind of the Man: I pull'd him,
But still he hung like Bird-lime; spoke unto him,
His Answer still was, By the Lord, sweet Lord,
And By my Soul, thou Master-piece of Honour;
Nothing could stave him off: He has heard your Flood's gone;
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, Sir.
Anth. Then here I break up State, and free my Followers,
Putting my Fortune now to *Time* and *Justice*;
Go seek new Masters now; for *Anthropos*,
Neglected by his Friends, must seek new Fortunes.
Desire, to *Avarice* I here commend thee,
Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy Wishes.

(34) ——*are crept closely:*
None feel my Wants, not one mend with *me.*
Desire. *None, Sir?*] The next Line shews evidently that all the Points here were wrong. The last Line of *Anthropos*'s Speech should be disjoin'd from the foregoing, and be a Question which *Desire* should answer, but these were not the worst of the Mistake in this Passage, for what is
——*not one mend with me?*
One might force a sort of Sense out of it, but 'tis much more probable that it is a Mistake of the Press, and that we should read either,
——*not one* Friend *with me?*
Or,
——*not one* befriend *me?*
The former is nearest the Trace of the Letters, but the latter gives a more easy Sense.

And

And *Vain Delight*, thou feeder of my Follies,
With light Fantaſtickneſs be thou in Favour.
To leave thee, *Bounty*, my moſt worthy Servant,
Troubles me more than my own Miſery,
But we muſt part; go plant thyſelf, my beſt Friend,
In honourable Hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thyſelf, a Virtue:
But leave this Place, and ſeek the Country,
For Law and Luſt, like Fire, lick all up here.
Now none but *Poverty* muſt follow me,
Deſpis'd patch'd *Poverty*; and we two marry'd,
We'll ſeek *Simplicity*, *Content*, and *Peace* out,

Enter Poverty.

And live with them in Exile. How uncall'd on
My true Friend comes!
Pov. Here hold thee, *Anthropos*,
(35) Thou art almoſt arriv'd at Reſt; put this on,
A penitential Robe, to purge thy Pleaſures;
Off with that Vanity.
Anth. Here, *Vain Delight*,
And with this all my part, to thee again
Of thee I freely render.
Pov. Take this Staff now,
And be more conſtant to your Steps hereafter.
The Staff is *Staidneſs of Affections*.
Away you painted Flies, that with Man's Summer
Take Life and Heat, buzzing about his Bloſſoms;
When growing full, ye turn to Caterpillars,
Gnawing the Root that gave you Life. Fly Shadows.
[*Exeunt* Deſire *and* Delight.
Now to *Content* I'll give thee, *Anthropos*,
To *Reſt* and *Peace:* No *Vanity* dwells there,

(35) *Thou art almoſt* arm'd *at Reſt*;——] Both the Senſe and Meaſure are evidently hurt by the Word *arm'd* in this Place; which I had mark'd as a Corruption, but owe the Correction of it to Mr. *Sympſon*, who has, I doubt not, hit on the true Word *arriv'd*.

Deſire

Deſire and *Pleaſure*, to delude thy Mind more;
No *Flattery*'s ſmooth-fil'd Tongue ſhall poiſon thee.
Anth. O! *Jupiter*, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning Altars but one Sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd *Juno* ſmil'd upon;
If ever, to thine Honour, bounteous Feaſts,
Where all they Statues ſweat with Wine and Incenſe,
Have by the Son of Earth been celebrated:
Hear me (the Child of Shame now) hear, thou Helper,
And take my Wrongs into thy Hands, thou Juſtice,
Done by unmindful Man, unmerciful,
Againſt his Maſter done, againſt thy Order;
And raiſe again, thou Father of all Honour,
The poor, deſpis'd, but yet thy nobleſt Creature.
Raiſe from his Ruins once more this ſunk Cedar,
That all may fear thy Power, and I proclaim it. [*Exeunt.*

Jupiter *and* Mercury *deſcend ſeverally. Trumpets*, &c. *above.*

Jup. Ho! *Mercury*, my winged Son.
Mer. Your Servant.
Jup. Whoſe powerful Prayers were thoſe that reach'd our Ears,
(36) Arm'd in ſuch Spells of Piety now?
Mer. The ſad Petitions
Of the ſcorn'd Son of Earth, the God-like *Anthropos*,
He that has ſwell'd your ſacred Fires with Incenſe,
And pil'd upon your Altars thouſand Heifers;
He that (beguil'd by *Vanity* and *Pleaſure*,
Deſire, *Craft*, *Flattery*, and ſmooth *Hypocriſie*)
Stands now deſpis'd and ruin'd, left to *Poverty*.
Jup. It muſt not be; he was not rais'd for Ruin;
Nor ſhall thoſe Hands heav'd at my Altars periſh:
He is our nobleſt Creature. Flee to *Time*,
And charge him preſently releaſe the Bands

(36) *Arm'd in ſuch Spells of* Pity——] The *Spells* were undoubtedly thoſe of *Piety*, which might awake *Pity* in *Jupiter*, but could not for that Reaſon be call'd *the Spells of Pity*.

Of

Of *Poverty* and *Want* this Suitor ſinks in:
Tell him, among the Sun-burnt *Indians*,
That know no other Wealth but Peace and Pleaſure
She ſhall find golden *Plutus*, God of Riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent People
Not knowing yet what Power and Weight he carries:
Bid him compel him to his right uſe, Honour,
And preſently to live with *Anthropos*.
It is our Will. Away.

Mer. I do obey it.

[Jupiter *and* Mercury *aſcend again.* *Muſick.*

Enter Plutus, *with a Troop of* Indians *ſinging and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him: Which ended, Enter* Time.

Time. Riſe, and away; 'tis *Jove*'s Command.

Plut. I will not:
Ye have ſome Fool to furniſh now; ſome *Midas*,
That to no purpoſe I muſt choke with Riches.
Who muſt I go to?

Time. To the Son of Earth;
He wants the God of Wealth.

Plut. Let him want ſtill:
I was too lately with him, almoſt torn
Into ten thouſand Pieces by his Followers:
I could not ſleep, but *Craft* or *Vanity*
Were filing off my Fingers; nor eat, for fear
Pleaſure would caſt herſelf into my Belly,
And there ſurpriſe my Heart.

Time. Theſe have forſaken him:
Make haſte then, thou muſt with me: Be not angry,
For fear a greater Anger light upon thee.

Plut. I do obey then: But will change my Figure;
For when I willingly befriend a Creature,
Goodly, and full of Glory I ſhew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old and decrepid,
I halt and hang upon my Staff. Farewel, Friends,
I will not be long from ye; all my Servants

I leave among ye ſtill, and my chief Riches.

[*Exeunt* Indians *with a Dance.*

Oh *Time*, what Innocence dwells here, what Goodneſs!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away, I'll follow thee: but not too faſt, *Time.*

[*Exeunt* Plutus *and* Time.

Enter Anthropos, Honeſty, Simplicity, Humility, *and* Poverty.

Humil. Man, be not ſad, neither let this Divorce
From *Mundus*, and his many ways of Pleaſure,
Afflict thy Spirits; which conſider'd rightly
With inward Eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.

Pov. For now what Danger or Deceit can reach thee?
What matter left for *Craft* or *Covetize*
To plot againſt thee? what *Deſire* to burn thee?

Honeſty. Oh Son of Earth, let *Honeſty* poſſeſs thee:
Be as thou waſt intended, like thy Maker;
See thro' thoſe gawdy Shadows, that like Dreams
Have dwelt upon thee long: call up thy Goodneſs,
(37) Thy Mind and Man within thee, that lie Shipwreck'd,
And then how thin and vain theſe fond Affections,
How lame this worldly Love, how lump-like, raw
And ill-digeſted all theſe Vanities
Will ſhew, let *Reaſon* tell thee.

Simpl. (38) Crown thy Mind
With that's above the World's Wealth, joyful Suff'ring,
And truly be the Maſter of thyſelf,
Which is the nobleſt Empire; and there ſtand

(37) *Thy Mind and Man* with *thee,*———] Former Editions. Both Senſe and Meaſure evidently require the Change. Mr. *Simpſon* made the ſame Emendation.

(38) *Crown thy Mind*
With that *above the World's Wealth, joyful Suff'ring,*] I read
With that's *above*———
i. e. with that which is above the World's Wealth, joyful Suffering. It might be ſtill better Engliſh to ſay,
With what's above the World's Wealth,
but the other Expreſſion is very frequent with our Authors.

The

The thing thou wert ordain'd, and ſet to govern.
Pov. Come, let us ſing the World's Shame: hear us, *Anthropos.*

Song: And then enter Time *and* Plutus.

Hon. Away; we are betray'd. [*Exeunt all but* Pov.
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare Companion; go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee: make no anſwer. [*Exit* Pov.
Anth. What mak'ſt thou here, *Time?* thou that to this Minute
Never ſtood ſtill by me?
Time. I've brought thee Succour;
And now catch hold, I'm thine: The God of Riches
(Compell'd by him that ſaw thy Miſeries,
The ever juſt and wakeful *Jove*, at length).
Is come unto the; uſe him as thine own;
For 'tis the Doom of Heav'n: he muſt obey thee.
Anth. Have I found pity then?
Time. Thou haſt; and *Juſtice*
Againſt thoſe falſe Seducers of thine Honour:
Come, give him preſent helps. [*Exit* Time.

Induſtry *and the Arts diſcovered.*

Plut. Come, *Induſtry*,
Thou Friend of Life; and next to thee, riſe *Labour*,
[Plutus *ſtamps*, Labour *riſes.*
Riſe preſently; and now to your Employments;
But firſt conduct this Mortal to the Rock.
[*They carry* Anthropos *to a Rock and fall a digging.*
What ſeeſt thou now?
[Plutus *ſtrikes the Rock, and Flames fly out.*
Anth. A glorious Mine of Metal.
Oh *Jupiter*, my Thanks.
Plut. To me a little.
Anth. And to the God of Wealth, my Sacrifice.
Plut. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, Son,
You are afloat again, leſt *Mundus* catch ye.

Anth. Never betray me more.

Plut. I muſt to *India*,
From whence I came, where my main Wealth lies buried,
And theſe muſt be with me. (39) Take that Book and Mattock,
And by thoſe, know to live again.

[*Exeunt* Plutus, Induſtry, Labour, *&c.*

Anth. I ſhall do.

Enter Fame *ſounding*.

Fame. Thro' all the World the Fortune of great *Anthropos*
Be known and wonder'd at; his Riches envy'd
As far as Sun or Time is; his Power fear'd too. [*Exeunt.*

[*Muſick.*

Enter Delight, Pleaſure, Lucre, Craft, Vanity, *&c. dancing (and Maſqu'd) towards the Rock, offering ſervice to* Anthropos. Mercury *from above. Muſick heard. One half of a Cloud drawn, Singers are diſcover'd; Then the other half drawn.* Jupiter *ſeen in Glory.*

Mer. Take heed, weak Man, thoſe are the Sins that ſunk thee:
Truſt 'em no more: Kneel, and give thanks to *Jupiter.*

Anth. Oh mighty Power!

Jup Unmask, ye gilded Poiſons:
Now look upon 'em, Son of Earth, and ſhame 'em;
Now ſee the Faces of thy evil Angels,
Lead 'em to *Time*, and let 'em fill his Triumph:
Their Memories be here forgot for ever.

Anth. Oh juſt great God! how many Lives of Service,

(39) ——*Take that Book and Mattock*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read *Hook and Mattock* as the two Emblems of Induſtry, but Knowledge and Virtue being as neceſſary to *Anthropos* as Induſtry, I underſtand *Book* as an Emblem of them.

What

What Ages only given to thine Honour,
What Infinites of Vows and holy Prayers
Can pay my Thanks?
Jup. Riſe up; and to aſſure thee
That never more thou ſhalt feel Want: Strike, *Mercury*,
Strike him; and by that Stroke he ſhall for ever
Live in that Rock of Gold, and ſtill enjoy it.
Be't done, I ſay. Now ſing in honour of him. [*Song.*

Enter the Triumph. Firſt, the Muſicians: Then Vain Delight, Pleaſure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, *and other of the Vices: Then a Chariot with the Perſon of* Time *ſitting in it, drawn by four Perſons, repreſenting Hours, ſinging.* [*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

King Em. By this we note (Sweet-heart) in Kings and Princes
A Weakneſs, even in ſpite of all their Wiſdoms,
And often to be maſter'd by Abuſes:
Our Nature's here deſcrib'd too, and what Humours
Prevail above our Reaſons to undo us.
But this the laſt and beſt: When no Friend ſtands,
The Gods are merciful, and lend their Hands.
[*Flouriſh.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

NOW as the Husbandman, whoſe Coſts and Pain,
Whoſe Hopes and Helps lie buried in his Grain,
Waiting a happy Spring to ripen full
His long'd-for Harveſt, to the Reaper's pull;
Stand we expecting, having ſown our Ground
With ſo much Charge, (the Fruitfulneſs not found)
The Harveſt of our Labours: For we know
You are our Spring; and when you ſmile we grow.
Nor Charge nor Pain ſhall bind us from your Pleaſures,
So you but lend your Hands to fill our Meaſures.

The End of the Tenth and laſt Volume.

I am ſorry our great Diſtance from each other has render'd Conſultations upon our Criticiſms impracticable. Had it been otherwiſe, the Reader would not have been troubled with any Conjectures which the Author of them was willing to give up upon the Reaſons alledg'd by the other. But were each to reject whatever he diſlik'd without any Reaſons produc'd, ſuch Rejection would probably diſpleaſe, and as we generally ſend the Sheets to the Preſs as ſoon as prepar'd (which Mr. *Theobald* had render'd neceſſary by having begun to print the Edition in that manner, and it fell to our Care when we had ſcarce made any Progreſs in our Corrections further than we had accompany'd Mr. *Theobald* during his Life) we found that the Preſs muſt have ſtopt much oftner than ev'n it has done, either from our Neglect or neceſſary Avocations, had we continued as we attempted to diſcuſs each Conjecture by Letter. And indeed it is not abſolutely without its Advantages, to explain each other's Miſtakes to the Reader, as it often makes him more carefully obſerve the Sentiments of the Author, than he perhaps otherwiſe would do.

POSTSCRIPT

To the TENTH VOLUME.

Page 23, Line 13.

STOL'N *ſome new Air, or at Adventure humm'd on From muſical Coynage.*] *To hum on an Air* is not Nonſenſe, but I believe the Original was better *Engliſh*,

—— *or at Adventure humm'd* one.

Page 76, Line 9, of the Note, for *Authors* read *Anceſtors.*

Page 83, at the bottom of the Note, for

—— *here Love himſelf ſits ſmiling,*
Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede.
Set Jove *afire with.*

read,

Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede *he*
Set Jove *afire with.* He *i. e. Cupid* ſet *Jove* afire with.

Page 240, Line 5.

With Scorn; or with ſad and ſerious Looks] I ſay in the Note that I have reſtor'd the Metre, and by a Miſtake at Preſs it was not done. It ſhould have been,

With ſcornful, or with ſad and ſerious Looks.

Page 250, Note 29. I treat *Fletcher* as the ſole Author of the *Woman-Hater*, but have ſince found pretty ſtrong Proofs of *Beaumont*'s being the chief if not the ſole Author of it. See Note 3, Page 3, of the *Commendatory Poems*, Vol. 1.

ERRATA.

Page 368, Line 23, of Note 8, for *profes's'd* read *poſſeſs'd*
418, laſt Line of Note 20, for *a Chrocheteur* i.e. *a Pig-driver* read i.e. *a Porter*
496, Line 6, for *Lily* read *Lilly*